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MORE CANDID CHRONICLES

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HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

(From a bust by Dorothy Dick)

MORE CANDID CHRONICLES

Further leaves from the Note Book of a Canadian Journalist

BY

HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA LIMITED, AT ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE
1928

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TO

THE MANY READERS WHOSE GENEROUS RECEPTION
OF HIS EARLIER "CHRONICLES" ENCOURAGED
THE AUTHOR TO WRITE THE PRESENT
COMPANION VOLUME

003837

FOREWORD

FOR several months following the publication of the first series of *Candid Chronicles* in the autumn of 1925, the writer was the recipient of so many letters which shed further light on incidents narrated in that volume, that he was tempted to include in the present book a chapter entitled "My Letter Box", summarizing them. But on second thought it seemed that such a chapter (if ever written) should appear as an appendix to the earlier volume, since it would demand a re-vamping of old material to make the references clear. These communications were, however, an unexpected revelation of the interest many Canadians have acquired in anecdotage and reminiscent commentary which throws light on Canada's social, political, and economic backgrounds.

More Candid Chronicles is not a sequel to the first series in the strict sense of the word; since it deals with many events that were contemporaneous with those narrated in the earlier book. But in part it may be regarded as a sequel, because it brings the writer's experiences nearer to the present, though it does not pretend to be an adequate picture of recent very momentous years in Canada's history. The perspectives are still too near to all of us for that.

For the benefit of those who may not have read the earlier *Chronicles*, which were in part autobiographical, it should be said that the writer has been actively engaged in daily and weekly journalism in Canada since 1891—before his nineteenth birthday in fact. In that interval he has written approximately eleven million words of

copy, and modestly assumes that, ephemeral though that vast output of the scribbling habit has been, some of the impressions and experiences so accumulated may be worth preserving.

In 1927, as a result of the national celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, there was a widespread revival of interest in the personalities of those who guided the course of Canada during her earlier and more experimental years. That revival has to some extent coloured the first half of the present volume. Since the writer was born five years after the Dominion came into being, all that he alludes to was not witnessed with his own eyes; and in some instances he has sought to present for the generation of to-day memories of older men, whose impressions of the period of Canada's nativity are still vivid.

It will be noted that he has spoken of a decline in the qualities of picturesque and pungent individuality so characteristic of the older generation of Canadians. That criticism is undoubtedly true of most sections of the Dominion. But since this book was completed, the writer has visited the Maritime provinces, where many of the older men still reveal the racy individuality which is the joy of the annalist. The reader will therefore please note this exception. In contrasting Canadians of to-day with those of the past, a development of the standardized human being as a sort of corollary to the standardized article of commerce is apparent. It is a condition which makes Canadian society to-day less interesting from a human standpoint than it was in the nineteenth century, despite vastly increased wealth and immensely augmented machinery for enjoyment. But there has been a great improvement in standards of political morality, a growth of toleration, and a development of the community spirit in considering the relations of the fortunate toward the less fortunate, which makes one proud of our present day and generation.

The writer has endeavoured to make his pages as vivid and interesting as lay within his capacity. This is his excuse for having devoted several chapters to crimes and mysteries which have come within the scope of his professional observation. The abnormal is the life of journalism, and also in some degree of books of reminiscence.

It will be noted also that a considerable part of this book is devoted to the theatre and allied forms of enjoyment; and perhaps, of all the chapters, they are those which have given him most pleasure in the writing. They are the record of countless happy hours, and he hopes that he has succeeded in communicating to the reader something of the retrospective exhilaration which inspired them.

H. C.

Toronto, Sept. 15th, 1928.

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MORE CANDID CHRONICLES

CHAPTER I

THE DAYS OF PICTURESQUE MEN

IT was not until a very enterprising international interviewer put this poser to me a year ago, "Who would you say is the most picturesque figure in Canada to-day?" that I realized how rapidly the picturesque figures in Canadian life had been dying off during the past decade, and how few among living men of eminence could honestly be described as picturesque personalities. The only one I could think of off-hand who undoubtedly came within that category was Sir William Mulock, Chief-Justice of Ontario and Chancellor of the University of Toronto. My questioner, fresh from a visit to Montreal where he had met for the first time several noted financiers, was inclined to place the celebrated banker, Sir Herbert Holt, within that category. Generally speaking, the man of enquiring mind, even though enjoying a very extended acquaintanceship with Canadians from coast to coast, finds it very difficult to discover notabilities who may be truly docketed as "picturesque". Most of us know men of pungent personality and alert and decisive mentality, whose presence and conversation set them apart—country lawyers, aging clergymen, county judges, successful farmers, kindly doctors not too deeply immersed in their professional responsibilities, and various others, who, to their own acquaintances, are undoubtedly picturesque, but whose names are known only to their own limited circle. In my boyhood and early manhood, however, picturesque figures of wider fame abounded everywhere, and notably so in politics.

The quality of picturesqueness, as applied to mankind, is a curious combination of unique physical endowments, accompanied by intellectual vigour, individuality, and confidence of one sort or another. It is most potent and memorable when accompanied by personal warmth and magnetism, although there have been many men unquestionably "picturesque" who were utterly lacking in these qualities. It implies, too, a certain freedom of the spirit, as of one not easily restrained from following his own ends and seldom whole-hearted in the acceptance of conventions, with little instinct for the standardization and uniformity characteristic of latter-day civilization on this continent.

The cant of twentieth century criticism would have it that the nineteenth century—the Victorian era as it is called—was essentially drab, fixed, and conventional in its habits and ideas. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Nineteenth century society in English-speaking countries generally—Canada not excepted—was a veritable forcing-house of individuality. Men who had attained a certain status in life followed their own tastes in their personal appearance, their thinking, their way of doing things, and their pleasures, far more than do the men of to-day. The result was a much greater element of the picturesque in the human pageant than is found at present. I am speaking primarily of my own country, but the same is true of society elsewhere—certainly of the United States and Great Britain. Anyone who reads the numerous memoirs relating to nineteenth century England must be struck with the multiplicity of types which contributed to Britain's public life and with the vividness of their personalities in comparison with those who play a major part in Imperial affairs to-day. Within the past few years the more enterprising United States' magazine editors have uncovered an unlimited vein of rich and interesting material in the individualities of public and social life in that country

fifty years ago. If we would make an effective comparison, let us compare Chauncey M. Depew and Hon. Joseph Cannon, who began their careers in the Lincoln era and survived the first quarter of our own century, with Hon. Calvin Coolidge or Dr. Woodrow Wilson, men of dominating influence though the latter have been. Some American humourist has invented a name for the man who attains eminence despite, or by virtue of, a colourless personality. He classifies him as a "stuffed shirt", and "stuffed shirts" seem to be increasing in numbers and influence everywhere at the present time.

Forty years ago, if anyone had asked "Who is the most picturesque figure in Canada to-day?" the obvious answer would have been "Sir John A. Macdonald". But in the circle immediately surrounding Sir John, and in the ranks of his opponents, were many who were picturesque in personal appearance, speech, and outlook. There were no doubt "stuffed shirts" among them, but freedom of choice in sartorial matters enabled them at times to create a semblance of vivid individuality which masked something in the nature of a cerebral vacuum. Ten years later—in 1898, say—the answer would not have been difficult either. Some would have said "Sir Wilfrid Laurier", others "Lord Strathcona", and there would have been an abundance of second or third choices. This plenitude of romantic figures having their roots in the nineteenth century continued until 1910, when they began to die off with saddening rapidity, so that to-day few are left and fewer still are coming into being.

I have sometimes wondered whether the decay of the picturesque in the public and social life of Canada has not been in some measure due to the decline of the custom of wearing beards or whiskers and the prevailing fashion of shaving the face completely and wearing the hair close-cut. During the celebrations of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, when reproductions of Robert Harris's famous picture "The Fathers of Confederation"

were to be seen on every hand, I chanced to hear a young woman and her "boy friend" (as she called him) discussing these patriarchs. "My, what funny looking whiskers they had!" said the young woman. "Yes, they were a curious-looking lot of old stiffs," vouchsafed her irreverent companion. I could not help thinking that perhaps some of the patriarchs had made their hirsute impressiveness as potent as more articulate arguments in carrying out their policies. But the point lies in the variety of styles they affected. They exercised a wide freedom of choice and were not afraid to use their imagination and personal taste as to their physical aspect. That the barber and hair-dresser (or even the neglect of their services) can be used to relieve a man's personality of a suggestion of the commonplace is unquestionably true. A few years ago, the English playwright, Mr. A. A. Milne, wrote a profoundly interesting play *The Truth About Blayds.* The hero was an imposter, known to the world as "The last of the great Victorians", but who was in reality an intellectual nonentity living on the honours which should have gone to the memory of a dead friend whose manuscripts he had filched. Mr. Milne, showed cunning in his stage directions, which prescribed that Blayds should be adorned with a long white beard in the Victorian fashion. In his case, the facial make-up had helped to promote an intellectual illusion, just as the antics of certain musical virtuosi create an auditory illusion. But we must remember that in an age when a great variety in hirsute adornment was permitted by fashion and custom, "Ostermoorish" endowments perhaps carried less weight, so to speak, with contemporaries than they do in retrospect. A part, at least, of the immense prestige with certain intellectual groups of that indolent man of genius, Walt Whitman, is undoubtedly due to the patriarchal nobility of his portraits. Yet such apostolic physiognomies were by no means unique in his time. Not long

ago I learned that in the small community of Camden, New Jersey, where his latter years were spent, there were half a dozen men who were frequently mistaken for him by strangers because of the similarity of their beards. This was not flattering imitation on their part, because, in that narrow community, Whitman was hardly regarded as a person whom others should emulate.

Undoubtedly, however, whiskers were an aid in augmenting the semblance of intellectual power and picturesque individuality. A well-known Canadian writer, the late Peter McArthur, told me of a bearded public man, now dead, to whom time with its silver brush had given a most effective platform presence. If, as a young man, he had gone about clean-shaven, the police would have been inclined to arrest him on suspicion, so hardly had Nature dealt with him at birth. This man was no "stuffed shirt" but a man of fine intellect, and his venerable beard had been a definite aid to him in making his career.

Not all of the many interesting figures of the past wore whiskers. Some of them shaved but favoured a charming actor-like quality in the dressing of their hair. So far as anyone is aware, Sir John A. Macdonald went clean-shaven all his life, and so, certainly, did Sir Wilfrid Laurier. So also did Hon. Edward Blake. After all, the quality of picturesqueness was not dependent on personal appearance in the more notable figures of the past, but rather on what certain persons fantastically call their "aura"—the atmosphere of a definite individuality born of a free, unregimented outlook on life. A man need not be an intellectual giant to convey a sense of character sufficiently dynamic to put him within the ranks of the picturesque. In a day when there is so much talk about "personality" it is amazing that we encounter so little of it in comparison with the past. And if anyone feels that I am pursuing a line of shallow and light-hearted specu-

lation, let him visit the corridors of any of our chief public buildings in the leading Canadian cities, where portraits of the notabilities of other days are displayed, and he will discover proof of what I have set forth.

Choosing an instance at random, it would be difficult indeed to imagine four more picturesque and varied personalities than the four Chancellors of the University of Toronto, whom I have known in my own time—Hon. Edward Blake, Sir William Ralph Meredith, Sir Edmund Walker, and Sir William Mulock. The black and golden academic robes which chancellors are expected to wear on state occasions demand a man of impressive personality to give them distinction, for man "makes" or justifies the clothes as often as clothes make the man. In October, 1927, when the University of Toronto celebrated the centenary of its foundation, representatives of scores of the great Universities of the world assembled in colourful scholastic robes and naturally created a unique and memorable spectacle. The most striking figure of all, however, was the eldest, the venerable Chancellor of the institution. His distinction was not confined to his office and his robes, which merely enhanced the glamour that flowed from a pungent individuality nourished by influences of which our modern world would appear to have lost the secret. It is the sheerest intellectual flippancy to despise a period that could multiply such commanding types.

Sometimes I am inclined to think that to-day interesting characters are to be found in the halls of our universities in greater numbers than elsewhere. The academic life in a large measure is a life apart. Though it affects the outside world far more than that world is aware, it does it indirectly. Most professors who have successfully run the gamut of twenty-five years amid youths of enquiring and inevitably of critical mind, have evolved a pungent and original attitude towards life, even in instances where an unusual physical appearance is

lacking. In college halls one encounters, more than elsewhere, the diverse individuality which used to be found in every walk of life.

My earlier volume, *Candid Chronicles,* contained a chapter entitled "When Journalists were Picturesque", dealing with interesting figures in the Canadian newspaper world of the nineties. The same quality was notable in the other professions in which men engage,—not merely "the army, the navy, the church and the stage", but politics, law, commerce, finance and other callings. In that volume I discussed men of very widespread renown whose names are still names to conjure with, but there were many others less famous, whose careers were of vital interest, and who, though more or less forgotten, have left indelible marks on Canadian economic and social history. For the most part my memories and commentaries ended with the first years of the twentieth century, at a time when many men who had laid the foundations of their careers in the eighteen eighties and nineties were beginning to achieve the fruits of early virtue or diligence. The political portion of my narrative dealt mainly with the closing years of the era of the Fathers of Confederation, but there were many other men living who had taken a part in the Dominion's years of infancy and adolescence, not merely in public life, but in construction and development. Some of them I propose to recall.

I am one of those curious persons who read old *Parliamentary Companions* and colourless collections of brief biographies with some pleasure in the recollections they evoke and the backgrounds they reveal. One of the most interesting of the *Companions* is that issued for the opening year of the fifth Parliament of Canada, 1883. That was twenty-five years before some of the men who have played a most active part in the events of recent years,—men like Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen and Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King—had even seen the House of Commons, and were innocent little boys.

Yet the book contains a considerable roster of young men who were just then embarking on their public careers and whose work has been carried well into our own time; men like Sir George Foster, Sir William Mulock, and others who became eminent as Cabinet Ministers, judges, and officials. The "Fathers" were already passing on or gracefully settling down into offices that removed them from politics, but the big figures, like Macdonald, Tupper, and Tilley, were still actively on the scene. There was, besides, a quota of men of action who were in politics but not of them, so to speak; men who were intent on the constructive work of bringing into being a great self-governing Dominion from ocean to ocean, which, from having been the dream of a few, was on the eve of becoming a reality for the many. Though fifteen years had passed since Confederation, the plan was still in its experimental stage: and the unformulated question which every public man had to face was "Are you for or against a greater Canada ?" Few would confess the latter view, but their behaviour and utterances proved that some of them were indifferent to this vital alternative. Those were indeed the years of trial for Canada, with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway proceeding under extreme difficulties,—natural, artificial, economic, and political.

The writer is not as old as Methuselah. In fact he was a small but growing boy in the year 1883; but a small boy with sharp ears and a good memory may pick up a great deal that he never forgets just by listening to the conversation of his elders, particularly when those elders are intensely interested in politics, as nearly everyone was forty or fifty years ago. The political issues relating to the construction of the C.P.R. were on everybody's lips and in the columns of every newspaper, whether they were lively little sheets like the Toronto *World* and its evening contemporaries, or the heavy and thunderous blanket-sheets like the *Mail* and *Globe* of those days.

Since I had relatives whose entry to the West dated from the early days of white settlement there, I heard a good deal about the events which, in their ultimate developments, were in four decades to change the entire aspect of Canadian life and lift a young country, almost unknown to its closest neighbours, into a lofty international position in the realm of trade.

Looking over the lists of parliamentarians of the House of 1883 I encounter a name that I frequently heard mentioned by my mother's relative, Victoria McVicar, the typical pioneer woman of the Red River whom I described in the first volume of these *Chronicles*. It is that of her neighbour, Simon James Dawson, C.E., of Prince Arthur's Landing (now Port Arthur) who represented the vast territory of Algoma in the House of Commons. On his mother's side he was descended from the Earls of Glengarry, and, like Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, was a native of Banffshire, Scotland. Recent years have witnessed a stupendous industrial development on the River St. Maurice, Quebec. It was in 1851 that Dawson, a young civil engineer of thirty-one, was brought out to Canada to devise ways and means for tapping the enormous pine timber resources of that region, then almost inaccessible to lumbermen. This work he carried out so successfully that in 1857 he was appointed by the government of United Canada to explore the West from Lake Superior to the Saskatchewan and report upon it. It is obvious from this appointment that the vision of a vast adjunct to Canada in the Northwest was alive, and in 1859 Dawson published at Toronto a report which was one of the first documents to proclaim the possibilities as a field of settlement of the territories that lay beyond the little settlement of Fort Garry. In 1868, he was commissioned to construct what became known as the "Dawson route" from Lake Superior to the Red River settlement, through a district much of which is still in a wild state. Though appropriations were meagre, this

experience proved invaluable when, in 1870, he was called upon to take the post of Superintendent of Transport for the expedition organized by Colonel Garnet Wolseley to subdue the first insurrection of half-breeds under Louis Riel. As everyone knows, the insurrection had subsided when Wolseley reached what is now Winnipeg, but the late Colonel George Taylor Denison, who participated in it, once told me that from the standpoint of military efficiency, the movement of Wolseley's force through an unknown and difficult country on schedule time, was a phenomenal achievement. Much credit must go to the memory of Dawson for that. In 1872 he was associated with Hon. Alexander Morris, one of the earliest prophets of a greater and united Dominion, in negotiating Indian treaties. His entry into politics occurred in 1875, when he was elected to the Ontario Legislature as an Independent of Conservative leanings, and he sat in the House of Commons from 1878 to 1891. He lived to see a signal honour conferred on him in recognition of his great project of a route from Lake Superior to the River Yukon, when Dawson City was named after him. Dawson was the author of a policy certain to be unpopular in Ontario which subsequently derived so great a revenue from that source, when in a speech in the Legislature he advocated the formation of a great central province to be known as Algoma, extending west from the French River, at the upper corner of Georgian Bay, to the Lake of the Woods, and north to James Bay.

One of Dawson's western contemporaries in the Commons was Hon. Joseph Royal of St. Boniface, who as a young man had practised at the bar of his native province of Quebec and in 1871, at the age of thirty-four, had gone to Manitoba. The Riel insurrection was then of recent occurrence, and in 1874 he was associated with the famous Quebec politician, Hon. J. A. Chapleau (after Laurier the most eloquent of all French-Canadian orators), in defending Riel's lieutenants, Lépine and Naud,

charged with the murder of Thomas Scott. This cemented the attachment of the Métis, or half-breeds, to him, and he for some years owned and published an organ of his own entitled *Le Métis*. Even before the insurrection trials he had shown the capacity of a leader, for on his arrival in 1871 he had been appointed the first Superintendent of Education for Manitoba and had proved a beneficial influence in explaining the new laws resulting from Manitoba's entry into the Dominion of Canada. He was a man of unquestionable loyalty for, in 1872, when Fenian elements in Chicago organized an expedition against Manitoba to try to relight the flames of insurrection and snatch the prairies from the British Crown, he organized and commanded a body of Métis scouts, which operated in the southern part of the new province. His career in Western politics, federal and provincial, was a very active one, and from 1888 to 1893 he was Governor of the Northwest Territories. After giving up the reins of administration at Regina he returned to his native province, and journalistic instinct reasserting itself, founded *La Minerve* at Montreal. I saw him in 1901, about a year before his death, a weather-beaten but picturesque figure of sixty-four.

Half a century ago Royal was a pioneer of a certain idea, which has subsequently proved of considerable significance, that of making Manitoba a "maritime" province with ports on Hudson Bay, and Lake Superior. The Hudson's Bay route is now an accepted fact, whatever may be the fruits, and a "sea port" on Lake Superior, through the creation of a new St. Lawrence Ship Canal, is a moot issue. But I do not think Royal was thinking deeply of a St. Lawrence project. What he had in mind was the policy, favoured by Sir John A. Macdonald, of placing the Manitoba boundary forty miles east of Fort William. This was a wise policy, and it would have been well if it had been permitted as an act of grace by the Province of Ontario, even though the Privy Council had

justified the present boundary. No one who has witnessed the sharp cleavage between the prairie provinces and the East, which has been a disturbing factor in public and commercial affairs of late years, can doubt that if the prairies had been given a stake in the country of the Great Lakes by a port or two on Lake Superior it would have proved an important unifying influence. Royal certainly did much to stimulate confidence in the future of the West at a time when there were many waverers in Eastern Canada.

The courses of many Canadian public men in the period I have mentioned are difficult to fathom. Many who paid lip-service to the idea of Western development gave little of practical help. Those who have read the story of the early financial difficulties of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and of the crises in which it narrowly escaped a receivership, are aware of the bitter anger and anxiety roused in the breasts of Sir George Stephen and his colleagues by the attitude of Hon. Edward Blake, who had been chosen leader of the Liberal opposition in 1880. Yet Blake had put himself on record shortly after his elevation as one who "thought that the future of Canada depends very largely on the development of the Great Northwest". He also stated that he "advocated the construction, as rapidly as the resources of the country will permit, of the sections of the Pacific Railway necessary for communication between that country and our interior seaboard, in conjunction with an extensive scheme of exploration and colonization". It will be noted that this declaration of policy had a "catch" or two in it, because it apparently deprecated the construction of the mountain sections necessary to link up the Pacific with the East, which had been pledged when British Columbia entered Confederation. There were many among Mr. Blake's followers, and some among the Conservatives, who felt that the time was far away when "the resources of the country would permit" the development of the

great Northwest. There were those who were actually chagrined when the news came that the engineers of the railway had found a practicable, though very difficult, route to the Pacific through the Kicking Horse Pass, after it had been rumoured in the East that their efforts had reached the stage of deadlock. It is extraordinary to recall the fact that when I was a lad undergoing my first experiences in a business office, a sentiment had been created in certain quarters that the C.P.R., though it had recently been completed several years ahead of its contract schedule, was a criminal enterprise and that the Western "prophets" were nuisances. Blake himself accepted the reality and, in 1888, took a brief for the C.P.R., in connection with a Privy Council appeal, after having been superseded in the leadership of his party, by Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. Yet at that time Goldwin Smith, who was temperamentally opposed to constructive ideas, barring his pet project of voluntary union between Canada and the United States, denounced Blake in a scathing letter to the press for having ' taken the wages of iniquity". Parochial conceptions were so prevalent in the East at that time that he found a great many echoes.

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who had been Prime Minister of Canada from 1873 to 1878, and was deposed from the leadership in 1880, seems to have been sound on the issue, but was more concerned with a great many other matters which he deemed of equal importance. Though he found himself unable to make a start on construction during the final stages of his ministry, he did have a good deal to do with shaping the route finally decided upon, and he also moulded a form of stable government for the Northwest Territories, a concomitant necessity in connection with the changes wrought by railroad construction. That he had little sympathy with those of his party who put obstacles in the way of the railway is shown by his telegrams of congratulation to the executives

of the enterprise when construction difficulties were overcome.

The late J. W. Cheeseworth of Toronto, who fifty years ago was organizer for the Conservative party, once told me of an amusing episode, illustrating the minor political uses to which the project of a Pacific Railway was put. Although, as has been intimated, the Mackenzie Government did not get very far forward with the promised railway, the project was discussed at various times in the House of Commons. Critics had asked how it was proposed to build the mountain sections, far away from access to the labour markets. Mackenzie, remembering that in the sixties the builders of the Southern Pacific Railway in California had solved this problem by importing Chinese coolies, had unwarily said that it could be done by bringing over Chinese labour. At once there was an outcry in which the actual need of Canada in the matter of the development played little part. When the general elections of 1878 took place, some bright spirit conceived the idea that it would be a good political manoeuvre to have the Chinese population of Toronto present an address of thanks to the Prime Minister. The reactions of the white labour vote to such an occurrence were counted upon to furnish a multitude of votes to the Conservatives. The Liberals had arranged to hold a great mass meeting to be addressed by Mackenzie in the Adelaide Street Rink, Toronto, scene of many oratorical battles; and this was selected as the proper setting for the plot.

One problem was how to gather together a sufficient coterie of Chinese to make the tribute impressive, for the diligent Asiatics were not so numerous in Eastern cities as they are to-day. Another problem was how to get Chinese emissaries into the meeting and arrange matters so that they could present their address after they got in. In those days, Reformers or Liberals were always wary of the machinations of the Tories, and admission was by

ticket. A useful agent was found in a printer who owned a small "job" plant and had built up a considerable business in printing laundry slips for Chinamen. He was very popular in the little oriental community, and they readily responded to his blandishments when he suggested that it was their duty to honour a Canadian statesman who had shown himself so free from anti-Chinese prejudice, then rife in California. The address was prepared in Chinese with translations ready to be handed to the press. So far so good. But the greater problem remained to be solved. There the printing plant became very useful. An admission ticket was procured by hook or by crook, and an ample number of duplicates struck off to admit the Chinamen, with a body guard of Tory ward-workers to surround them, rush them to the platform, and protect them against molestation if the Grit stalwarts discovered the ruse. The moment selected was when the Prime Minister should rise to speak, and so well was the sortie managed that it went like clock-work. Before Mackenzie and his supporters realized what was happening, the foremost Chinaman of the local coterie was reading an address from a lengthy scroll in Chinese characters, against the stern protests of the Chairman. It did not take long for the meeting to realize what was afoot and a mighty howl arose. The poor Chinamen, who thought they were performing a gracious act, scuttled away in fear, leaving their body-guard battling with political opponents. Whether the episode had any actual effect on the subsequent showing at the polls I cannot say, but it is small wonder Mackenzie was wont to say,—"The heart of the average Tory is deceitful above all things and desperately wecked."

One of the most fascinating utterances that I have heard on the change in popular vision which Canada has undergone during the past sixty years was an impromptu deliverance by the noted financier, Sir Joseph Flavelle, for the benefit of Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, Prime Minister

of Australia, at a dinner given by Hon. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, in January of 1927. The brilliant Australian statesman had delivered one of his almost incredibly facile expositions of his views of Imperial policy and the future of his Dominion. In his nonchalant way the Ontario Premier asked Sir Joseph "to tell Mr. Bruce about Canadian business in a five minute address". Sir Joseph took longer than that, but the verbal pageant he unfolded was enthralling to anyone interested in the past and present of his country. Like many eminent men, Sir Joseph owes much of his success in life to abilities inherited from a mother of rare intellectual powers, as was evident from his narrative. He told of his boyhood in what was then the lumbering town of Peterborough, situated near a rich stand of white pine timber, but he said that conditions were so harsh in the backwoods settlements not far away from there that he had deplored the lot of the women who had to live in them with no conveniences, and none of the things which we regard as the necessities of civilization. Then he described the wonderful growth of towns in Northern Ontario and Quebec, which come into existence one year and the next have paved streets, sewerage, lighting systems, and adequate schools. He also described the enormous expenditure of capital in great industrial plants far away from the older centres of population, which are to be found in nearly all the provinces of Canada; but the most significant part of his speech dealt with Canada's acquisition of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company. When the news came that this vast heritage had been acquired from the Hudson's Bay Company for the sum of $1,600,000, the future baronet's mother had said to him : "Joe, this is something you should always remember. Canada is going to be a great country; no one knows how great it will be now that the West is to be united with it". Yet there were many who

lacked the vision of Sir Joseph's mother, and on all sides he, as a boy, heard the complaint that the Dominion government had squandered more than a million and a half of good money on a waste of snow and ice that would never be worth a cent except to fur-traders. It must be remembered that a dollar looked very large to the Canadians of the late sixties, and a million was an incredible sum in a land where the possessor of one hundred thousand dollars was looked upon as a plutocrat who could not have made his fortune honestly. More than fifty years later, in 1921, Sir Joseph, who had become Chairman of the Canadian National Railways for the time being, was in Winnipeg. Admittedly 1921 was a dark year for Canadians, with deflation in progress on all sides, and in a little gathering of business men someone said, "Flavelle, tell us something to cheer us up. We need it". Sir Joseph took from his pocket a leaflet of the Manitoba Department of Agriculture which he had chanced to pick up on the train the day before and which had interested him as an authority on cold storage. It detailed the egg and poultry production, and showed that the value of this production for the province of Manitoba alone, in the year 1919, had totalled $2,100,000. "That is to say," he pointed out, "the value of this one item in the smallest province of the West, fifty years after the purchase from the Hudson's Bay Company, was half a million dollars in excess of the sum originally paid for this whole vast Western Empire of ours."

CHAPTER II

PATRIOTS AND POETS OF THE WEST

CANADIANS of the Confederation era and the period immediately succeeding it have often admitted to me the scepticism they once felt with regard to Canada's future. A few years ago, Dr. George H. Locke performed a valuable service in collecting a series of typical Canadian political orations illustrative of various developments in Canada's history during the past hundred years. In reviewing the book, I noted one serious omission. There was no oration of consequence on the greatest factor in Canada's economic history, the epic of Western development. In speaking of the omission subsequently, Dr. Locke told me that I had not been entirely fair. "The fact of the matter is," said he, "that during the crucial period of the early eighties nearly all the fine orations were delivered in opposition to the construction of the C. P.R. and were more or less deprecatory of Western development. The Tories had plenty of able men on their side, but no orators. It would have been unfair to the memory of many gifted men to make them ridiculous by reprinting their prophecies of disaster, eloquent though they were in the matter of rhetoric."

The late Sir George Ross, one of the ablest speakers of his time, who afterwards became an ardent Imperialist and eloquent prophet of Canada's future greatness, spent half a lifetime in living down a speech he made when a young member of the House of Commons, in which he said that the C.P.R. would not pay for its axle grease. Many a time when he was leading the legislature I have seen a look of pain and annoyance come over his face when this early indiscretion was cast up at him. It had

a reaction, however, in making him doubly anxious to perform constructive service in later life. I was on intimate terms with a certain man who had been eminent as a Liberal campaign speaker in the eighties, and whose eloquence and humour remained delightful memories long after he had given up the political platform. Sometimes I saw him grow restless when old friends eulogized his oratorical genius and expressed regret that there were none like him on the platforms of to-day. Once, when I said I was sorry that I had never had the privilege of hearing him speak in his early prime, he shook his head : "I am sometimes disgusted when I recall the damned nonsense I talked about the C.P.R. in those days, but I believed it all then".

The changed attitude of the Canadian public towards money has perhaps swung too far the other way. If in the late sixties a million dollars seemed an incredible sum, the elector of to-day regards it as a bagatelle, even though he himself has difficulty in paying his debts.

Just at the time of writing, certain business men in far away Grande Prairie, in the Peace River country, are expressing anger with Eastern editors because they hesitate to commit themselves to the advocacy of a railway outlet from that rich and promising territory to the Pacific coast, at an estimated cost of "only $21,000,000". When all is said and done, a score of millions is a goodly sum even to-day; but the attitude which leads those interested to think it a small matter for such a country as Canada, illustrates a remarkable change in outlook.

Speaking of the Peace River country recalls to me another Western statesman of whom I heard much in my boyhood, Dr. John Christian Schultz, who became a Senator in 1882 and was knighted in 1895, a year before his death. Schultz was of Danish descent, the son of a merchant in the old Detroit river town of Amherstburgh, Ontario, where he was born in 1840. He was educated at Oberlin College, Ohio, which was named after the

great Alsatian pioneer of technical and vocational education and which had a curriculum framed in accordance with his ideas. Later Schultz took courses in medicine at Queen's College, Kingston, and Victoria College, Cobourg. On his graduation in 1860 he went to Fort Garry, where he practised medicine and was an angel of mercy in that outpost settlement. There, in 1868, he married a lady who, strangely enough, was a native of Georgetown, British Guiana. When the first Riel insurrection broke out in 1869, he headed the party of resistance and was imprisoned and sentenced to death by Riel. He managed to escape and in his wanderings became aware of the possibilities of the Peace River country, of which Eastern Canada as a whole has but recently become cognizant. Long ago, in a speech in the Senate, he told of the great potentialities which are now a matter of widespread discussion. In my boyhood we used to hear something of that country from missionaries on furlough, but it seemed as far away as Japan; to-day one may travel from Edmonton to Grande Prairie, its gateway, in a Pullman sleeper. Of the services of Dr. Schultz to the West after his appointment to the Executive Council of the Northwest Territories in 1872 there is no need to speak. Subsequently he became one of the leading voices of the outposts in the House of Commons and the Senate of Canada. He was a man of magnetic personality and old Manitobans always warm to enthusiasm when they speak of Sir John Schultz.

The career of the famous Canadian poet, Charles Mair, who died at Vancouver in 1927, was more or less bound up with that of Schultz. They were born in the same year (1840) and were fellow-students in medicine at Queen's University. For a time circumstances compelled Mair to remain in the East in connection with his father's business at Perth in Lanark county, Ontario, but his heart was already in the West and his studies on the subject led to a commission from the first Confederation

administration to make researches in connection with the proposed acquisition of the territories from the Hudson's Bay Company. Subsequently he realized his youthful ambition to be sent to the West, where he rejoined his old friend Schultz, and not long after married a niece of the latter. Already Mair had begun to write poetry, and his first volume, *Dreamland and other Poems*, was published while he was engaged in his researches at Ottawa. It attracted the attention of a young newspaperman from Three Rivers, George Thomas Lanigan, who subsequently became a noted figure in the journalistic world of New York and the author of the famous humorous classic, "The Akhoond of Swat". Prior to leaving Canada, Lanigan was on the staff of the Montreal *Star*, but at the time Mair's first book of verse was published he was trying to stimulate interest in the development of a Canadian literature in the columns of the Montreal *Gazette*. The truth and felicity of Mair's descriptions of Canadian nature aroused enthusiasm in the twenty-one year old critic, and he helped to make the new poet famous in the Canadian communities of that day.

Mair, after his arrival at the Red River, wrote a series of eloquent letters which went the rounds of the Canadian press, and for the first time made readers familiar with what had been to them an unknown land. Undoubtedly he did a great deal to stimulate the first Canadian immigration to Manitoba and bring to realization the dream conceived by Lord Selkirk more than half a century before. When Riel's followers forced Hon. William McDougall, the first governor, to leave the country, Mair joined with Schultz in offering resistance to the rebels and was arrested and sentenced to death. Like Schultz he managed to escape, and his adventures would have killed a poet of less hardy physique. Without hat or coat, on a midwinter night, he got out of Fort Garry and in the little settlement of Winnipeg, to which he walked over the snow, he obtained transport to Portage

la Prairie, which had remained loyal. There he organized a party to attack the insurgents in Fort Garry, but the expedition was defeated by a blizzard. Fighting their way on foot through the wind and snow, Mair and his party got back to Portage la Prairie, and from thence the poet made a journey of five hundred miles on snow shoes to St. Paul, Minnesota. In these adventures he lost all his manuscripts, and with a wife to support resolved to go into the fur trade at Prince Albert. In the eighties, discerning from his knowledge of the Indians and Métis that another rising was probable, he decided to remove his wife and family to her old home on the Essex peninsula, Ontario. This was the arena in which the famous Shawnee Indian Chief, Tecumseh, fought on the side of the British during the war of 1812; and there Mair began his famous poetic drama which bears the warrior's name. The work of composition was interrupted by the outbreak of the second Riel rebellion, when he promptly enlisted and went to the West with the Governor-General's Body Guard of Toronto, in which he held the rank of Acting Quartermaster. His entry into this historic cavalry regiment, so closely identified with several generations of Denisons, subsequently had a romantic outcome; for his daughter, Miss Helen Mair, became the second wife of Colonel George Taylor Denison its commanding officer.

"Tecumseh", completed after his release from active service, proved a phenomenal success; it was almost the first Canadian poetic work to win international attention. The remainder of Mair's long life was spent chiefly in the West, in which he became an honoured and historic figure. I first met him in the early nineties when at the height of his literary fame, and found him a most modest, genial, and withal a very handsome man of well-knit physique. One of the notable passages in "Tecumseh" is a description of "The Buffalo Plains"; and perhaps the most truly Western of his poems is his lengthy ballad,

"The Last Bison." Incidentally, he liked to choose subjects from the War of 1812, for his "Ballad for Brave Women" is a narrative of the heroic journey of Laura Secord, since then the theme of many poets. It is rather more melodramatic in suggestion than the actual achievement, and Mair for metrical reasons accented the second syllable of his heroine's name,—as in the closing quatrain:

"And should Canada ever be forced to the test,
To spend for our country the blood of her best—
When her sons lift the linstock and brandish the sword,
Her daughters will think of brave Laura Secord."

Recollection of the early figures of the West naturally brings up the name of that erratic, eloquent, and very talented man, Nicholas Flood Davin, who founded the Regina *Leader* in 1883 and represented West Assiniboia, now a part of the Province of Saskatchewan, in the House of Commons from 1887 to 1900. The memory of Davin's flamboyant but cultured oratory is still alive among older Canadians, despite the fact that it is more than a quarter of a century since he met his tragic end. When I first entered newspaper work in the early nineties, stories of Davin's wit and political impishness were current on all sides, and I was later to discover that even the youngest newspaperman found in him a warm and congenial companion. Though he was a vain man his vanity was not unjustified by his talents, and he was manifestly grateful for the smallest attention he might receive from the press. He was a Limerick man, born in 1843, educated at Queen's College, Cork, and had been called to the English bar at the Middle Temple in 1868. Like many a young barrister in London he had found a source of income in journalism and in 1870 he had served with Archibald Forbes and Frederick Villiers as a correspondent in the Franco-Prussian war. It was probably the great success of Thomas D'Arcy McGee in Canadian public

affairs that prompted Davin to come to Canada; for though McGee had been the victim of an assassin's bullet, his career had been one to inspire admiration and emulation in fellow-countrymen of ambition. Davin was a man of commanding presence, with a rich and appealing voice, an unlimited command of English, and a fund of classical allusion that gave an aroma of scholarship to his utterances, even when the thought they conveyed was not very profound. I recall particularly the power of his pale grey eyes which, though never cold, gave a suggestion of "sizing up" the person he was talking to and calculating the impression he was making. When he arrived in Toronto in 1872 he at once found employment under Hon. George Brown on the staff of the Toronto *Globe*. Not long afterwards he transferred his talents to the newly founded Toronto *Mail*.

When I was first in the employ of the latter newspaper twenty-five years later, there were still men in all departments who had been colleagues of Davin, and on whom he had impressed the idea that his soaring ambitions would by no means be satisfied by the modest career of a newspaper writer. Though a member of the English bar, he was not immediately admitted to the bar of Ontario, but was "called" within two or three years after his arrival in Toronto. He had, however, to wait longer for qualifications to practice as solicitor, and put in some time as a junior in the law firm founded by Hon. Robert Baldwin and Sir Adam Wilson, of which Dr. Larratt W. Smith subsequently became the head, and which is perpetuated in Canada to-day by the firm of Smith, Rae & Greer. At that time he sometimes took junior work in court, and one story of him related to his defence of certain wandering showmen charged with cruelty because they had exhibited a "headless rooster". This phenomenon was a bird who had either by accident or malformation lost the top of its head but could nevertheless strut about and crow. The bird was produced in court and in making

his address Davin indulged in such flights of ironic wit and quotations from classic authors, that the court was convulsed in spite of itself. The climax came when, just as he was in the midst of his crowning oratorical flight, the subject of the prosecution suddenly stretched its neck, crowed loudly, and fell over dead.

The abilities of Davin soon attracted the attention of Sir John A. Macdonald, then in Opposition and a resident of the City of Toronto. Probably no public man in Canada was more eager to pick up talent wherever he found it, and attach it to himself, than Sir John, and Davin, though a stranger to that part of Ontario, became the Conservative party candidate for the riding of Haldimand on the shores of Lake Erie. His campaign furnished many good stories which were current for years thereafter. One of the best related to me was with reference to his pursuit of the Irish Catholic vote, which was at that time an important factor in Haldimand. Davin's own connection with religion was somewhat hazy, and he was not so hypocritical as to make any strong pretences of devotion. He had as one of his active workers a resourceful politician by name of Madigan (or something like that), who had procured a picture of the Mother Superior of an Irish convent, who may or may not have been related to Davin. In the course of a personal canvass among the Irish Catholic electors the following system was observed. The candidate and Madigan would drive up to a farmhouse and would of course receive a pleasant welcome from folk always glad to have the tedium of the day varied by the visit of a distinguished stranger. Davin would engage the man of the house in conversation about politics and tell a good story or two. Meanwhile, Madigan would discuss the candidate with the wife and casually produce the picture of the Mother Superior, with the remark that she was Mr. Davin's sister. The woman would at once be interested and would broach the subject to the candidate, who would sigh and

murmur a wish that he were as saintly as his dear sister. Though he failed of election he made inroads in unexpected quarters on the Reform candidate's support.

During the next five years Davin rendered on the stump able and much needed help to the Conservative party, and in 1883, the Canadian Pacific Railway being in course of construction and the need of a Conservative newspaper on the prairies becoming apparent in view of expected settlement, Sir John sent him to the West to establish one at Regina, to which its original name "Pile o' Bones" still clung. Thus came into being the *Regina Leader*, one of the earliest of all Western newspapers, and one which has since passed through various political transformations. In 1887 Davin entered the House of Commons for West Assiniboia, and despite his prairie interests continued in popular demand on the political platforms of the East, for the strong flow of his oratory was never dull.

Davin prized his reputation for ready retort and was even accused of preparing such retorts beforehand and placing apparently hostile agents in his audiences to ask seemingly embarrassing questions, which would be swiftly and amusingly answered. Next morning the report would read "With ready wit, Mr. Davin silenced his questioner, etc., etc". On one occasion he had arranged to address a meeting at a Grey County village in behalf of the late Thomas Masson, K.C. of Owen Sound, who represented North Grey in the House of Commons. Before leaving Ottawa with Mr. Masson, Davin took the precaution of leaving a copy of his speech (it being his habit to memorize his orations) with the Ottawa *Citizen*, then a Conservative organ. The copy had the phrase "Cheers and applause" interlarded at appropriate intervals. It was also studded with questions to which the speaker had responded "with ready wit". Now it chanced that on the journey to Grey a blizzard arose and Messrs. Masson and Davin were prevented

from reaching their meeting. Davin took the precaution of wiring to the editor of the *Citizen* in these words, "Let speech go." He meant of course to withhold publication, but in newspaper parlance such a message is usually interpreted as a release or permission to print copy. The undelivered speech therefore appeared next morning with "cheers and applause", "ready retorts", and other ornaments in their proper place.

When Davin arrived back in Ottawa the first man he met said, quite innocently, "That was a magnificent speech you delivered for Tom Masson". "My God," said the orator, "you don't mean to say it was printed after all!", and rushed for the *Citizen* office to find that his wire had been misunderstood. That was not the worst of it. On the Liberal side of the House sat one of the most caustic of Parliamentarians, Dr. George Landerkin of Hanover, Ontario, who represented South Grey in the Commons and in later years became a Senator. Because of the proximity of his constituency to the scene of the alleged speech, Dr. Landerkin was not long in learning the actual facts. One day, following the usual procedure, he rose before the orders of the day were called to "draw attention of the House to the utterances of the member for West Assiniboia as reported in the Ottawa *Citizen*, etc., etc.", and while poor Davin winced and frowned, read the speech in its entirety, giving diabolical emphasis to the "cheers and applause" and the "ready wit". It is of great convenience to editors and important to public men that they should furnish newspapers with advance copies of their speeches, but it was a lesson to others not to interlard their masterpieces with extraneous ornaments.

During his earlier years in Canada Davin was busy as an author, and although his prose style was over-flowery according to modern standards, his book *The Irishman in Canada*, published in 1877, is still a valuable work of reference. It recounts the achievements of Robert

Baldwin, Sir Francis Hincks, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and many others of Irish birth and descent who contributed to the history and progress of Canada. In the eighties he published three volumes of poetry *Album Verses*; *Eos, a Prairie Drama*; and *Eos, an Epic of the Dawn.* At his best he was a real poet and there are fine passages in all three books. Especially admirable is his description of the rotation of the seasons in *An Epic of the Dawn.* A passage which must appeal to everyone who knows that hardy pink anemone which appears on prairie soil as soon as the snows melt, and which is called "the prairie rose", runs:

"And you were by the cliff-barred white-crested sea,
And I where the delicate pink of the prairie rose
  Amid rich, coarse grasses hides;
Where the summer's boisterous pageantry,
And the morning, the tenderest tints disclose;
Where far from the shade and shelter of wood
The prairie hen rears her speckled brood,
  And the prairie wolf abides;
And lonely memory searching through,
Found no such stars in the orbèd past,
As the glad first greeting 'twixt me and you,
And the sad, mad meeting which was our last."

It is obvious that the man who could write lines like those was a highly sensitive being despite his experience of the rough and tumble of politics, which he regarded as a sort of joyous game. Davin really never recovered from his defeat in 1900 by a young man whom he had trained in the *Leader* office, the late Walter Scott, who five years later became the first Premier of Saskatchewan.

Scott was a man of ability, and the beauty of the surroundings of the Parliament Buildings at Regina, created by damming a muddy slough and turning it into an artificial lake, was his conception. Davin always

regarded Scott's acceptance of the Liberal nomination in opposition to himself as the act of an ingrate. He was probably indiscreet in his expression of his feelings, for the little prairie town of that day regarded Scott as one of its own and Davin, despite his long residence, as a being from the outside world.

The last time I saw him was on Sept. 27th, 1901, when the present King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited Regina en route to the mountains. In small places Royal visits and the attendant receptions often lead to jealousies, and heart burnings and acts of meanness. John Ewan of the *Globe* and myself met Davin strolling along the muddy main street at a time when every other prominent local resident was at a reception at Government House, Regina then being the capital of the Northwest Territories. We learned that though he was by all odds the most widely-known citizen of Saskatchewan his name had been dropped from the list of official invitations, though his wife was invited. Lack of accommodation was the excuse given, and Davin laughed as he recounted the episode, but his laugh was not hearty,—unmistakably sad and bitter, in truth.

We learned later that he had been at the railway station to leave his card at the correspondents' car, with a note for William Maxwell of the London *Standard* conveying greetings and subscribed "N. F. Davin, Correspondent for the *Standard* in the Franco-Prussian war". The London newspaper representatives, most of whom had been war correspondents themselves, were bitterly disappointed at not meeting an old campaigner. The conviction of Ewan and myself that he was embittered by what he felt to be a lack of public appreciation, was not an illusion. Less than a month later he died by his own hand in a Winnipeg hotel.

Death comes suddenly to many newspapermen, who seemingly have a penchant for dying in harness, but comparatively few commit suicide. Davin was one of

three renowned Canadian editors and politicians of my acquaintance who decided, in the words of Hamlet, "not to be". The other two were Andrew Pattullo of the Woodstock *Sentinel Review* and Alexander Pirie of the Dundas *Banner*, both of whom shed lustre on Ontario journalism in the nineties, and were intimate friends who used to exchange visits with each other. In their case disappointment at lack of appreciation was not a motive; but both had become morbid through the loss of their wives. Andrew Pattullo I knew very well indeed when he was member of the Ontario Legislature for North Oxford. He was one of the original group of "Good Roads" agitators whose labours in subsequent years brought splendid results for the whole community. He was a Gilchrist Scholarship man of the University of London and had a keen mind and thorough grasp of all public questions. Indeed the Pattullo family had long been eminent in Western Ontario for the high average of ability in the whole connection. Whenever he spoke in a debate he invariably threw fresh light on his subject and developed new angles of approach, so that he was highly regarded by reporters wearied with hearing the same old arguments re-hashed by less thoughtful speakers. He was very ambitious and in ordinary intercourse very optimistic, although some time before his death I learned from an intimate friend that he had been for years subject to fits of dire depression. I last saw him on a Sunday afternoon in 1903 when he had come to pay a social call on his old friend Peter Ryan of Toronto prior to departing for England. He was in the most buoyant of moods and highly gratified by the honour bestowed on him in the form of an invitation from Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain to come over and assist him in his campaign for an Imperial preference. Pattullo, though a Liberal by affiliation and heredity, was a protectionist by conviction and had at his fingers' ends all the facts and figures

from the Canadian standpoint that might assist Chamberlain. I have never seen a man in a more optimistic frame of mind, for he felt that his adventure was a stepping stone to higher things. He laughingly fobbed off deprecatory comments by Mr. Ryan who, though he had once been a great admirer of Chamberlain, had been distrustful of him ever since his desertion of Gladstone on the Irish Home Rule issue, and was most eloquent in expressing his vision of Canada's Imperial future. Three months later news came that Pattullo had died by his own hand, after having delivered several speeches which deeply impressed his audiences. On the night before his death he had been badly heckled, but the nephew with whom he was lodging and who was attached to one of the London dailies found him quite cheery and pleasant about it when he chatted with him next morning prior to leaving for the office. Apparently a dark mood had come over Pattullo while shaving and he swiftly cut his throat, for so the evidence at the inquest showed. No one who knew him could regard his passing in early middle age as other than a public loss.

I fancy that Pattullo must at times have discussed suicide with Alex. Pirie, for one morning at his home in the picturesque little town of Dundas, the latter also took his life, and if memory does not betray me, in a similar way. He could not have thought that his course was run, for he was very happily situated with a property which he had successfully managed. His excursions into politics as a candidate had not been fortunate, but he took defeat lightly, and whenever he chose to visit the larger Canadian cities was always welcomed by a large circle of friends, who valued his wit and personal charm. His editorial utterances were quoted almost weekly because of their pungency. Alex. Pirie had indeed had a newspaper training which fitted him for any editorial task. He and his brother, Charles F. Pirie, both received their early training in Guelph, Ontario, and,

gravitating to Toronto, at once became leading figures in the journalistic fraternity of that day. Charlie preferred the straight reportorial game and was never so happy as when working on some sensational murder case. His brother Alex. was a man of higher literary qualifications and executive capacity, and because of his good looks and charming bearing speedily became a social favourite. His best work was done on the staff of the *Evening Telegram*, of which its proprietor, the late John Ross Robertson, made him editor-in-chief, and under his regime it was one of the most genial and breezy newspapers in the country. It used to be the dream of many newspapermen, and perhaps still is, to acquire a country newspaper, which would not involve too much strain on a man's industry and yet enable him to enjoy life with a nice home and garden. Pirie found means to realize this dream, but in later years he was saddened by domestic bereavement. Unknown to those who met him casually, desperate thoughts must have lurked behind his always gracious and handsome countenance.

The brother, Charlie Pirie, was a Bohemian by instinct, who liked the adventure of police work, was restive under responsibility, and one of the most diligent of practical jokers. In his day one of the most widely known of Toronto detectives was Inspector Burrows, who had gained promotion by popularity rather than acumen, and was the butt of the police reporters. He had, however, achieved one *coup* that gave him a status long after his competence had become doubtful. One day he was looking over the fair-time crowds at the Union Station in Toronto, when he spied a man whose actions were suspiciously like those of a "dip" or pickpocket. Now Burrows looked more like a prosperous farmer or small town store-keeper than a "sleuth", and loosening his watch-chain and letting it hang in a manner that seemed accidental he put himself in the way of the suspect. Sure enough the latter quickly acquired the watch and tried

to slip away in the crowd, but Burrows nabbed him, using his favourite expression when arresting any type of misdemeanant, "I have ye, me covey !" When he got his man to the police station and looked him up in the rogue's gallery—there were no finger print records in those days—the culprit turned out to be the internationally renowned pickpocket, "Molly Matches", wanted in a score of cities. Naturally the story of Burrows' exploit was widely talked of to his no small pride, and police reporters were regaled with the details constantly for long thereafter.

Many were the practical jokes which Charlie Pirie framed for Burrows' benefit, and the latter when he discovered the hoax, would say, "It's that divil Pirie again". On one occasion Burrows, in making a search of the home of a known burglar, recovered a large quantity of goods that had been stolen from a well-known wholesale jewellery firm. The firm was naturally pleased, and Pirie, on going to interview them, managed to abstract some of their paper and envelopes. He then, for the generous sum of twenty-five cents, purchased a fake diamond stick-pin, and indited a communication to Inspector Burrows in somewhat the following words:

"Dear Sir : We are aware that it is against the rules of the Toronto Police Force for an officer to accept a reward for the recovery of stolen goods, but we feel that the service you have rendered us by your great acumen and ability as a detective deserves some recognition. We ask you to accept enclosed diamond pin, and hope that you will long live to wear it."

Next day, when the police reporters arrived at headquarters on their usual rounds, they were all invited "down to Mike's" to "wet" the gift, and the complimentary terms of the letter were read to them. Burrows was anxious that nothing be said in the press about it, lest the Police Commissioners interpret its acceptance as a breach of the rules, but for a week or so he continued to discuss it in private. One day it was suggested that in his rounds

of the pawn-shops Burrows enquire as to its value, and a reporter accompanied him on the mission. The pawn-broker looked at him and said "Vass is the choke? It's worth den cents."

"Ah ! It's that divil Pirie again," was Burrows' only comment.

Other friends did not escape Charlie Pirie's ingenuity. In the nineties there was an able reporter on the Toronto press named John Miller, a graduate of Queen's University, and a man of considerable private means. Miller made a hobby of police work, which he used to alternate with periods of absence on foreign travel. He was a pioneer among amateur photographers and on his return from abroad brought home many souvenirs of his travels in the form of snap-shots. On one occasion he decided to celebrate his return with a party in his apartments, a feature of which was to be a lantern slide exhibition of pictures taken in the Mediterranean. His friends were assembled and the show had begun, when a woman and a young girl made their way into the room. The elder woman demanded to know when Miller was going to keep his promise to marry her daughter, and the girl added: "Yes, John, you are breaking my heart". Pirie chipped in with expressions of surprise that John should be so cruel to a poor girl. Others joined in, but Miller was equal to the occasion. He said to the women, "Well, you ought to be in jail, but now that your are here you had better stay and have some refreshments. Your friend Mr. Pirie will look after you. You may have some sandwiches and a drink, but I'm not getting married yet awhile." And so the incident passed off pleasantly.

Out of comradeship he forgave Pirie, and the latter was extremely lucky, for though Miller was a man of great kindness and frequently made quiet attempts to reform young criminals and find jobs for boys who desired to "run straight", he was a terror to those against whom he

had a just grievance. He gave Canada an advertisement in Egypt at a time when little was known of Canadians in that country. On a visit to the Great Pyramid, two native guides got him into a passageway from which he did not know the exit and demanded more money of him. Under *force majeure* he paid, and on going back to Cairo, related his troubles to the agent of Cook's bureau and asked what means of redress he had. The agent told him that if he could identify the men he might tell their Sheik, whose course would be dictated by whether the brigands had divided the spoils or not. He advised Miller not to bother about it, however, as it would prevent him from seeing other sights and cost him more money than had been extracted from him. However, Miller was the kind of a man who would sacrifice his own convenience to see justice done, and back he went to the Sheik with his grievance. It was quite evident that that worthy had not shared the spoils, for with very sincere indignation he lined up the whole crew of guides, and Miller after a careful inspection pointed out his men. The fear on their countenances when they saw him again was in itself proof, and the Sheik proceeded to give both so severe a flogging with a whip of bull's tegument that Miller was fain to stop him. The money was disgorged to the Sheik,—but not to Miller, who, in spite of this fact went back to Cairo satisfied with the day's work. A year or so later he was recounting his adventure to one of his old professors at Queen's, who said "Oh! you're the man who gave Canadians such a terrible name at the Pyramids; when I was there a few months ago I happened to drop the information that I was from Canada, and was told of the terrible white sheik from this country who pursued evil-doers".

Miller was so determined in redressing what he deemed a wrong to himself that, during the Paris Exposition of 1899, he stirred up the British consulate and the police administration of the French capital over what would to

others seem a very simple matter. Only those possessing special permits were allowed to carry cameras, and he had taken the precaution to procure one. A minor officer stopped him from taking pictures and, despite his permit and vehement protest, dismantled his camera. It was but a day or so before his ship was sailing for home, but he cancelled all other engagements until, after a bewildering experience of red tape, he obtained access to the Prefect of Paris, and secured an apology. He overheard himself being described in very uncomplimentary terms and excused on the ground that "les Anglais" were all mad, but that did not upset his equanimity at all. The reader may imagine that he was a bad-tempered man, but in truth he was one of the gentlest of beings,—a lover of both the poetry and prose of Shelley,—and perhaps it was his quiet insistence that enabled him to have his way with foreign officials.

CHAPTER III

GRAVE AND REVEREND SEIGNIORS

NOWADAYS the cry is frequently raised that the country has too many lawyers, and even members of the legal profession, when they see the phalanxes of ambitious youths annually admitted to the bar, are sometimes inclined to join in the complaint. But there have been periods in the settlement of various parts of Canada, even in the present century, when there have been too few lawyers in certain districts to meet the public need. I remember an instance of this situation less than twenty years ago. In one of the new towns of Saskatchewan produced by the rapid settlement of an especially rich wheat section, the birth of the community was speedily followed by the opening of a branch of one of the great banks of Eastern Canada. Presently it was found that business was embarrassed by the lack of a lawyer to draft conveyances, arrange the legal formalities of loans, and perform the manifold services, apart from mere litigation, that a lawyer renders to a society founded on the institution of personal property. The bank therefore suggested to its solicitors in the East that there was a good opening for a bright young man at the town in question. He would have as a start the business of the bank's branch there, and there were other clients to be picked up. A competent youth was soon found ready to avail himself of this opportunity, and on arriving and "hanging out his shingle" he was greeted with open arms by the prairie community. All went well for two years, until news of the young lawyer's success in a virgin field reached some of his acquaintances at home. The result was that a rival appeared on the scene. At that stage of the community's development there was plenty of work

for one lawyer but not enough for two. Since the first comer had the lead in substantial business, the only recourse for the second lawyer was to try to stir up trouble and encourage litigation, especially for the branch bank which had been responsible for having the original hiatus filled. Within a year so much bad blood had been created that half the community wished it had never seen a lawyer.

Despite the clamour of rustic politicians lawyers, in small doses at any rate, are indispensable so long as the law of property and other basic factors in our social system continue. A vigilance committee may perhaps take care of the criminals, but almost from the birth-stages of any community, problems arise which only a lawyer can deal with. And so it was that in the early days Upper Canada found itself obliged to create lawyers as it were out of air.

The custom was to ask certain educated men, with sufficient intelligence to master the rudiments of the profession, to become lawyers and call them to the bar. Doctors were especially favoured for this honour. Thus the founder of the great Baldwin family, countless descendants of whom are to be found not merely in Toronto but in all parts of the world, was a doctor, William Warren Baldwin. He was a young Irishman who had graduated in medicine from Edinburgh University in 1796 and had come to Upper Canada in 1798 at the age of twenty-three. Five years later he was called to the bar. For many years he combined the practice of both law and medicine near the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, acquired by bequest enormous properties originally held by Hon. Peter Russell, and gave an eminent statesman to his adopted country in the person of his son, Hon. Robert Baldwin. I cannot say how many of the numerous Baldwin lineage I have known. They were all fine men, and if ever there was a black sheep among the tribe the dragnet of newspaper work has not revealed the fact to me.

When I was first a reporter, one survivor of the old system under which doctors were converted into lawyers because of their educational attainments, was still practising in Toronto. His name was Clarke Gamble, K.C., born at Kingston of U.E. Loyalist stock in 1808, and who, at the time of his death in 1902, had for some years been the oldest lawyer in actual practice in Ontario. It was after his death, when I was preparing the usual obituary references, that his son, Mr. Harry Gamble, told me that his father had originally aspired to a medical career and explained the processes by which young doctors were so frequently diverted into the legal profession in the early days. Looking back I can still visualize his remarkably picturesque physiognomy, for he was indeed, "bearded like a prophet", and indescribably venerable, though amazingly active for his years.

Better known to the newspaper fraternity in my younger days was another old barrister, the late Charles Durand, who was born at Hamilton, Ontario, in April, 1811, and lived to be nearly one hundred years old. At the time of his death he was the oldest barrister on the roll of the Upper Canada Law Society, but had retired from active practice a long time previously. The leisure that came to him in his old age he employed in writing letters to the newspapers, and it was seldom that a week passed without local editorial rooms being honoured by a visit from him. He had not the patriarchal appearance of his contemporary, Clarke Gamble, K.C., and I fancy that their political views were divergent also, for Mr. Durand had one especial obsession. This was the desire to do honour to the two protagonists of the Upper Canada rebellion of 1837, Lount and Matthews, pioneers from the Lake Simcoe region, who, less fortunate than their leader William Lyon Mackenzie, had been captured, tried, and hanged. After many years of effort Mr. Durand did succeed in raising a fund for the erection of a monument to their memory which stands in the Necropolis, Toronto.

The seeming indifference of a later generation to his heroes used to excite Mr. Durand's rather irascible temper. He could not realize that the events of sixty years past could hardly have the emotional appeal for young editors that they possessed for himself. Many of them experienced the rough side of his tongue for failing to accord his agitation the space he thought it deserved. Gradually the philosophic conclusion had been reached that the best way to avoid trouble was to print Mr. Durand's letters. I well recall the octogenarian on the day of his triumph, when the monument for which he had fought so long was unveiled by him, and he stood in the blazing sun on a broiling afternoon, narrating the events of 1837 from his very extreme point of view. Even his own family were less concerned with his oration than with the fear that he might suffer sunstroke, but their fears were seemingly unnecessary. His own adventures during the Upper Canada rebellion are narrated in a rather rare volume, *Reminiscences,* published in 1897 when he was eighty-six years old. He was an early friend of William Lyon Mackenzie and was in his first year of practice as a barrister at Hamilton when Mackenzie's rising came to a head. In December, 1837, he had come to Toronto on legal business but found no courts sitting because the judiciary, who were also nearly all volunteer military officers, were under arms to defend the city against the expected rebel hordes. Although he claimed to have been loyal and to have had no thought of taking up arms with Mackenzie, his known friendship for that leader led to his arrest so soon as his presence in Toronto became known. He always claimed that his trial at the hands of Chief-Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson and Mr. Justice Hagerman was unfair. It resulted in his conviction of treason and sentence to death, but it is quite evident that the authorities were doubtful of his guilt, for he was shortly afterward reprieved and lived for nearly seven decades thereafter to tell the tale.

Mr. Durand was certainly consistent in his views, for his youthful opposition to the centralization of authority was continued in old age, and, though a Liberal, he condemned the "Toryism" evinced by the famous Liberal Premier of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, in creating a vast fabric of patronage for the Attorney-General, whereby all Magistrates, Sheriffs, Registrars, Crown Attorneys, and minor court officials, in what constitutes one third of Canada, are appointed by that minister. Evidently Sir Oliver's system was an acceptable one from a political standpoint for it has been emulated by the governments of the newer Western provinces.

One of the exasperations which Mr. Durand suffered from editors was their reluctance to allow him to indulge in plain speaking in their columns with regard to august figures of the past. He was particularly drastic in regard to some of the famous jurists whose portraits by Berthon adorn the classic corridors of Osgoode Hall at Toronto. He has written, "Some say our modern Judges are not comparable with such men as Draper, Sullivan and Hagerman. This is all nonsense. They are superior in what lawyers generally lack, courtesy, the milk of human kindness, and, shall I say, brotherliness." But his most bitter antipathies were reserved for his fellow Hamiltonian, Sir Allan McNab, whose active part in suppressing the rebellion in Canada West, and subsequent elevation to the post of Prime Minister of United Canada are matters of history. He believed that the debonair and doughty McNab was his personal enemy and responsible for persecuting him. "The persecuting tool of the Tories" was his description of that distinguished man, who had unfortunately lived to hate the rising genius of his party, Sir John A. Macdonald, more than he had ever hated Mackenzie, and to die in the belief that his country had been ungrateful in a political if not a material sense. In another book, *The Canadian Scene*, I have told the story of Sir Allan's daughter who, by her marriage to Viscount

Bury, was transported from the troubled arena of Canadian politics, in which she had been her father's aide and confidante, to the inner circles of Queen Victoria's court. When I was a boy, Sir Allan's memory was fresh among my Hamilton relatives, and his home, Dundurn, now the leading public park of the city, was its chief show-place. The late James Cleland Hamilton, whose book *Osgoode Hall; Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar* is a delightful repository of information about the eminent men of Upper Canada in the nineteenth century, albeit written rather exclusively for his own profession, collected some interesting memorabilia of Sir Allan, from which I gather that he was probably the last Prime Minister of Canada who rode to and from his office on horseback. The monocle, afterwards popularized by Joseph Chamberlain, was not held in high esteem in the Canada of eighty years ago, and it is related that on one occasion when Sir Allan was riding along King Street, Toronto, a dandified opponent superciliously inspected him through a single eye glass. The Prime Minister promptly released one of his stirrups and, raising it to his eye, stared through it in mockery of the dandy, to the latter's confusion. Life in the small Upper Canada capital was not without its humours.

I once heard Charles Durand speak vindictively of another Tory, Colonel Prince, without knowing exactly to whom he alluded. Indeed it was not until I was in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, where Prince spent his last years as judge of the Algoma district, that I actually learned who he was. In 1837 he was a military officer and lawyer at Windsor, Ontario, and also a member of the Legislative Assembly for the Essex peninsula. In December, 1838, a year after the Mackenzie rebellion had been suppressed at Toronto, some American ruffians attempted a filibuster from Detroit, and actually killed one or two people. Prince caught five of them, of whose guilt there was no question, and promptly executed them under military law. There was, of course, a great hubbub

among sympathizers with the Mackenzie rising, and for some years thereafter they were accustomed to call Prince a murderer and a coward. Though the legal authorities at Toronto found that Prince's action had been salutary and lawful, the dispute reached the British Parliament, where Lord Brougham, always prone to use the language of hyperbole, denounced the opinion of the Attorney-General of Upper Canada, Hon. Christopher Hagerman, as "the grossest outrage ever put on paper". One of Prince's most abusive critics was a Windsor radical named Wood, who having called the Colonel an assassin, or words to that effect, was promptly challenged to a duel. In the subsequent encounter Wood was wounded in the jaw, and Prince, at his own request, was court-martialled by British officers, and acquitted. Admittedly Colonel Prince was a violent and impulsive man. After William Lyon Mackenzie returned to Canada from exile, in 1849, he ventured one day to enter the Parliamentary Library at Toronto. The Colonel, seeing him there, at once threatened to have him ejected. Hearing of the affront, Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, at that time Solicitor-General and later the first Prime Minister of Ontario, called on Mackenzie and after expressing regret, formally introduced him to the privileges of the Library. According to Mr. Cleland Hamilton, news of the civility reached Macdonald's Highland Scottish constituents in Glengarry, and he was asked to explain his action on the platform. He dexterously answered, "Do you think I would see an Englishman kick a Scotsman and not interfere?" It is said that the Colonel himself expressed regret for his rudeness and said he had "acted on impulse". Strangely enough, after having been a violent loyalist for many years, he became in his declining years an advocate of Canadian independence.

In my earlier *Chronicles* I mentioned having met another duellist of the Essex Peninsula, Colonel Arthur

Rankin, father of the actor, McKee Rankin, who was credited with several encounters and with having once tried to send a challenge to Sir John A. Macdonald. According to Mr. Hamilton, duelling was by no means confined to the banks of the Detroit River. That very venerable figure, Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D. of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto, whom many living still recall, relates in *Toronto of Old*, a book now extremely valuable from a collector's standpoint, the story of a duel in January, 1800, which caused an immense sensation in the young colony. The opponents were John Small, the Clerk of the Executive Council, whose descendants continued to play a prominent part in the social and public life of Toronto for more than a century, and John White, the first Attorney-General of Upper Canada. The Parliament Buildings were then located on the waterfront at the foot of Parliament Street, now one of the shabbiest regions of older Toronto, but then covered by a pleasant grove. The duel was fought near the water's edge. The Attorney-General was killed and his body buried on the grounds of his own home, some distance north of the scene of the duel. The location of the grave was forgotten for many years, but in 1871, the remains were discovered by workmen engaged on an excavation, and deposited in St. James' Cemetery.

It is characteristic of the public attitude towards duelling at the dawn of the nineteenth century that the press, perhaps remembering Mr. Small's prowess with his pistols, took a neutral attitude and spoke well not only of the dead but of the living. Another famous duel of the early days took place in 1806 between William Weekes and William Dickson, two prominent politicians of the Niagara Peninsula, and Weekes was slain. The duellists had taken the precaution to fight on the American side of the river.

The names of families still very prominent in the social and professional life of Canada were identified with a

celebrated duel fought on July 12th, 1817, when George Ridout, son of the Surveyor-General of Toronto, was slain by Samuel Jarvis. The seconds were Henry John Boulton, of "The Grange", afterwards the home of Goldwin Smith, and now the site of the Toronto Art Gallery, and James E. Small, of the same family as the John Small previously alluded to. The sensation caused by such a duel may be judged by the fact that for at least seven decades thereafter, the names of Ridout, Jarvis, Boulton, and Small were still of the highest eminence in the life of Toronto and associated in many ways with its development.

In a previous volume I have spoken of my juvenile identification with the Church of the Redeemer, unique because of its connection with the "Low Church" movement that was so active fifty years ago and also because of its proximity to the demesnes of the University of Toronto. Thus, as a small boy, I used to see many of the historic figures in connection with the latter institution in church of a Sunday and about the streets of a weekday. There was one very patriarchal figure who, somehow or other, reminded me of Abraham. In those days Biblical illustration was rife, not only in subscription copies of the Bible itself but in books of Biblical stories published for the young; and I suppose that most children had the idea that the portraits of Abraham, Joseph, David, and other famous characters were authentic. Incidentally it may be said that the Biblical illustrators of the mid-Victorian period, unlike their predecessors in earlier centuries, sedulously refrained from depicting Adam and Eve, *before* the Fall,—which was perhaps just as well. Forty years ago there was no well-reared child who did not possess a general conception of what Abraham looked like, and I was sure that the gentleman we youngsters knew as "old Mr. Langton" resembled the famous patriarch. He had a long, silvery white beard, and stern and beautiful features. "Old Mr. Langton" came back

to me with amazing vividness when I turned the pages of *Early Days in Upper Canada: Letters of John Langton*, edited and published in 1926 by his son, the well-known architect, W. A. Langton of Toronto, and came upon the old gentleman's portrait taken in 1878 at the age of seventy. He would be a little older when I first saw him, and he lived on until the age of eighty-six. I am sure few of those who used to see him at worship with his family,—certainly none of the children,—realized how interesting and varied had been his career, the more important phases of which are charmingly and humorously unfolded in the letters to which I have alluded.

In the early thirties he had been one of the many Englishmen of good family and education who had taken up land along the proposed route of the Trent Valley Canal, in anticipation of its becoming the leading transportation artery of Upper Canada. With them he had roughed it in the bush of the Kawartha Lakes country, near Fenelon Falls, and taken part in the social festivities of Peterborough, ninety years ago as distinguished a social centre as Upper Canada afforded. Tiring of farming he had become a successful lumber merchant, and had later entered politics as a member of the old Parliament of Canada. In 1855, when he was forty-seven years old, Sir John A. Macdonald, who knew ability when he came upon it, induced him to move to Toronto and become Auditor of Public Accounts, then in sad need of supervision. A year or two later, inasmuch as he was a graduate of Cambridge, he was appointed by the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, Vice-Chancellor of the young University of Toronto. Of the part he played in co-operation with Colonel F. W. Cumberland in the selection of the site and the construction of the venerable building now known as University College, one may read in *Early Days in Upper Canada*. He also left many pungent estimates of famous public figures, as of Chancellor William Hume Blake ("one of the most opinionative and

overbearing men I know") and the founder of Ontario's educational system, the famous Egerton Ryerson, whose financial honesty the Auditor questioned, but who, he said was "surrounded as by an atmosphere with such a concentrated essence of respectability, and meets all opposition with such a calm unruffled air of conscious superiority, that I will not deny that I am half afraid of him myself".

Certainly the mild old patriarch whom I recall had been in early years quite capable of drastic action for he brought the sainted Ryerson to an accounting. Mr. Langton seems to have been the author of a phrase that has recurred in public discussion from time to time ever since, for he habitually called Egerton Ryerson "The Pope of Methodism". In my younger days when the redoubtable controversialist, Rev. Dr. Carman, was still alive, the title was frequently bestowed on him; and in 1925, when the proposals to create the United Church of Canada came to a head, it was the layman's habitual epithet for Rev. S. D. Chown.

Under the circumstances it would seem strange that a great-aunt of mine, who was a very devout Methodist and whose husband was a professor at Victoria College when it was located at Cobourg, should have cherished a photograph of John Langton in his Vice-Chancellor's robes. Not until I read *Early Days in Upper Canada* did I get a clue to the reason. It was that Langton had braved the censure of almost every other prominent member of the Church of England, and especially the wrath of the militant Bishop Strachan, by advocating the secularization of the clergy reserves,—a question in which all Methodists were deeply interested and which was still being discussed during my boyhood days, though secularization had long since been an accomplished fact. Langton's reasons seem sufficiently sound at this late day, for he was convinced that so long as they had the clergy reserves to fall back on, settlers of the Anglican persuasion

would do little for their own spiritual institutions. He attributed the rapid growth of Methodism and Presbyterianism in Upper Canada (still a vital political factor in Ontario) to the zeal of their devotees in seeking to overcome the handicap imposed by the bestowal of enormous land grants of virgin land on the Church of England.

I have often heard elderly men say that the real source of the power of Methodism in Ontario was Bishop Strachan, whose Laudian sentiments produced a popular reaction and drove ardent and liberal-minded young Anglican divines into the fold of John Wesley. Since Bishop Strachan had died at the ripe old age of eighty-nine more than five years before I was born, I have naturally no memories of him, but I have heard my father and uncle speak of the stirring messages signed "John Toronto" which used to be read from the pulpit at St. Mark's Church and St. John's Church, Port Hope, each succeeding Eastertide. It will surprise many of the present generation to know that the founder of the University of Toronto, afterwards disowned by him, and of Trinity University now affiliated with it, was an Aberdonian with a strong Scottish accent and was originally reared in the strictest tenets of Presbyterianism. Many Scottish stories of him were current long after his death, and one my mother used to tell related that in a season of drought a deputation of his clergy visited his See House opposite the old Union Station on Front Street West, Toronto, and asked him to frame a prayer for rain to be used on the following Sunday. The old prelate went out-doors and looked at the sky and then shook his head with the words "I dinna think it would be efficashious". Clearly his Aberdonian prudence was against asking the Almighty for anything He did not seem to be prepared to grant.

I write this chapter in the closing days of 1927, a year which has been marked by the centenary of the foundation of the University of Toronto, and the seventy-fifth anniversary of that of Trinity University, the charters

of which were both obtained by this Scottish soldier of the Church Militant. There is this to be said for him that, though often wrong-headed, he was a real spiritual force, and that the educational institutions he brought into being have been great factors in the civilization of the country, even though their later development has been along lines he would have disapproved.

One of the picturesque figures I used to see very frequently in boyhood was Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of the University of Toronto from 1880 to 1892 and who became Sir Daniel Wilson in 1888. The boys of the neighbourhood used to have a nick-name for him which he probably never heard,—"Daddy Long Legs", because of his lean figure which to them seemed very tall. I still visualize him stopping on the street to talk to friends, often in a very argumentative way, with the wind blowing his long beard in every direction and his clothes flapping around him. Prior to his elevation to the Presidency he had been Professor of English Literature, and was also keenly interested in modern scientific progress, as his published writings show. He was apparently a believer in the prophetic character of Shakespeare's genius for in one of his books, *Caliban*, published in 1872, he elaborated the suggestion that in this weird character of *The Tempest* the poet had fore-shadowed, "the missing link", then as now the quest of scientists interested in Darwin's theory of evolution. To tolerate Darwin in those days took much more courage than it does to-day. It is quite possible that Toronto might have become the arena of a battle over the theory of evolution, for it is a matter of record that in the early fifties, about the time that Wilson came over from Edinburgh, the Senate of University College rejected the application of Thomas Henry Huxley for a professorial appointment. What is now called "fundamentalism" had nothing to do with the rejection, but I have often wondered what would have been the subsequent career of Huxley had his application been

successful. In a young colonial university where religious factions were very active, would he have become the brilliant and witty champion of evolution and scientific education that he became in London?

The death in 1886 of Dr. McCaul, Sir Daniel Wilson's predecessor as President of University College and prior to that principal of Upper Canada College, was an event which aroused very widespread attention, although he had been in retirement for six years. Rumour had it that he had never been on very good terms with his successor, but the passing of a man so closely identified with the history of education in Upper Canada was an occasion so significant as to impress itself even on school boys. There is one fact about Dr. McCaul not so well remembered as his academic services, and that is his close connection with the development of musical taste in Toronto. During the earlier years of his presidency the University was identified with music in a very considerable degree. This affiliation subsequently lapsed, and was only revived a few years ago when a Musical Faculty was re-established at the instance of Sir Robert Falconer, and the Toronto Conservatory of Music became affiliated with the University. When this affiliation was broadened by the absorption of the Canadian Academy of Music, the late Dr. Vogt, under whose inspiration the whole development had been accomplished, asked me to look into the early musical associations of the University. These investigations, subsequently published in the Conservatory's quarterly magazine, showed that if anyone might claim to be the father of good music in Toronto, it was Dr. McCaul, and that the later affiliation would have rejoiced him as the development of his own cherished ideas.

That portion of the Canadian public which is interested in such matters is aware of the splendid services of the late Dr. Frederick H. Torrington in promoting good music throughout Canada, through the medium of the Toronto Philharmonic Society, between 1873 and 1894.

What is not known is that the Philharmonic Society in its origins was, to all intents and purposes, a child of the University, and was apparently designed by Dr. McCaul as a unifying factor between the professional and business classes of a comparatively small but growing civic community. He was an Irishman born in Dublin in 1807, and until old age he was a sterling and rugged figure, a graduate of Trinity University in that city. Music was but one of the many interests he promoted in his aspiration to make Toronto a centre of culture with the University as its social and intellectual base, but it was that which lay nearest to his heart for he was himself a musician. During the period when warfare for the secularization of the University was in progress, he was principal of Upper Canada College, to which he had come from Dublin in 1838, and he seems to have differed from Bishop Strachan's advocacy of a narrow Anglicanizing policy. For this reason his appointment in 1853 as first President of University College proved acceptable to many. From whom Dr. McCaul received his early musical training is not recorded, but in his youth Dublin was, and had been for many decades, an active musical centre, and enjoyed the distinction of being the city where Handel's "Messiah" was first performed. After his arrival in Toronto, the young principal of Upper Canada College became known in social circles as an accomplished pianist, and according to his friend Dr. Torrington, he used to play the violoncello after he had passed his sixtieth year. In promoting music he did not rely on the academic circle exclusively but enlisted the co-operation of local business men of musical tastes. Thus one of his co-adjutors was a jeweller named John Ellis, who commended himself to the Doctor by his skill upon that once popular instrument, the flute.

Dr. McCaul was also a composer of anthems, one or two of which won international recognition. Through his efforts, oratorio selections were first given in Toronto in 1845 in the Legislative Chamber of the Parliament

Buildings of that day. The result was the formation, in 1846, of the first Toronto Philharmonic Society. The population of the city was then about 20,000, though annually increasing, and for the next quarter of a century the organization went through many vicissitudes,—periodical dissolutions, changes of conductors and sometimes of name, due to social differences. Throughout this trying period Dr. McCaul stuck to his guns, and it was largely on his initiative that the first performances in Upper Canada of Handel's "Judas Maccabeus", Haydn's "Creation", and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were given. The professional musician who stood closest to Dr. McCaul in his early experiments was James Peyton Clarke. Through Dr. McCaul's instrumentality, he was appointed musical instructor at King's College, an office continued after it was transformed into the University of Toronto, and in the convocation of 1856, Clarke was the first musician to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from the institution. Clarke was a composer of anthems and his son, Dr. Hugh Archibald Clarke, born in Toronto, achieved an eminent career at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was appointed Professor of Music in 1875 and continued in that office for many years.

In 1873 Dr. McCaul finally succeeded in putting the Philharmonic Society on a permanent basis with himself as president and Dr. Clarke as conductor. Though both were attached to the University, the former discerned the wisdom of enlisting the support of the Methodist body which was then developing musical aspirations in connection with the newly erected Metropolitan Church, (destroyed by fire in February, 1928). In 1873 Clarke, having attained sixty-four years, retired in favour of an enterprising musician, F. H. Torrington, who, in the year 1873, had been brought from Boston to take the post of Choirmaster in the above named church. Dr. McCaul continued as President of the Society for several years, but in 1880, on relinquishing the post of President of

University College, gave up that of the Philharmonic Society also, and the identification of the University with music was allowed to lapse.

I have spoken of Dr. Wilson who succeeded him in his academic capacity; his successor as executive head of the Philharmonic Society was the late Sir Casimir Gzowski. I doubt if the country ever knew a more romantic type than this Canadian by adoption. On many occasions when I was a young man I have seen strangers stop and gaze after his impressive figure, a familiar one in the financial districts for many decades prior to his death in 1898. Poland has been anxious for serious recognition by other nations since her restoration in 1919, and I doubt if a finer advertisement for Polish manhood ever existed than Sir Casimir. As a youth I had to interview him on two or three occasions. I cannot say that he encouraged the advances of reporters, but despite his austere manner no impressionable youth could fail to admire his bearing and physique. Four inches over six feet in height and until very late in life straight as a ramrod, his appearance had some of the graces of the mid-Victorian military dandy,—unexaggerated "Dundreary" whiskers, snow-white like his hair and moustache, and strong features illumined by piercing blue-grey eyes. This was his appearance in 1890 when he was personally knighted at Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria, to whom he had long been an honorary aide-de-camp. On official occasions like the opening of Parliament, when he donned his uniform as a former Colonel of Engineers and was radiant with scarlet and gold, the picture he made was indeed unforgettable. The sentiment of romance clung to him, for he had received his military education, in common with many other aristocratic Polish youths, at St Petersburg. He was a Polish patriot at heart, however, and at the age of twenty was obliged to escape to America to avoid persecution by the Czarist regime. In his earlier years in America he earned a living by teaching languages,

dancing, and violin playing in Philadelphia private schools. There he qualified for the law under Daniel Webster and was called to the bar of Pennsylvania in 1842, the year that Webster negotiated the Ashburton Treaty. But engineering, of which Gzowski had obtained an inkling in his years as a military student in St. Petersburg, was his bent, and he gave up law to assist in the construction of the Erie Canal.

The circumstances of his settlement in Canada were marked by a coincidence. In the forties the capital of Upper Canada was a fluctuating centre and in the year 1845 it was located at Kingston where the Governor, Sir Charles Bagot, was temporarily in residence. One day the young engineer of the Erie Canal staff crossed Lake Ontario to see Kingston and registered at a local hotel. In those days news was welcome to Governors as to everyone else, and Sir Charles became aware that a young man bearing the singular name of " Casimir Gzowski " was in town. In earlier years Sir Charles had been British Ambassador in a somewhat livelier capital, St. Petersburg, and one of his friends had been a Count Gzowski. He therefore sent for the new arrival and was delighted to find that the Polish exile was a relative of his old friend. The result was that Casimir Gzowski received and accepted an offer to join the staff of the Public Works Department of Canada, and forged on to ever increasing fame in his profession. His contributions to better communications in this country were many, and perhaps his most notable achievement was as engineer of the great international bridge which spans the Niagara River near the entrance to Queen Victoria Park at Niagara Falls. After his death the Government of Ontario placed a monument to his memory in the park, where tens of thousands of tourists annually glance at his striking bust without knowing how much of romance his career signified.

As I have said, Sir Casimir was one of the notable figures of the financial district of Toronto in the nineties. Another very tall and erect figure was well known in those days in the same purlieus. He was not so handsome, his countenance in fact seemed to have been hewn out of the granite of his native Scotland, but he was known to a very large generation of young Canadians, for he was George R. R. Cockburn, M.P., who had been one of Dr. McCaul's successors as principal of Upper Canada College and had in middle life forsaken the academic life for finance and politics. The verdict of many of my contemporaries who had been to school under him was that Cockburn found a real recreation in using the cane. In after years, when he became member of the House of Commons for Centre Toronto, he still retained something of the attitude of the school-master in his dealings with the smaller fry of his party and the electorate at large. This was in part responsible for his defeat in the bitter campaign of 1896, which placed Sir Wilfrid Laurier in power. Though very able and an impressive speaker he was the type of public man who yields to anger and is hopelessly at a loss when heckled. I have vivid memories of seeing the big man like a bear teased by gnats, when questioners, whom he by temperament regarded as upstarts, badgered him.

I once witnessed an episode in which Mr. Cockburn figured as comical as anything staged by clowns in a vaudeville theatre. The humour of it lay in the fact that neither party to the episode knew the cause of it. At the time one corner of the editorial rooms of the Toronto *Mail and Empire* looked straight across Bay Street into the windows of the office of Hon. Edmund Bristol in what was then known as the London and Canadian Loan Building. I was standing at the *Mail and Empire* windows on a summer day, absent-mindedly looking into Mr. Bristol's windows and thinking over a question of news, when I saw a messenger boy come in

and deliver a large card-board box to the lawyer, who was seemingly very busy. Mr. Bristol took out a coat which he had obviously sent to be pressed and hung it up. Then he looked around in an abstracted way to decide what he would do with the box, and without thinking cast it out of the window. It came hurtling lazily down. With the instinct we all possess in such moments I saw that it was going to alight square on the top hat of Mr. Cockburn, who was entering the building in his naturally ceremonious manner. The glossy hat was knocked off and the financier's cane flew up in the air. His pantomime expressed extreme rage as he recovered his hat, and he gazed upward in every direction to find the culprit. The latter was sitting absorbed in a brief, quite unconscious of the havoc he had wrought and I, the only eye-witness who could explain the occurrence, was far up above the noisy street. I dare say Mr. Cockburn died wondering who his enemy was. Subsequently I told Mr. Bristol of his crime, but found him unrepentant.

The later years of Mr. Cockburn were saddened by misfortune. His political dreams came to an end with his defeat by the late William Lount in 1896. His only son, Churchill Cockburn, a very fine soldier, after winning the V.C. in the South African War, lost his life by accident. Finally, some years later, he was financially ruined by the failure of the Ontario Bank of which he was President. His personal integrity was never in question, (in fact it was never shown that anyone stole a dollar in connection with the failure) but it involved him in a great deal of pain and humiliation, as well as loss.

CHAPTER IV

TOWN AND GOWN

IN the last chapter I touched on some of the earlier notabilities in connection with the University of Toronto and some of the controversies which attended its lengthy birth throes. Looking back and comparing the past with the present, the growth of the University's influence and of a sense of responsibility in the student body seems to me the most important change that has occurred in my time. While I was not myself one of its students, I had many friends in that body and as a *World* reporter was constantly in touch with it, for my chief, W. F. Maclean, M.P., was a member of its Senate and keen for Varsity news.

Truth to tell, it was not regarded as a mark of special distinction to be a "Varsity boy" in the early nineties. In fact, there were prejudiced burghers who regarded the students as a pack of rowdies, and this impression the conduct of some of the boys did much to sustain. A good deal of it was but the harmless exuberance of youth, but some of it was sheer "rough neck" vandalism. Orderly citizens had come to dread Hallowe'en when even the local authorities were frequently unable to cope with student disorder, and finally the police were compelled, by public sentiment as well as personal security, to indulge in a good deal of counter brutality. In the eighties citizens were willing to laugh with the students at certain ingenious pranks, as when a band of them, led by a student who afterwards became known in politics as the irrepressible Dr. Beatty Nesbitt, loaded the Crimean guns, which now stand at the entrance to the Ontario Legislative Buildings, with gunpowder, stones, and old boots and fired them point blank down

Queen's Avenue. The noise of the explosion was heard for miles, but no one was hurt. The guns had been supposed to be spiked and useless, but the students proved the contrary. When the students kidnapped the janitor's cow and with willing shoulders forced it up to the lantern of University College Tower, that too was considered a good joke, though getting the poor beast down again was a serious problem. But a few years later, in the declining years of Sir Daniel Wilson, the student body had got seriously out of hand. Because of his immense popularity Sir Daniel himself could quell a disturbance on the campus, but he could not control the boys when they got out of bounds, and many lads, fresh from the country, were no respecters of property. A student parade in the downtown streets, a student night at one of the local theatres, as well as Hallowe'en festivities, were inevitably scenes of disorder, and sometimes of riots. The "town and gown" antagonism of which we read in Oxford novels was rife in Toronto, and it was no recommendation to a young man seeking employment, as it is to-day, to announce that he was a graduate of the University of Toronto. I have myself seen students on parade during registration week looting fruit stands in broad daylight, and causing hundreds of dollars' worth of damage to plate-glass windows and overhanging signs. Their antics led to at least one shooting affray, when the medicos mobbed the home of an eccentric physician named Dr. McCully, whom some of his own profession had denounced as a "quack".

Hallowe'en in those days was a troublous night for the newspaper reporters assigned to cover the disorders, who were liable at any time to get in the way of enraged squads of policemen with drawn clubs, asking no question before they struck. The general injunction issued to the public on such occasions was to stay at home if they wished to avoid trouble, but this was clearly impossible for reporters. City editors used to give stern injunctions

to their staffs to choose observation points where they could get the news without incurring injuries that would incapacitate them for writing it. But there is always the type of reporter whose zeal impels him to get into the thick of things. I remember seeing a green hand named Tompkins come into the *World* office badly battered up and in need of medical assistance. He had failed to heed his chief's warnings and, being a country boy keen for the excitements of city life, had managed to get himself straight in the line of the main phalanx of a police attack. His protest that he represented the press fell on deaf ears as the big fellows whacked from side to side.

Throwing cabbages and boots at fellow students who took part in amateur theatricals was considered permissible amusement, but when professional performances were interrupted, which quietly-disposed citizens had paid good money to see, it ceased to be a joke. One of the noisiest student theatrical frolics that I recall was in the Grand Opera House on the opening night of E. S. Willard's once celebrated performance of Henry Arthur Jones' "Judah". Willard was then at the very height of his power, and a very distinguished audience had assembled, unaware that the students had secured the top gallery. The interest of the play and the acting held them quiet for a while, but soon they commenced to fold their programmes into darts and shy them at the actors and the audience below. Finally, in a very interesting scene between two charming actresses, Marie Burroughs and Nannie Craddock, weird noises commenced. Suddenly Mr. Willard, in the garb of the young Welsh parson, Rev. Judah Llewellyn, appeared from the wings and directed the women to leave the stage. Stepping to the footlights he ordered the curtain down, and said: "I will not permit my company to be insulted, and if there is any more disorder the performance will cease. I appeal to those in the gallery who are *gentlemen*

(tremendous emphasis on the word 'gentlemen') to assist me in preserving common decency." Willard had a commanding personality and I have never seen an appeal for order so effectively obeyed. Of course, most of those in the gallery felt that it was up to them to show that they were gentlemen. When one or two rowdies attempted to start further disturbances, they were very promptly suppressed by their comrades. But Willard took the episode rather emotionally, when I went back stage to interview him afterwards. He seemed to feel keenly the insult to his profession involved in the earlier disturbances, and quoted the boorish remark of Dr. Samuel Johnson who, on being told that he had wounded Garrick's feelings, said testily "Pshaw! Punch has no feelings." Mr. Willard seemed to think a good many of our young men shared the delusion that Punch had no feelings. Willard was even more deeply distressed the next day when the editor of the *Evening Telegram* denounced him as a "prig" and a "cad" for his implied aspersion on the gentility of his tormentors. Student disorders got a good deal of encouragement in those days from evening newspapers that thought it good demagogic policy to attack the police on all occasions. It was only when their advertisers commenced to suffer property losses and demanded a firm attitude in behalf of law and order that they swerved over to the side of the authorities.

Strangely enough a good many professional men, who suffered little inconvenience themselves from student rioting, were inclined to the view that the boys were entitled to their fling. I once talked to a graduate, now widely known in the legal profession, whose duties make him a responsible authority in the maintenance of order, and asked him why students should be allowed to make beasts of themselves on Hallowe'en, and whether the graduate societies could not do something to stop it. His reply was that it was impossible because most of the students came from country towns where for decades

it had been customary to behave like hoodlums on Hallowe'en or on special occasions like weddings, which were invariably followed by "shivarees". "You will never convince these lads that they have not a perfect right to make disturbances and destroy a little property once in a while", he said. "It is a part of our national life." In the end he proved to be wrong, for while the students of to-day often indulge in jollity, which is no doubt rather rough at times, they confine their sports to themselves and do not annoy the general public. Then again the modern student seems to have a great many more interests than the student of thirty-five years ago, and gets enough variety in his life to make rioting less a diversion than once it was.

Old lawyers and doctors have told me that prior to the riotous period of which I have spoken the authorities used to divert the buoyant spirits of youth into military channels. This form of effort was especially centred around Osgoode Hall, and in connection with the Queens' Own Rifles. The veteran lawyer, James Haverson, K.C., tells me that he belonged to a students' company in the mid-seventies which was officered by the late R. H. Bowes, afterwards eminent in the legal profession, and a young man named W. S. Hodgins, who subsequently took up soldiering as a profession and became General Hodgins of the Canadian Permanent Forces. On one occasion they were paraded for inspection on the University campus before a British officer, General Sir Selby Smyth, and when the company attempted a manoeuvre in echelon they got hopelessly mixed up with half the other companies on parade. The professional instructor was sent for and finally got them sorted out, and to the humiliation of Capt. Bowes and Lieut. Hodgins they were ordered from the field, followed by the dictum of Sir Selby that he had never seen a more deplorable exhibition of stupidity and incompetence.

The old University company made a very fine contribution to the suppression of the Northwest rising of 1885, whither it went under Colonel (now General Sir William) Otter; but shortly after that it commenced to fade out of existence, with a distinct loss to the morale and discipline of student life.

It was not only an ever-increasing but very boisterous body of youths which Professor James Loudon, long professor of mathematics, was called upon to govern when he became President of the University in 1892, on the death of Sir Daniel Wilson. I remember the deep anger and humiliation of himself and of the Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake, at the conduct of the student body when Dr. Francis L. Patton, Woodrow Wilson's predecessor as President of Princeton University, came to Toronto to receive an honorary degree. The University of Toronto, in its affiliation with Knox College, was in a double sense the *alma mater* of Dr. Patton, who had in later life risen to the highest academic eminence, and on retirement decided to spend his declining years in Bermuda. The University in the nineties lacked suitable accommodations for a Convocation of major importance, and the proceedings were held in Massey Hall, where the disorderly elements among the students had entrenched themselves in the top gallery. Chancellor Blake, already a member of the British House of Commons, but still spending part of his year in Canada, was the subject of interruptions which he took nonchalantly; but when the President of Princeton arose to speak, all the laws of hospitality were violated. It was at that time the occasional custom among recipients of honorary degrees to give addresses on subjects they had made their own. Dr. Patton had prepared a lucid and interesting discourse on an abstruse philosophic theme. The beauty and clarity of his phraseology were obscured by a poor delivery —a curious hesitancy of utterance, as of a man who had conquered an early impediment in speech. Presently

some of the young comedians in the top gallery commenced to mimic his mannerisms of delivery and horse laughs became prevalent. From the reporter's table I could hear the Chancellor saying "Disgraceful", "Shameful", to those around him. Presently he rose and with unmistakable wrath but majestic dignity tried to quell the disturbers; but the audience was hopelessly out of hand. There followed profuse apologies to Dr. Patton, but the President of Princeton must have returned to New Haven with the impression that the student body of his old University had degenerated into a band of uncouth yokels. In those days it was customary for popular speakers like Dr. James L. Hughes to impute superiority to the boys "from the large vistas" as they phrased it, but city-bred youths like myself found little in their manners or ideas worthy of emulation—except perhaps that they knew more about the value of a dollar, as many of them proved in after life. When I contrast the scene I have described with a Convocation of to-day, when distinguished visitors are most warmly and courteously greeted by the students, and Chancellor Sir William Mulock and President Sir Robert Falconer control them with a sort of picturesque magnetism, things seem to have changed very much for the better.

The antagonisms that have been described were resultant of serious consequences and helped to make the first three years of President Loudon's incumbency extremely difficult. It became a habit with the evening newspapers of Toronto, catering to popular prejudice, to enlarge on anything that reflected on the University or its management. Much of this criticism was political, for the University was at that time under direct Government control even in respect to appointments on its staff. The Council acted in an advisory capacity, and though the Mowat Government, through its Minister of Education, Hon. G. W. Ross, usually relied on the advice from this source, opponents of the administration

which had ruled Ontario for over twenty years were not slow to seize on anything that could be twisted into a political argument against it. Victim of party politics from the outside, the University was also divided internally by cliques among the faculty—what is known as "office politics". The new President had his own particular circle of confidants, and it was sometimes said of him that he confided in the wrong men. Events showed that Dr. Loudon's methods in dealing with the unruly tendencies that were rife in the student body were lacking in tact. Disruption was increased by the fact that arts students and medical students subject to different controls took certain lectures in common. The President relied too much on school-master methods suitable to boys in lower grades, but unworkable with grown youths, many of whom had earned the money to put themselves through college and felt themselves to be men. The very forces which might have been utilized to produce an *esprit de corps* in harmony with the faculty were turned against it. Some of the regulations imposed on students would be impossible to-day, and had the unfortunate effect of estranging the better order of students, while driving the rowdy elements to further excesses.

In considering the events which led up to the famous University strike or boycott of February, 1895, it should be recalled that the early nineties were a period of great unrest throughout the English-speaking world. The revolt against Victorianism had begun within the lifetime of Queen Victoria herself. Socialism was popular everywhere. In London, George Bernard Shaw and his fellow Fabians were attacking existing institutions. In America books like Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* and Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* were in everybody's hands. Reactions from this intellectual condition were active in Universities all over North America, and the young man of student years everywhere was passively or actively in opposition to authority. The elders were,

on the other hand, driven to greater lengths of conservatism and were fearful of the "anarchistic" leaven that was supposed to be at work. This was the psychological background of the crisis at the University of Toronto in the academic year of 1894-5.

To return to the petty politics of the situation; the name of Blake had for decades been an all-powerful one in the University. In other days William Hume Blake had ruled the Senate with a rod of iron. His son Hon. Edward Blake had for a considerable period been Chancellor. In 1892 the death of President Sir Daniel Wilson, who had filled certain academic functions in addition to the presidential office, left vacant a lectureship in English history. To this lectureship Rev. George M. Wrong, a Wycliffe College graduate, and a lecturer on its staff, was appointed at a salary of $1500, whereas the ordinary remuneration for lectureships in those frugal days was $800. The reason for the increased remuneration was of course that Mr. Wrong was a man of more experience than the average lecturer appointed immediately on graduation, and was succeeding to a part of the duties of the august Sir Daniel Wilson himself. But he happened to be the Chancellor's son-in-law, and a cry was immediately raised that the appointment was an act of nepotism on the part of Mr. Blake, who was alleged to have influenced his political friends in the Ontario government. This charge was, in point of fact, ridiculous, because some little while before the appointment was made Blake had accepted an invitation to become a member of the Home Rule party in the British House of Commons and was busy campaigning in Longford, Ireland. Nevertheless, leading Conservative politicians, against most of whom charges of nepotism had been made at one time or another, were glad of any opportunity to tag Blake with the same offence, and the charge stuck. Excitement became more intense when, in the early summer of 1894, Mr. Wrong was promoted to the position

of Professor of English History. It was charged that the University Council, though it had advertised for candidates, had considered only the application of Mr. Wrong, and had so done at the behest of the Mowat administration. There was heated controversy in the newspapers, all of which was calculated to cause further unrest in the already restless student body; and unquestionably those members of the faculty who were not on friendly or confidential terms with President Loudon helped to feed the flames.

In 1892 the University had suffered another serious loss, in addition to that caused by the death of Sir Daniel Wilson, through the resignation of Professor William James Ashley, a brilliant Englishman who had been Professor of Political Economy since 1888, and who had, after four years service, accepted the Chair of Economic History at Harvard University. This post he filled until 1901 when he returned to the University of Birmingham. In passing it may be said that the later career of Professor Ashley was most distinguished. During the Great War his services as an expert in questions of food control were invaluable to the British Government and he was knighted in 1917. On his death in 1927 the world learned of his early association with the University of Toronto. While few foresaw the great fame awaiting Professor Ashley, the sense of loss on his departure from Toronto was strong, and he had been an important factor in securing public good-will toward the University. By his influence cordial relations had for the first time been established between labour organizations and the department of Political Economy. He was succeeded, in 1892, by a youngish Scotsman, James Mavor, who had been educated at Glasgow University, but had not at that time obtained a degree. His experience had been practical rather than theoretical and academic; he knew a great deal of economic conditions in various European countries, and had personally investigated labour colonies

in some of them. His subsequent career as an authority on the economics of Russia, which brought him international fame, is well known, and his private love of art bore good fruits for Toronto. He definitely influenced the early development of the Canadian West, for he was the man chiefly instrumental in bringing Tolstoy's protegés, the Doukhobors, to Canada. But in 1892, with his fame still to come and without a scholastic degree, he found it difficult to follow the brilliant Ashley.

In 1894 the University was at the turning of the ways in another sense. The Mowat government, notoriously a cheese-paring administration, to whom a surplus in the treasury was the most sacred of all public assets, was loath to recognize the needs of a modern institution of higher learning and in connection with the University had for years been, figuratively speaking, endeavouring to fit a child's shoe upon a man's foot. In many quarters it was held that the University would be better off if it could cut loose from the state altogether and rely on private endowments, like McGill or Harvard. The academic year of 1894-5 therefore started in an atmosphere of poverty, politics, and tacit revolt—the latter element liable to burst into flames at the slightest hint of what young people call "tyranny" and their elders "judicious exercise of authority".

For some years the student body had maintained a most admirable weekly publication *The Varsity*, of which the editorial and business boards were chosen by the membership of the Literary and Scientific Society. Many men subsequently distinguished in the public life of Canada were at one time or other connected with its staff. In 1887 George Howard Ferguson, the present Premier of Ontario, had been business manager, and Walter S. McLay, the present Dean of Arts of McMaster University, Editor. In glancing over the files for 1894 and 1895 I find such names on the editorial board as those of William Lyon Mackenzie King, the present Prime

Minister of Canada, R. H. Coats, now Dominion Statistician, and students who subsequently won literary fame, like Harvey J. O'Higgins, Bernard K. Sandwell, Arthur E. McFarland, and the late Evelyn Durand. From time to time it received contributions from eminent outside contributors like Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Charles G. D. Roberts, E. Pauline Johnson, Sir John Bourinot, and Professor Goldwin Smith. The latter contributed charming "occasional verse", sometimes in the form of translations from the minor Greek and Latin poets, and sometimes original. For instance, I ran across some verses to his wife's pet, a Skye-terrier, "Flossy", which show an entirely unsuspected aspect of the "Sage of the Grange" and deserve to be incorporated in any "dog anthology" that an enterprising editor might gather.

The editor chosen to conduct *The Varsity* for the three months of October, November, and December, 1894, was a young senior whom I had had the privilege of knowing for three years, James A. Tucker. Tucker, as a boy in Owen Sound High School, had shown precocious literary and journalistic talent and his name was known to Toronto editors when he entered the University in the autumn of 1891. "Jim" Tucker was a youth of frail and delicate physique, mild in speech, but of intense fighting qualities on paper; and he had become imbued with the idea, then growing in the universities of the United States, that a students' publication should not only be an organ of "free speech" and "liberty of opinion", but should exercise censorship over the teaching and administrative bodies as well. Such ideas were likely to be very popular in the earlier nineties; but looking back over the records I am satisfied that Tucker must have had private counsel and encouragement from certain graduates and members of the faculty who were dissatisfied with existing conditions. When the scholastic year opened in the early autumn certain elements in the daily press

of Toronto were already attacking the management of the University almost scurrilously; and Tucker, in the very first issue he published, revealed the chip on his shoulder. In alluding to an attack in the Toronto *Star*, then dragging along a bankrupt and irresponsible existence, and eager to publish anything which would cause a sensation, the new editor, while proclaiming such assaults "extravagant, misleading and ill-timed", said that "so long as appointments to the staff are under government control political motives will be alleged". He refuted the *Star's* charge that the whole staff was inferior, and expressed the opinion that it had never been so good, but gave notice that *The Varsity* would "this year treat many of the questions touched on by the *Star* without fear or favour".

The *Star* unwittingly had struck a new lead of first importance, for, during the next eight months University troubles were destined to be "front page stuff" in all the Toronto dailies, and latterly in most of the newspapers of the province. With his first issue Tucker had also started a symposium by distinguished graduates on "The University and the Province" embodying suggestions as to what should be done for its financial rehabilitation and development. Among the contributors to this symposium was W. F. Maclean, M.P., proprietor of the Toronto *World* and a former member of the Senate, who demanded that in recompense for the early endowments of which the University had been robbed the Ontario government should set apart large tracts of Crown lands in Algoma. Another letter from John M. McEvoy, LL.B. of London, Ontario, who had been a Fellow of Political Science under Professor Ashley, (now Mr. Justice McEvoy of the Supreme Court of Ontario) favoured the continuance of Government control, but said that the task that faced graduates was to convince the people of Ontario as a whole that in the University they possessed a great provincial institution. He urged

as a step in that direction that the affairs of the University should be brought annually before the Legislature and discussed by that body—a suggestion which has frequently been made since.

In his second issue Tucker, who had merely given a hint of his belligerent intentions previously, threw down the gage of battle by demanding for the students a voice in the management of the University, and then proceeded to ventilate all the rumours and inuendoes in the case of Professor Wrong's appointment to the Chair of History. The editorial was in Socratic form with frequent interjections of "Is this true?" and winding up that "If true the revelation is most deplorable". Events some months later indicated that William Dale, the Associate Professor of Latin, inspired, if he did not write, this editorial. Published in a weekly emanating from the University, such scandalous imputations caused a sensation outside the institution itself.

A week later Tucker returned to the attack on the management of the University in bolder terms, asking what would be thought of a business concern which engaged and retained men for its various departments who were wholly unqualified. "Soft-headed people might regard it as a delightful system of distributing charity on a large scale" he commented, and went on:

"In Philosophy, Political Science, Modern Languages and English there are men who don't earn one tenth of the money they draw annually. Some are too indolent to earn it; some too ignorant of their work; others know their work but are too slovenly and unsystematic to be able to impart their knowledge. There are even men in this University whose manners are indelicate and whose speech is barbarous."

He denounced the absurdity of a policy which refused to ask these men to resign and said that "any one-horse school board in the country" would act more sensibly.

"If the University is intended as a Home for the Helpless let the fact be known", the editorial concluded.

It is doubtful whether before or since such an attack by a student's publication on those charged with the education of the student body has gone unrebuked. Now was the time for President Loudon and the Council to have acted, but they failed to do so and instead pursued what might be termed a policy of pin pricks. The attack was widely reprinted in the daily press, and erroneous stories were published of an attempt to "muzzle" Tucker. This was denied by the latter and next week *The Varsity* carried its defiance further by saying "We believe that both graduate and undergraduate opinion is scarcely in such a state as to tolerate any interference were it attempted". The editor's estimate of undergraduate opinion was undoubtedly correct, and his frequent boasts as to graduate support gave strength to the suspicion that more mature intellects than that of this Owen Sound lad of twenty-two were behind the attacks in *The Varsity*.

CHAPTER V

STUDENTS IN REBELLION

WITH the air already charged with explosives there occurred an unfortunate and avoidable episode, which further contributed to student unrest. Professor Ashley had encouraged an interest in the practical side of economic questions, and under his influence the Political Science Club had flourished. Its President for the year was Thomas Hamar Greenwood, destined to be known in British public life as Sir Hamar Greenwood, and even then a brilliant and persuasive speaker. In preparing the programme for the year the executive had invited two of the ablest of Canadian labour leaders to address them. These were Phillips Thompson, a most gifted journalist who had won a reputation as a humourist with the pen name "Jimuel Briggs" and who still survives at a ripe old age. Though best known as a humourist he had very serious convictions and in the eighties published a very able book entitled *The Politics of Labour*. Thompson was a Socialist according to the definitions of that day, and in religious opinions a theosophist (Madame Blatvatsky's "message" being at that time a novelty). The other was Alfred Jury, a Liberal politician who was subsequently appointed an immigration agent for Canada at Liverpool. Jury was an "Individualist"—what Bernard Shaw has recently termed a Trade Union Capitalist. He was a tailor by trade and self-educated but a gifted and logical speaker. In religion he was an agnostic and had frequently expounded in public the principles of "Secular Thought", as agnosticism was called. The arrangement made by Hamar Greenwood and his committee was that Jury should present the "Individualist" argument and

Thompson the "Socialist" viewpoint in joint debate at the Students' Union Hall, when the Council suddenly came down with a prohibition, announcing a new rule that the programmes of the Political Science Club should be submitted to the head of that department for revision. The head was Professor Mavor, whose prestige was small compared with what it suddenly became, and who had been the subject of veiled attack in *The Varsity*. It is quite possible that Mavor was willing to allow the joint debate, and that he was merely the voice of certain members of the University Council who objected to Alfred Jury's well known agnosticism. Tucker's term as editor of *The Varsity* was expiring and his farewell blast for 1894 was an editorial on "Intolerance", with a broad hint that the men responsible for putting the ban on Messrs Thompson and Jury were "bigots and persecutors". The episode gave more fuel to those evening newspapers which had been carrying on a campaign against the University, and which also catered to labour sentiment. The situation was further inflamed by the fact that the Political Science Club was denied the use of the Students' Union Hall, which had been largely paid for by student contributions. In defiance the Club hired a private hall, and the joint debate was attended by an immense body of undergraduates. Hundreds of ordinary citizens who desired to attend were turned away. Those present heard a very harmless and well-expressed discussion on economic questions, but it was plain that the students were jubilant over the fact that they were meeting in defiance of the Council, and that trouble was brewing.

After the Christmas vacation, the faculty no doubt breathed a little more freely, because Tucker had retired from the editorship to be succeeded by a less aggressive youth named Joseph Montgomery. But the leader in the latter's first issue was a drastic attack on the University Council because of its action in connection with the

Thompson and Jury incident. "How could the present Council object to a man's economics on account of his religious views," asked *The Varsity*, "when that Council is composed partly of professed Christians, partly of professed skeptics, and partly of those who are assuredly neither one thing nor the other?" There was also an intimation that this could not have happened in Professor Ashley's time. The Council was now in a more aggressive mood and intimation was conveyed to Montgomery that if attacks continued he would be expelled. Montgomery retired and the student body countered by re-appointing Tucker. He was guaranteed that if he were expelled his expenses in taking a degree at some other University, Leland Stanford preferred, would be paid out of the funds of the Literary and Scientific Society. Twelve hundred students met and drew up a petition for signature praying for a Government Commission to investigate University affairs.

Both sides were now out for blood and the press all over Ontario was freely commenting on the distrust and bad feeling which existed between the teaching and student bodies. In an editorial on January 26th, 1895, Tucker attacked President Loudon directly for the first time, denouncing as false a statement he had made to the daily press that the agitation was the work of a few malcontents, and demanding that the President make a public apology. He took the ground that the Thompson-Jury affair was a minor issue. The real issue he held was "whether the undergraduates, and *The Varsity* as representing them, have a right to express an opinion on the actions of the Council". Once more he raised the slogan of "Free Speech".

Tucker was promptly summoned before the Council of University College and of the University at large, and having admitted the authorship of this editorial was suspended from attendance at lectures. His retort was that this would give him more time to get up his work

properly! In the meantime the petition for a Government Commission was being circulated and very widely signed by graduates although Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon. G. W. Ross refused, for the time being, to take cognizance of it. Tucker was pressed by the Council for an apology in connection with his comment on his suspension, but on February 7th not merely reiterated his refusal, but charged the Council with cowardice and dishonesty in its statements to the press.

Public interest in the subject was worked up to a high pitch and University affairs became a subject of wide discussion. The insinuations in connection with the appointment of Professor Wrong in the previous year were rehashed once more and provoked a letter to the *Globe* from Mr. B. E. (afterward Sir Edmund) Walker, one of the trustees, denying that Hon. Edward Blake had used his influence in the matter, quoting many testimonials from leading educationists as to Professor Wrong's abilities, and pointing out that the trustees could not have hoped to secure a successor to Sir Daniel Wilson in the chair of English History for the sum of $800. This letter appeared on February 5th, and two or three days later a gentleman walked in to see Mr. J. S. Willison (afterwards Sir John), then editor of the *Globe*, and introduced himself as Professor William Dale. He presented a lengthy reply to Mr. Walker which he wished the *Globe* to use anonymously. Mr. Willison promptly refused, and finally Professor Dale reluctantly consented to have it printed with his name appended to it. Professor Dale was a popular idol among the students. He was a graduate of the class of '71 and had, as a young man, been principal of Quebec Methodist Seminary. Since 1883 he had been Professor of Latin and Lecturer in Roman History at the University of Toronto. He was a prominent member of the Metropolitan Church and a leader in the Y.M.C.A. He had ideas as to the control of students which are now accepted

in all modern universities, but were new to the older generation of 1895, which regarded liberty of thought among young people as impertinence. In the course he had taken in his approach to Mr. Willison he had committed a great folly, which sealed his fate; for it rendered his dismissal from the University inevitable and closed the door of every other university against him.

The *Globe's* editor had a full sense of the importance of the communication for he gave it a prominent place on the front page of the issue of February 9th, 1895. Professor Dale ridiculed the arguments of Mr. Walker and spoke contemptuously of the historical lectures of Sir Daniel Wilson. He attacked the appointment of Professor Wrong, his colleague, as undue favouritism, and said that "no chair in the University was ever filled on such slight grounds as the testimonials afford". This was of course a reflection on members of the University Council, like Principal Cavan of Knox, Chancellor Burwash of Victoria, and Principal Sheraton of Wycliffe who had, with others, been the authors of these testimonials. Professor Dale further said: "After two years' trial Mr. Wrong does not appear to have inspired his students with a particularly high opinion of his qualifications for the chair he occupies".

Professor Dale's final paragraph was extremely drastic and disloyal toward his colleagues on the faculty:

"The public is naturally anxious to know what is the trouble at our national seat of learning. The trouble is more deep-rooted than a mere point of discipline. Whether arising out of the Jury-Thompson incident or any other, the difficulty is one which concerns every well-wisher of the University. It is this: For some years past appointments to the Chairs of the University have been of such a nature that at the present moment it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that scholarship and ability to teach belong to those who occupy lecturers' positions at say—$1100 a year—in as high a degree, if

not higher than, to professors, so that the distribution of work and pay between professors and lecturers is grotesquely unfair. This is bad enough. But there is something more serious, in the estimation of those who wish to see the University a great seat of learning. If, during the next ten years, the character of the professional appointments continues to be what it has been during the last ten years, the professoriate of the University will have lost the respect both of students and public, and the results to learning will be most disastrous.

"It is not an easy matter to suggest a remedy. The present mode of appointment to professors' chairs is already a bad one. The Government is only technically blamable. One thing is clear, that the recommending power should be (1) independent, and (2) able of itself to judge of the character and ability of applicants."

There was much that was admirable in the final sentence, but the letter was offensive not only to Professor Wrong, whose mild personality rendered the persecution to which he had been subjected the less explicable, but to the greater number of Professor Dale's colleagues. Heedlessly perhaps he had reflected on the conduct of the Chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake, on the abilities of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, and on the *bona fides of* Mr. Byron E. Walker; and in his omnibus condemnation of appointments during the previous decade he had cast a slur on Professors W. J. Alexander, Hume, McCurdy, Mavor, Squair, Fraser, and MacCallum (several of whom have enjoyed long subsequent careers on the staff), as well as on Professors Ashley and Baldwin who had recently retired. To reflect on Professor Ashley was perhaps the last thought in his mind, but his words had been unguarded. Two of the older members of the Council, Professor Ramsay Wright and Professor Pike, whose withers were unwrung, promptly refused to sit on the Council with Professor Dale, and with the approval of the Government he was, on February 14th, dismissed

for conduct subversive of all discipline and in violation of the amenities that should prevail between members of the same faculty.

One of Professor Dale's juniors, F. B. R. Hellems, Fellow in Latin, promptly resigned, and *The Varsity* came out in mourning with portraits of both, describing them as "The Heroes of the Hour". So soon as the news was publicly announced on Friday, February 15th, attendance at lectures practically ceased. There was at that time on Spadina Avenue, not far from the University, a weird place of meeting known as "Wardell's Hall". Its owner was both of a religious and artistic turn of mind and had frescoed its walls with pictures of his own conception showing the "Raising of Lazarus", "The Finding of Moses", and other scenes from Holy Writ. Inasmuch as the Hall was often used for political gatherings each of these frescoes had been further ornamented with a large card bearing the admonition "Gentlemen Will Please Not Spit on the Floor: Salvation is Free". In these picturesque surroundings the students of University College gathered, and it was as enthusiastic and tumultuous a meeting as I ever attended. Out of the throng three leaders emerged—the frail, but thoughtful and soft spoken "Jim" Tucker, ferocious only with his pen; William Lyon Mackenzie King, whom I then heard for the first time and who electrified his hearers by his denunciations of the age-old cult of tyranny; and Thomas Hamar Greenwood, who had already defied the authorities by arranging the Jury-Thompson meeting in defiance of faculty opposition. Greenwood, who had the arts of an actor, was remarkably effective. A boycott on all lectures, beginning on the following Monday, was moved by King and seconded by Greenwood, and the students of all other colleges taking part-time courses at University College, like Victoria and Knox, were invited to participate. The Victoria College men met separately and were personally urged by Chancellor Burwash to adopt the

course of "neutrality", which they did. That is to say they continued to attend lectures at Victoria but boycotted lectures at University College. There were a few passive resisters, among them a quiet youth at that time intensely devoted to the higher mathematics. He was destined to fame, for to-day he is known as Right Honourable Arthur Meighen. The strike was almost "one hundred per cent effective", however, for at some lectures during the following week (February 18th) most professors found no listeners and some only one or two. One girl student who later played an important part in helping to write J. Castell Hopkins' *Encyclopedia of Canada* attended lectures all by herself, and said that she was not going to give up her work "just because Tom Greenwood made speeches".

While the strike was in full progress the Ontario Legislature assembled, and on the opening day, a Mr. Whitney, representing the riding of Dundas, and a graduate of Trinity University, rose and asked whether the Government was aware of the troubles at the University of Toronto and whether it intended to appoint the Commission asked for by the students some weeks previously. Hon. G. W. Ross replied that a Royal Commission would be appointed at the earliest possible moment and that President Loudon had himself asked for it. Nobody at the time dreamed that in a decade Mr. Whitney of Dundas would be Prime Minister of Ontario and would initiate the reforms which have placed the University of Toronto on its present sound basis.

The Government had at last yielded when no yielding would have been necessary if the atmosphere of the University had been healthy. *The Varsity*, the organ of student opinion, and its friends on the faculty, had violated every canon of amenity and discipline, but they had carried the students with them and the bitterness was intense. No one but Professor Dale seemingly

tried to get at the sympathies of the young men, and he was, with some show of justice, regarded as a martyr to their cause.

Tucker, foredoomed to expulsion, was able to boast that the boycott or strike had convinced the public that something was radically wrong with the University and that the differences were not trifling. He pointed out that the differences had been merely intensified by the dismissal of Professor Dale and that the Commission was the tangible result of the strike, since it nullified President Loudon's earlier declaration that the demand for it by the students was a schoolboy freak.

Tucker was "through" and knew he was through. The boycott, after a duration of a week, was called off, largely through the instrumentality of the students who had moved the original resolution, William Lyon Mackenzie King and Thomas Hamar Greenwood. They had to face a good deal of criticism from students who thought the strike was called to force the reinstatement of Professor Dale, their elective martyr.

After the Royal Commission was ordered by the Government it was found that it had a string attached to it, whereby the students were asked to make "specific charges". The late Mr. Edmund Bristol was asked for his advice and in conjunction with his law partners, Frank Arnoldi, K.C. and Oliver A. Howland, K.C., drew up an opinion entirely dissipating the whole contention that the students should make specific charges and emphasizing the duty of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, as "visitors" of the University under its original constitution, to see to it that the institution was conducted in the interests of the students.

When the personnel of the Royal Commisson was announced it was obvious that the students had already won what politicans call a "moral victory", inasmuch as the character and eminence of the Commissioners by

inference refuted the original contention that the undergraduate demand for a public enquiry was that of a negligible handful of malcontents. Its Chairman was Sir Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, Chief-Justice of Manitoba, whose legal text books are recognized as standard throughout Canada and who was a jurist of the most profound ability. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University but had taken his M.A. at the University of Toronto as early as 1856. The other Commissioners were Judge Senkler, Q.C., of St. Catharines, Ontario, two of whose sons had been very popular members of the undergraduate body a few years previously; J. J. Kingsmill, Q.C., of Walkerton, a former Judge of the County of Bruce, and father of Rear-admiral Kingsmill of the British Navy; B. M. Britton, Q.C. of Kingston, afterwards Mr. Justice Britton of the Supreme Court of Ontario; and Professor John Campbell of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, a graduate of the University of Toronto of the class of '65.

The Mowat Government's instructions to the Royal Commission were to inquire—

(1) into all complaints that may be submitted by any student or by any person on behalf of any student, in respect to the discipline or exercise of authority by the Councils of the University of Toronto and of University College, and

(2) into all causes that led to the friction alleged to exist between such students and the said councils, and into all matters bearing thereon, and also

(3) into the qualifications, conduct, teaching and efficiency of any member of the faculty of the University of Toronto and University College against whom any charge or complaint may be laid before you, and

(4) to inquire into the respective powers of the various governing bodies of the University of Toronto and University College with respect to the students of the said University and College, and

(5) so far as may be deemed necessary into all matters bearing on the administration of such bodies since the date of the proclamation of the University, October, 1887, R.S.O. Cap 230, including their dealings with the discipline of students, and the various societies and associations of students, and to report to the visitors of the University of Toronto and the University College, with all convenient speed, the evidence respecting all these matters together with such findings and recommendations as to you, may seem just and proper.

S. H. Blake, Q.C. acted as counsel for President Loudon and the Councils of the University, and H. J. Scott, Q.C. for members of the faculty whose reputations had been attacked. The students were represented by Mr. W. R. Riddell, now Mr. Justice Riddell, K.C., of the Supreme Court of Ontario. The committee of students appointed to assist Mr. Riddell consisted of James A. Tucker, and Edward Gillis, respectively the editor and business manager of *The Varsity* for the year, Charles G. Paterson, and C. P. Megan of its editorial board, and Thomas Hamar Greenwood, President of the Political Science Club.

Mr. Blake had been Vice-Chancellor of Ontario at a time when Sir Thomas Taylor had been Master in Ordinary at Osgoode Hall, and could exercise more prestige than his younger and rising opponent. As the son of Chancellor William Hume Blake, he had little patience with the demand of students for privileges beyond those their elders chose to dole out to them. Suggestions that grown youths could not be dealt with as little boys, were greeted by him with grating and exasperating laughter. In fact Mr. Blake's utterances both in cross-examination and summary were a symphony on a Latin motto, signifying "While ye are young ye shall serve", which he frequently quoted. While Mr. Blake's methods were calculated to widen the breach between faculty and students, it must in justification

of him be said that he was bitterly indignant at the manner in which the name of his revered brother, Hon. Edward Blake, had been bandied about in connection with the Wrong appointment, and with the rather brutal treatment which had been accorded to a graduate of his spiritual home, Wycliffe College. It soon became clear that the appointments of Professor Wrong and Professor Mavor had faded out of the picture, and that student resentment had shifted to President Loudon. Mr. Blake's cross-examination of Jim Tucker, which lasted many hours, was one of the most memorable that I have ever listened to. Here was the lion of the bar, with the prestige of a great name behind him, emotionally convinced that youthful enthusiasms must be checked and suppressed, battling with a frail youth who but two or three years previously had come from a small town; trying to break him down, and trap him into some foolish utterance. He failed at every point, because Tucker had his facts well marshalled. There came a moment when Blake himself was touched. Suddenly the lad, flushed and weak, who had been standing on his feet for five hours under a deluge of questions, asked if he might have a chair. Blake, who had a warm heart at bottom, suddenly softened and said "Why of course, my boy" and handed him one himself. Thereafter his questioning was gentler, though quite as intent in the object of discrediting the whole student rebellion. Another savage episode was the cross-examination of Professor Dale by H. J. Scott, Q.C. Dale was regarded, not without reason, by President Loudon as the author of the existing discontents, in part at least, and the aim of the cross-examiner was to show that his course had been dictated not by his educational ideals, but by jealousy of certain colleagues, including the President. To outward appearance Professor Dale was of a most unaggressive character, a quiet being with the old fashioned side-chop whiskers, and his nickname among the

students had been "Lady" Dale. He was almost reduced to an emotional breakdown in his efforts to explain to the relentless lawyer that his course had been dictated by his principles, and not by dislike and envy of his academic associates. He had the misfortune to be discredited on one very important point. He alleged that Hon. Richard Harcourt, at that time a member of the Mowat Ministry, had told him that Hon. Edward Blake had "approached" the government with regard to Professor Wrong's appointment. Hon. Mr. Harcourt went into the witness box and gave a most emphatic denial to this revelation.

Mr. Blake had a rather tough battle with Hamar Greenwood, President of the Political Science Club, on the question of the misunderstanding with Professor Mavor over the inclusion of addresses by Phillips Thompson and Alfred Jury in the Club's programme. The learned counsel characterized the attitude of the executive of the Club in insisting on hearing these speakers as "abominable impertinence". He tried to show that Greenwood was by nature an "agitator" and to force admission from him that he had busied himself in a great railroad strike that had occurred in Chicago two years before—imputations which Greenwood emphatically denied. Both Tucker and Greenwood took the ground that the students' strike had been really due to the Government's refusal to appoint a Royal Commission of enquiry, and that the dismissal of Professor Dale was merely an incident that had brought matters to a head. Greenwood testified more emphatically than any witness as to a lack of confidence in the President, which he attributed to discrepancies in public statements made by the latter on two or three occasions. The gist of all the student testimony showed an accumulation of petty interferences with all the student organizations, a pin-prick policy which in the aggregate had produced exasperation.

The most important outside witness called for the defence was Professor Ashley of Harvard, who testified that in his opinion Professor Mavor was "certainly among the ten or twelve most distinguished British economists" and that at Oxford he had "formed a very high opinion of Professor Wrong's ability in the department of historical investigation". He gave balm to the students, however, by testifying that he had found no want of honour among them, and urging that University administration demanded tact.

In the outcome the most interesting deposition was that of Professor Goldwin Smith, who was called in a purely advisory capacity and who lifted the issues above the questions in dispute. He advocated the establishment of something in the nature of a University court for disciplinary purposes, and recommended that the medical faculty, so far as it was professional, should be severed from the University and formed into an independent body. With regard to students' societies and students' publications, he gave it as his opinion that the more they were left to themselves and the less the University had to do with them, except in cases seriously calling for interposition, the better. He supported the establishment of a new council, consisting of the joint professoriates of both theUniversity and the colleges. His last recommendation was that the University should be severed from the Provincial Government, and that its establishment should be placed in its own hands to be administered through a committee of the Senate, or such a body as might be thought best, and that all appointments be vested in the hands of the University. In case of legislation by the Senate, its enactments should perhaps be submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, or in some other way to the Government for ratification.

The interesting fact about Goldwin Smith's recommendations was that in a modified degree most of them were adopted within the course of the next ten or fifteen years.

As was anticipated, the chief findings of the Royal Commission were strongly against the students on all subjects of complaint, and the conduct of their weekly newspaper *The Varsity* was denounced as offensive and beyond the line of fair comment; but it was intimated that the course of the Council towards the publication might have been more consistent. While the Commission found that the students had no justification for their feeling of dissatisfaction with President Loudon, it added that "there was a want of tact in dealing with the students at certain periods of the troubles". Of the general atmosphere of the crisis it said:

"There has existed in the past, on the part of the students, a misconception as to the position they occupy with reference to the councils and the degree of obedience they are bound to render to the authorities."

In the end a solution was, however, found not in emphasizing "obedience" and "authority", but in a fuller reliance on student honour and a form of tact by which the *esprit de corps* of the student body became a co-operative rather than an opposing element in its relations with the faculty.

Though the outcome was a vindication of President Loudon, it was also a salutory lesson, and the brief rebellion had ultimate consequences very beneficial to both students and faculty. After making public the report of the Royal Commission, Hon. G. W. Ross sent for the President and in plain terms told him that he was convinced that public sympathy had been on the side of the students, and that inasmuch as the University was supported by the state, it must be administered in such a way that no such incident should again occur. He urged Mr. Loudon to cultivate the goodwill of the student body and treat its requests sympathetically. The President, who was a man of fine personal character, as well as a profound and lucid expositor of his subjects, physics and mathematics, took this advice and within a

year or two became a very popular figure. In a body yearly changing in part and entirely renewed every four years, old grievances were soon forgotten; and the gradual admission of the students to a share in the task of governing themselves proved of incalculable benefit to the morale and the reputation of the University. The institution has known its quarrels and its crises since, but they have been within the faculties and the administrative forces, and have not affected the loyalty of the young men and women whom it exists to serve. At the time of the strike of 1895 the number of young women students, now so great, was almost negligible, or perhaps the dispute would never have reached an open conflict.

The subsequent careers of the three leaders were, as every one is aware, very interesting. Tucker returned from Leland Stanford University, California, with his degree, but his desire to write was so strong that he decided to abandon an academic career for journalism, and was ultimately engaged by E. E. Sheppard as assistant editor of Toronto *Saturday Night*, to the columns of which he had long been a contributor. He remained on the staff until his health broke down utterly. If his advice had been taken on one momentous occasion the fortunes of that publication and its proprietor would perhaps have been bettered. At the municipal election in Toronto about twenty-five years ago, the two candidates nominated for the Mayoralty were the late F. S. Spence, then Secretary of the Dominion Alliance for Prohibition and Mr. (now Judge) Emerson Coatsworth, K.C., also a man of strong temperance principles. Mr. Sheppard hated both and had a cartoon drawn depicting the two candidates as insects on a fine-tooth comb, with the elegant caption "The City Has Combed its Hair". When Tucker learned what his chief was planning he was almost beside himself at the vulgarity of the proceeding. He induced all the business and editorial executives of the institution to frame a plea to Mr.

Sheppard not to publish the cartoon, but opposition only made the latter more obstinate in his intention. He went home and locked himself in his house, sending word to the office that if the cartoon failed to appear everyone on the staff would be dismissed. Tucker carried out orders under protest, openly expressing his disgust. The result was as he and the business staff had foreseen. Cancellations of advertising contracts and subscriptions arrived in shoals, and it was obvious that the only salvation of *Saturday Night* lay in a change of ownership.

When I first met Thomas Hamar Greenwood in the nineties, the future British cabinet minister was noted among the student bodies for his temperance principles. He would join the boys in their fun but would never take a drink. He had a predilection for the stage, and had spent a few months with a barn-storming company in Ontario towns playing the villain in "Down the Slope", an experience over which he used to laugh heartily. These two hobbies of his were destined to have a curious influence on his future career. I introduced him to the Canadian actor, Franklyn McLeay, then a member of Wilson Barrett's company, and who had been a student at the University some years previously. McLeay was interested in Greenwood, because of his good looks, charm of manner, and natural eloquence. After graduation Greenwood conceived the idea of emulating McLeay and going on the stage, and shortly afterwards set out for London, England, as offering the best training school for a young man of theatrical ambition. When he arrived in London he discovered that the theatrical outlook for a young man without means or experience was not so rosy as fancy had depicted. He was almost at the end of his tether when he learned that a temperance organization financed by the famous British reformer, Sir Wilfred Lawson, offered inducements to speakers willing to accept a pound a night and travelling expenses to carry on its propaganda. Greenwood's personality and talents

at once secured him an engagement to address three meetings a week, which would assure him a stipend on which he could live modestly.

His discourses had the merit of being sincere, and Sir Wilfred Lawson, hearing him speak, at once took an interest in him. Learning that Greenwood aspired to become a barrister (the stage having been dismissed from his thoughts) Sir Wilfred offered to stake him in the attainment of this ambition. At last, having "eaten his dinners" and been called to the bar, the young Canadian again found himself, like many another young barrister, in a difficult position, too proud to appeal for further aid, but briefless and often without a meal. He was in this desperate state when the South African war broke out in 1899, and he resolved, if only for the sake of sustenance, to enlist as a private soldier. He was on his way to the recruiting depot when he encountered an acquaintance of means who asked him whither he was bound. Greenwood confessed his purpose and the straits to which he was reduced, and this friend peremptorily told him to do nothing of the kind, advanced him funds, and secured him a commission in the Yeomanry. He also acquainted the National Liberal Club with Greenwood's abilities as a public speaker. The Liberal party had need of such talent, and he proved very successful on the stump, winning the esteem of the greatest of modern British orators, David Lloyd George. In 1900 the party managers offered him a nomination in Grimsby, but he did not think his circumstances justified the attempt; though he continued actively to work for his party and briefs began to come his way. His real leap to fame came in 1906 when he accepted the Liberal nomination for a strongly Unionist riding, the ancient city of York. He was put up as a "forlorn hope" in order that the seat should not go to the Unionists by default, and he proceeded to give old Eboricum, the city of the Caesars, something it had never known before, a

campaign organized on lines similar to those long familiar to electors in his native Canada. Mr. W. T. R. Preston, formerly organizer for the Liberal party in this country, and a well qualified expert in methods of "bringing out the vote" willingly lent his assistance, and after the polling the returns from York amazed the executives of both the Liberal and Conservative parties. Greenwood was at once recognized as a very important factor in the Liberal party organization. He had taught them that no seat should be regarded as a certainty for the enemy, and that perfunctory methods, even in the face of probable defeat, were foolish. This indeed has been the secret of the success of most Canadians who have been elected to the British House. Mr. Lloyd George was especially impressed with Greenwood's skill as a campaigner and for the next fifteen years he shared the fortunes of that versatile leader. In 1920 he accepted the Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland under circumstances which might well have daunted anybody. If he failed it should be remembered that this post had been a graveyard of reputation for many statesmen of much greater prestige and traditional fame. Only a man of gracious and buoyant nature could have come through the terrible ordeal of his period of office as safely as did Sir Hamar Greenwood.

I doubt if Canada has known a more astute politician than Mackenzie King, whose fluent and vivid eloquence, quite different from his judicial speeches of later years, I first heard during the students' rebellion which I have described. On graduation, young Mr. King took to journalism, and I knew him as a colleague in the late nineties. His aim, however, lay in the direction of becoming a professor of the then novel subject of Social Science. His entry into journalism he regarded as but a stepping stone to that end, and he served as a reporter on the *Globe* and also the *Mail and Empire* in order to obtain funds for post-graduate work at Harvard and

elsewhere. In reality journalism proved a good staff to aid his advancement. One summer he was engaged in writing special articles for the *Mail and Empire* on conditions in various industries. In the course of his investigations of the clothing trade he discovered that the uniforms for Canadian postmen were being made by grossly underpaid men and women under deplorable sweat-shop conditions, the work having been "farmed out" by the government contractor. King wrote a graphic article on the subject, which by good fortune he chanced to show to his father, the late John King, K.C. The father, a life-long friend of Sir William Mulock, then Postmaster-General of Canada, said he was sure that Sir William would not tolerate such conditions if made aware of them. He therefore arranged that the young writer should meet Sir William and present his facts. The Postmaster-General, one of the kindliest and most sympathetic of men, was touched to the heart and bitterly indignant at what had been going on. He commissioned young King to make a report, which became the basis of legislation that made it forever impossible that sweat-shop labour should be employed on work for the Canadian government. Moreover Sir William perceived the need of establishing a Department of Labour, which could collect information and exercise supervision over conditions of industry. He persuaded his chief, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to fall in with his ideas and place him at the head of the new department. Young Mr. King became his Deputy and showed that he possessed the requisite scientific training to found the department on highly effective lines. There can be no question that conditions of labour are better for this step, and it was a natural and just development that when Sir William relinquished the Department of Labour, a seat should be found for the Deputy who inspired its creation and that Mr. King should enter the cabinet as full-fledged Minister of Labour.

As a young man Mr. King displayed a most valuable faculty—an ability to win the respect and confidence of men much older than himself. I have told what happened in the case of Sir William Mulock. Another instance was the deep interest which the late President of Harvard University, Charles William Eliot, took in his career, a circumstance which gave him great prestige as mediator in labour disputes in the United States. When, in 1908, Mr. King became the youngest of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet colleagues the Prime Minister was similarly attracted, and it is a matter of common knowledge that he practically named him as his political heir apparent. It is impossible for editors of long experience to see eye to eye with old friends and acquaintances on all subjects, and Mr. King has had as much experience of the ordeal of battle as most men of his years. Nothing has been more creditable in that career than its beginnings. Of all the lads of his group at the University of Toronto he was the most far-seeing, in that he discerned the growing importance of sociology with its enormous ramifications and resolved to found his career upon it.

CHAPTER VI

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S SURVEY OF CONFEDERATION

WHEN the sixtieth anniversary of Canadian Confederation was celebrated on July 1st, 1927, the public man who could boast the longest retrospect of national affairs was Sir William Mulock, Chief-Justice of Ontario, and Chancellor of the University of Toronto. The impressiveness of Sir William's personality is widely known. He is, in his mid-eighties, as fine an exhibit of what our Canadian breed signifies on this continent as could be found anywhere—tall and rugged in physique, vigorous and shrewd of mind, with the gift of infusing his speeches on all occasions with youthful banter and pungent humour. Thus, in comparison with the utterances of serious-minded persons many years his junior, his speeches have often seemed to express a boyish insouciance. A dignified buoyancy in its old men is an even finer tribute to a country than optimism in its young men. I have noticed the same quality in the speeches of Professor Maurice Hutton, Principal Emeritus of University College—an Oxonian modified by nearly half a century of contact with Canadian students. Once when I was chatting with Sir William, he asked me my age, and when I told him, he said: "Oh, Lord, you're just a boy!" It was compensation for having overheard, not long previously, some young people refer to me as "the old gentleman". The man privileged to recall vividly the events of more than seventy-five years has certainly a mental treasure-house, for the world has known no more momentous span in its history than that covered by the memory of Sir William Mulock. With most old men the past seems to become as faded as an early daguerreotype. It is the privilege of but few men

of eighty-five to preserve, as he has done, a sense of historical perspective in connection with their memories. In the previous chapter I have recalled his influence on the career of Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, but he himself was not particularly fortunate in politics, considering the vigour of his mind and the breadth of his abilities. In fact, at the dawn of this century, men of smaller abilities and less constructive ideals exercised a good deal more political power than Sir William, despite the fact that he had been a member of the House of Commons since 1883, and was undoubtedly the wisest counsellor among the English-speaking supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

This much was always clear while he remained in politics; that he was an unbeatable candidate in his own particular riding of North York, one of the earlier settled regions of Upper Canada, where he had been born, and where he had first commenced his career as a lawyer. When I was a political reporter I used to hear discussions among the Tory organizers at recurring elections as to whether Mulock could be beaten, but the wiser among them shook their heads. Investigation always showed that the Tory vote in North York could not be brought out to vote against " Bill " Mulock,—as his constituents called him. So soon as he retired from the Laurier cabinet to take a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of Ontario, his old riding went over into the doubtful column and has remained there ever since. Sir William's political troubles, such as they were, came from within his own party fold, and were those which constantly attend the business man of the higher type who enters politics, and tries to administer a department in the public interest in the way he would conduct a private enterprise of his own. Though his reputation was first gained at the bar and on the political platform, he early displayed a first-rate business mind, rather exceptional in combination with legal talent. I have known some of the most brilliant

lawyers in this country, whose professional earnings were enormous, and yet who privately fell victims to any wild-cat promoter with an oily tongue who chanced to come their way. This is even more true of politicians. Some of the most eloquent men this country has known, especially in the days when oratory was more fashionable than it is now, were the merest children in business transactions. Instance after instance could be given, if it were necessary to expand on such phenomena. Many a man able to handle figures luminously on the platform and discuss the economics of the present and future in lofty and convincing terms, had, when it came to his own private affairs, much to learn from any competent retail merchant, however inarticulate.

When William Mulock M.P. entered the Laurier cabinet in 1896 as Postmaster-General, he was unquestionably the business mind of the administration. He was brimful of constructive ideas which he desired to see carried out. Some of these bore fruit, but he soon discovered that he had a hard row to hoe, for to a great many of his party, return to office after eighteen years meant not so much a new era of constructive achievement as a chance for petty rewards. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues soon found that followers numbering thousands had already nominated themselves for civil service appointments, and that their ambitions embraced every office great and small within the patronage of the Federal government, throughout the length and breadth of Canada. Of all the Federal departments, that which involves the greatest amount of petty patronage and is most difficult to govern in a business-like way is that of the Postmaster-General. It is the more difficult for the Minister because he is deprived of the advantages of press vigilance and criticism in disciplining his forces. On this point it should be said that what sometimes passes for partizan criticism of the administration is often welcomed by an astute Minister because it gives

him an opportunity to send for a weak or offending official and tell him he must do better, or the fortunes of the government will be imperilled. But in respect of blunders and incompetence in the post office of the country, the press, following the instinct of self-protection, usually remains silent. The postal services are a part of the life-blood of every publication, and the opportunities of the smallest postal official to do injury to a newspaper make criticism of the service extremely hazardous. I have known instances where mail clerks have thrown mail bags containing publications to which they had taken a dislike from railway mail cars into ditches by lonely roads, but it would have simply encouraged the wrong to publish the fact in print.

Canada's public services had so far degenerated during the political upheavals following the death of Sir John A. Macdonald that when, in 1896, Sir William Mulock undertook the task of giving a business administration to the Postmaster-General's Department, and forcing senior officials to exercise discipline, he was undertaking a task that demanded all the force and courage at his command. It is the best tribute to him that every institution making an extensive use of the mails at once felt the benefit of his regime. His path was a thorny one for some years. In Professor Skelton's *Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier* some attention is given to Sir William's attempt to reform the management of the Montreal Post Office, which, in 1899, resulted in an incipient race war within the Laurier cabinet. Older newspaper men recall the famous French-Canadian journalist, Arthur Dansereau, the protagonist of this battle. He was a robust, flamboyant figure, somewhat of the type of the famous American art critic, James Gibbons Huneker. Like many of the journalists of the old school he was most characteristically garbed in silk hat, frock coat, and flowing Byronic tie. Dansereau, by his personality and abilities, had created for himself a position of exceptional

influence in French Canada, and had, as editor of *La Minerve* and later of *La Presse*, become the most eminent journalist of the " Bleu " or Conservative faction. It is quite certain that when appointed Postmaster of Montreal in 1891 he had no intention of giving up politics, and his administration of what was then the most important post office in Canada was notoriously lax. From the first month or two after Sir William took office and found *dossiers* full of complaints about the administration of the Montreal office, it was known that trouble was brewing. Though Dansereau had been a Conservative partizan he had several elements of strength that made him feel safe in defying the new Postmaster-General;—his immense personal influence with French-Canadians of the reading class: the fact that he was the brother-in-law of Raymond Préfontaine, the all-powerful Mayor and Liberal " boss " of Montreal; and the circumstance that, though opposed in politics, he was an old personal friend and fellow-student at L'Assomption College and McGill University of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I remember hearing Edward Farrer tell a yarn he had perhaps invented of Sir Wilfrid sending for Dansereau and saying " Look here, Arthur, I wish you would resign that postmastership. Mulock says you should go and you must admit we have no excuse to offer for keeping you there". To which, as reported by Farrer, Dansereau replied, " Very well, Wilfrid, but you drive me to desperation; you will force me to go into municipal boodling with my brother-in-law, Préfontaine". "Ah!" sighed Sir Wilfrid, " Perhaps you had better stay, there is enough boodling in Montreal already."

Matters came to an issue in 1899, Sir Wilfrid being absent in England, when as a penalty of flat disobedience of orders, Mulock dismissed Dansereau. The latter proceeded to " set the heather on fire " over the conduct of a Minister from " Orange " Toronto endeavouring to rule with a rod of iron the post office of the chief city of

French Canada. Temporary reinstatement followed, by order of the Prime Minister, and it took all the tact of Sir Wilfrid to find a solution. In the end Dansereau did retire and the solution was found in his returning to the post of editor of *La Presse*, which thenceforward became a "Rouge" or Liberal organ. Dansereau remained a stout Laurier man until his death in 1918. The episode illustrates the rare abilities of Sir Wilfrid as a tactician, who somehow managed to capture the support of a former political foe while deposing him from office. It also shows the firmness of Sir William Mulock in standing for the proper administration of an important office, whatever the temporary political consequences.

About the same time occurred another famous political episode, when, in Sir Wilfrid's absence abroad, the vaulting ambition of Hon. J. Israel Tarte led him to play off his own bat in espousing the cause of high protection. Sir Wilfrid cemented his power within his own cabinet by writing a letter of dismissal which drove Mr. Tarte into permanent obscurity. Sir William Mulock was the English-speaking member of the cabinet who was reputed to have steeled Sir Wilfrid to the task of enforcing discipline, and in this instance he had Hon. W. S. Fielding at his side, for Mr. Fielding rightly felt that it was the function of the Finance Minister of Canada to formulate and announce the financial policies of the government. Both episodes earned for the Postmaster-General the reputation among the lesser order of French-Canadian politicians of being the "enemy" of Quebec,—a most unfair accusation, for a less bigoted man never filled public office in Canada. Sir William is indeed a unique example of a man who, when approaching eighty, learned to speak the French language, in order that he might use both languages, when so inclined, in performance of his official duties as Chancellor of the University of Toronto. Fortunately he remained in the Laurier Cabinet for a decade after the events of 1899: and was the author of

many of the constructive achievements which shed lustre on that regime.

When the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation was approaching in 1927, I desired, as an editor, to secure a retrospective contribution from some veteran public man whose life experience covered the whole history of that Confederation. I naturally turned to Sir William Mulock, since, on the day the Dominion saw birth, July 1st, 1867, he was already a practising lawyer at the town of Newmarket, thirty miles north of Toronto, and throughout the intervening period had been active in public affairs. I asked him to write an article himself, but he felt that a man of eighty-four performing the duties of Chief-justice and Chancellor of the University, with a multitude of other interests and obligations, might well be excused. In the end he agreed to talk about the past in his own way, relying on me to report what he said as accurately as I could. It was not a pencil-and-note-book affair, just a casual but very vivid and graphic discourse on events that he remembered and in some of which he had played an important part. I have talked with many octogenarians about past events, but in most instances found that for them the past was a blurred and fading tapestry. It was not so with Sir William; and it was rather a thrilling experience to talk with a man who recalled quite clearly the political deadlock which led to the calling of the Quebec Conference in 1864, the beginnings of the great movement which led to the consummation of 1867.

He was born at Bondhead, near Lake Simcoe (also the birthplace of Sir William Osler) where his father, Dr. Thomas Homan Mulock, a graduate of Trinity University, Dublin, had taken up practice some years previously. On coming to Upper Canada the young Irish doctor had married Miss Mary Cawthra, a member of one of the earliest Toronto families, a family in the name of which much of the downtown real estate of that

city is still held. The younger Mulock was educated at Newmarket High School, and at the University of Toronto, with whose subsequent history he has been so closely identified. There is still standing in the Dean's garden to the west of University College a great elm tree under whose shadow, he, as a lad in residence, often studied. This tree itself has a singular history, for when University College was built a few years before young Mulock entered it as a student, it had been the intention of the architects to cut down the tree and place the college on a slightly different site. It was saved by Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of old United Canada, who used his full powers to enforce a change of site and sneered at those who objected to his interference by saying " but you Canadians have a prejudice against trees". In those days, of course, wholesale slaughter of unmarketable hardwood timber was in progress and trees were not highly regarded.

While the old tree still stands, all else is changed since the days when the future Chancellor was a junior in residence. The students quartered at that time within its shadow shared the excitements attendant on the outbreak of the American Civil War, and among young Mulock's fellow students was a lad who also became a noted public man, Sir John Gibson of Hamilton, Ontario. Sir William told me of how roused the handful of students became over the Trent Affair, when war between the United States and Great Britain seemed imminent, and certain American public men showed a willingness to let the South go its way and annex Canada as compensation. The students formed a rifle company, and young Mulock taught himself to shoot straight with leaden bullets that he moulded himself. At that time the Residence, to the West of which now lie many miles of populous city blocks, looked out upon an open common. From the window of his bedroom Mulock practised markmanship at a target set up on a distant tree. Right well did he teach

himself, for at the age of eighty he could bring down a duck on the wing.

Zeal for better communications of all kinds was a marked factor in Sir William's political career, and he told me he first obtained a sense of their importance when, as a boy at Newmarket, he saw construction gangs at work on the Northern Railway, the first railroad to enter the city of Toronto and now part of the Canadian National Railways system. Incidentally it may be said that this Railway, built by Colonel F. W. Cumberland, (a man who had a hand in many constructive works in the history of Upper Canada) had a great influence on Toronto's subsequent development. It made that city the gateway to the North and the West, and the extensions which have been added to it by various hands will, ere long, connect Lake Ontario with James Bay and the sub-Arctic region.

I asked Sir William to cast his mind back and tell me just how the younger men of his generation,—the men born in the forties,—had regarded Confederation when it came into being. "I am afraid," he said, "that they did not think about it so emotionally and enthusiastically as do the Canadians of to-day. It was an experiment, an effort to escape from a deadlock in Canada's political affairs, and most of us were curious as to just how it would work out. I fear that I, for instance, was thinking more of my own career than of the possibilities of the new plan. As I look back on the Canada of the sixties it was more or less parochial in thought,—socially isolated so to speak. The close of the American Civil War had left us estranged from the United States, and communications with Great Britain were slow and intermittent. There was little Imperial thinking here and less in Great Britain. There was no West as we understand it to-day, and many sections of the East, now long settled, were still uncleared of forest. The press was very much restricted in the matter of news. As I survey

the sixty years from 1867 to 1927, the greatest thing that has happened, to my way of thinking, has been the growth of the spirit of national unity that has been born of Confederation, and the immensely widened horizons of the young Canadians of to-day as compared with those of 1867. Canada has emerged from parochialism to a sense of nationhood.

"If what we used to call Upper Canada has gained immeasurably in breadth of outlook through Confederation, Lower Canada has gained in a still greater degree. In 1867, Ultramontanism, then engaged in its last battles in Europe,—Ultramontanism, the enemy of liberty of thought and action—threatened to hold Quebec in an iron grip. Most readers of Canadian history have heard of the Guibord case, arising from the denial of the right of Christian burial to a man adjudged to be too liberal in his opinions. It is not worth recalling now except to speak of the immense impetus it gave to the "Rouge" or "Liberal" movement in that province. Ultramontanism could not survive under Confederation and its subsequent developments."

Sir William, despite his long identification with the Liberal party, was born in a Tory circle and had many friends and connections in the old "Family Compact" group. His Liberal affiliations were developed before he was twenty, and I asked him how that came about. "I can hardly say," was his reply, "I suppose it was my temperament, and my rooted opposition to the idea of an established church in Upper Canada. Perhaps also what I had heard of the oppressions of the Family Compact had something to do with it."

Personally I had heard from the older generation during my own boyhood so many varying opinions of the Family Compact, that I could not help asking Sir William whether these oppressions were not imaginary rather then real. Somewhat sternly he advised me to read my history over again. But he admitted that, after

he entered the House of Commons in 1882, it had been sometimes difficult to remain an ardent Liberal in the face of the glamour of Sir John Macdonald's personality.

"There was something so delightful about him, so philosophic," said he, "that I could not share the antipathies of many members of my party. I enjoyed social relations with many of the Conservatives which I did not permit politics to destroy. One afternoon the wife of the Speaker asked me to drop into the Speaker's apartments after the House rose and have a cup of tea. Sir John likewise dropped in, and an old Irish lady from Kingston, who was an ardent admirer of his, was there also. Sir John told her I was a terrible young man—a Grit—and you should have heard what she said to me, Sir John chuckling to himself all the while. In my early years as a barrister I was a Lecturer at the Ontario Law School, and among the students who came under me was the statesman's son, Hugh John Macdonald. In common with everyone else I loved Hugh, who later went into practice at Winnipeg with Stewart Tupper, the eldest son of Sir Charles Tupper. The prestige of their ancestry naturally gained for them a large practice in the new western city, and Goldwin Smith, always a very vindictive man, wrote a letter to the press charging use of family pull and jobbery in connection with the business of the young law firm. A Liberal colleague of mine (who I regret to say was not a gentleman) referred to this letter in the House, and tried to get it on the records. Liking Hugh John as I did, this was rather more than I could endure, and I rose in my seat and defended him, to the annoyance of some of my own colleagues who were seeking a partizan advantage. I still treasure the letter written me by Sir John Macdonald, who had been placed in a very delicate position, thanking me for my contribution to the amenities of public life."

I asked Sir William what he thought of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who was deposed from the post of leader of the

Liberal party after the defeat of his administration in 1878, but continued to sit in the House of Commons as a private member for fourteen years thereafter. "I liked and admired him very much", said Sir William, "and as fellow members from York County we long shared an office in the Parliament Buildings together. He was the most impeccably honest man I ever knew, and, despite his solemn and almost melancholy countenance, a man with a sense of humour. During the 'Riel Rebellion' session of 1885 the House sat for an unusually long period, and members on both sides felt that the sessional allowance—then only $1500 per annum—should be increased by special vote. The only member who would not agree was Mackenzie, and he was emphatic in staging his opposition to any such proposal. One day when we were in our office together, reading our mail, he suddenly burst into quiet laughter, and tossing a letter to me said, 'Mulock, r-read yon!' It was from a farmer, praising the stand he had taken, but suggesting that, as the House was determined to vote the bonus, Mackenzie accpet it and give the money to the writer who had a large family and sorely needed it."

I asked Sir William about the Fathers of Confederation whom he remembered. By 1882, Hon. George Brown, Sir George Etienne Cartier, and other notables who took part in the actual negotiations were dead, but Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Hector Langevin and others were still active in the House of Commons. Sir William impressed me by his kindly words of that stately figure of the old regime, Sir Hector Langevin, who in 1891 retired under a cloud owing to scandals in the Public Works Department of which he was Minister, and whose downfall was largely compassed by a young politician, then of his own party, J. Israel Tarte. "Langevin was a fine and chivalrous gentleman," said Sir William, "and he showed it in his downfall. He accepted responsibility for sins not his own and for acts of which

he had known nothing. I was extremely sorry for him, though not for certain Conservatives who suffered at the same time. I do not think Langevin was fairly treated by Sir John Thompson, then Minister of Justice and subsequently Prime Minister. Thompson, as a comparatively new and ambitious man, was over-anxious to demonstrate his rigid virtue to the country at large. Langevin was blindfolded and victimized by Conservative members who should have been ashamed of themselves."

In my boyhood I once or twice saw Sir Leonard Tilley, one of the ablest of all the Fathers of Confederation, who risked his career to bring New Brunswick into the Dominion. He was extremely courageous in other respects, for, though a life-long Anglican, he had been a militant prohibitionist and had precipitated riots by trying to impose a prohibitory law on his province before its people were ripe for such an enactment—if they ever have been. Sir Leonard has many descendants in various parts of Canada and used to come to Toronto to visit one of his daughters, the wife of William H. Howland, for a time Mayor of Toronto. No one who ever saw Tilley would easily forget his distinguished bearing, though he was a graduate from a village drug store. I was therefore interested in what Sir William had thought of the famous Finance Minister who in 1879 had introduced the first protection budget based on the National Policy. "He was a wonderfully smooth and effective speaker" said Sir William, "but not the kind of individual I would choose to travel with—my views on certain subjects being fairly well known. He had no glamour for me, but was wonderfully able. I remember how he once left the vitriolic Sir Richard Cartwright speechless by an anecdote that convulsed the Opposition in spite of ourselves, though Cartwright was one of our leaders. It was just

a little story about a calf but it answered its purpose amazingly.

"Tupper I always regarded as too rough and virulent of speech, wonderfully able and aggressive it is true, but not a man you would be sorry to vote against. Hon. William Macdougall, a great orator and one of the handsomest men of his time, had practically disappeared as a political figure when I entered politics, though he was founder of the 'Clear Grit' party. I fancy that Macdonald, though he had accepted the support of Macdougall, never had much use for him. I have reason to believe that he regarded both Macdougall and Sir William Howland as men not to be depended on at a pinch.

"Of the younger group in the House of the eighties, all of us, Grit and Tory, liked Hon. John Henry Pope, Sir John's most valued adviser, despite the fact that his education had been limited. I was present on the famous occasion when he absolutely confuted a long flow of the best oratory we could muster on the Opposition side of the House, by merely rising in his seat and saying 'Mr. Speaker, there aint nothin' to it".

Earlier in this chapter I have made allusion to the intimate part Sir William has played in the history of the University of Toronto, a part belatedly recognized in his election to the Chancellorship in 1925. As early as 1873 he became a member of the Senate and was Vice-Chancellor from 1881 until the office was abolished in 1910. He was to all intents and purposes the Father of Federation in that institution. Though it had originally been the dream of Hon. Robert Baldwin when University College became an active educational force, it had, after many trials and set-backs, been practically abandoned as hopeless and only became an actuality in 1887, just sixty years after the granting of the first charter in 1827. This fruition was largely attained through the activity of the then Vice-Chancellor Mulock. It was the first experiment on precisely similar lines in America, and it was the

Vice-Chancellor's task not only to direct the intricate negotiations but to draft the very intricate legislation involved.

All familiar with the history of the University are aware that the dream of Federation was rendered abortive for sixty years by religious differences, beginning with Bishop Strachan's effort to make it a Church University with religious tests, similar to those which at that time existed at Oxford. I asked Sir William how he had come to revive and promote the idea of Federation, and he said; "It was mainly due to my having become the near neighbour of St. Michael's College, and a friend of its principal, Rev. Father Vincent, a very distinguished French educationist and member of the Order of St. Basil. Our association became the closer because a friend of my boyhood, Rev. Father Teefey, was a professor on its staff. Both were anxious to be remembered for having extended higher education among the Roman Catholic people. In many conversations I found that they were quite willing to federate with the University of Toronto, reserving to their own College only certain subjects like theology and philosophy. I was then able to say to the authorities of Protestant colleges, 'If our Roman Catholic friends are willing to come in, why should you stay out?' and the argument proved effective. Everyone knows how, under the Federation, the University has continued to grow, and every year broaden in scope; and that it has been a great harmonizer of religious differences; and I think that the name of Father Vincent, although he was a native of a foreign land, should be honoured in connection with that achievement. The part played by Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, was also of immeasurable importance, and without him a really comprehensive Federation could not have been achieved."

Sir William was one of those most active in bringing about Imperial penny postage, and also the trans-Pacific

cable from Canada to Australia. It was because of this that he was accorded the honour of representing Canada at the birth of the Australian Commonwealth presided over by King George, then Duke of Cornwall and York, in 1901. At the London conferences at which Imperial penny postage came into being, he moved the resolution which accomplished that end. In passing, it may be said that another gentleman famous in an entirely different field played an active part also. He was Arthur B. Walkley (the Mr. Trotter, satirized by Bernard Shaw in "Fanny's First Play") who was then an official of the British Post Office engaged in journalism as a side line on the staff of *The Times*, and later recognized as the most distinguished of London dramatic critics. At the conference in question Walkley was First Secretary.

I asked Sir William which of all the many national and imperial developments to which his personal initiative had been applied, gave him most pride, and he surprised me by stating that it was the construction of the National Transcontinental Railroad from Winnipeg to Moncton, N.B. Incidentally he uncovered a little unwritten history. In many quarters that line has been regarded as one of the costly mistakes of the Laurier administration, or, if not a mistake, what is sometimes worse from the standpoint of practical politics, a premature development. Sir William Mulock's aggressive advocacy of the line within his own party while a cabinet minister is not generally known. He told me that when the late Charles M. Hays first came to the Laurier Government in 1903 with his proposals for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, the project called for an eastern terminal somewhere in the neighbourhood of North Bay. The main idea in Hays' mind seemed to be to compete with the C.P.R. As Postmaster-General and in charge of mail deliveries, Sir William had something to say in the matter and it seemed to him folly to construct a competitive line so close to the north shore of Lake Huron

and Lake Superior. He remained obstinate in opposition to this part of Mr. Hays' plan and suggested that if a new line to the West were to be built it must be one which would carry the margin of settlement in Ontario and Quebec two or three hundred miles to the northward. The discovery of tracts of arable soil on the slope towards James Bay, known as the "clay belt" confirmed him in his views and he fought for his ideas in the cabinet so keenly that his colleagues called the project "Mulock's Line". He held that a railroad through the virgin back country from Winnipeg to Quebec would make for a "wider Canada". In speaking of his pride in the aggressive stand he had taken—at the time a well-kept cabinet secret—Sir William said to me: "Everything that has happened in Northern Ontario in the last few years has justified my hopes, and to-day in Quebec the railroad is producing results that will ultimately have the effect of checking the exodus to the United States. Despite the financial difficulties which have attended our railway policies, I do not regret for one moment the course I took; and am sure that the National Transcontinental route will a few decades hence be regarded as a great blessing."

CHAPTER VII

WIDENING THE NORTHERN ZONE

THE tragic end of Charles M. Hays, who was drowned in the Titanic disaster in 1911, just at the time when his plans were in course of fruition, produced sentimental reaction and a belief that had he lived the history of the Grand Trunk Pacific, with its government-owned eastern adjunct, would have been more fortunate. But of late, especially in the West, I have discovered a number of men who shared Sir William Mulock's view that despite his brilliance and efficiency in the tasks of railroad operation he was neither a wise nor far-seeing man in laying out new lines. It is interesting to note, however, that in the West he had conceived the idea of carrying the margin of settlement far to the north, just as Sir William Mulock had insisted on doing in the East. Old residents of Winnipeg have not yet forgiven him for his original proposal to construct the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad north of Lake Winnipeg and in a sense "side track" the Manitoba capital. He was lucky in hitting upon a comparatively easy route through the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, but anyone who has visited Prince Rupert and seen its acres of fine terminals, with grass growing between the rails, must recognize that he was not happily inspired in selecting this site for the coast city of his dreams, despite the wonderful beauty and security of its harbour. It is a common saying in British Columbia that the hopes of Prince Rupert went down with the *Titanic*. The ultimate goal of Hays' transportation project, as he visualized it, was not Prince Rupert but Japan. He believed that in establishing a port nearly four hundred miles nearer to

Asia than Victoria or Vancouver he would ultimately capture the carrying trade of the Northern Pacific.

During the debates on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and National Transcontinental lines in 1903, there was a good deal of chaffing over the great issues involved. One very handsome and debonair French-Canadian member, since departed this life, was reputed to have sent a wire to Charles M. Hays on the morning that the first announcements appeared in the press nonchalantly announcing, "My price is five thousand dollars". One of the sensations of the debate was a remark by the Minister of Railways, Hon. A. G. Blair. He had resigned his portfolio because of his opposition to the Eastern extension, and explaining the circumstances to the House he said that, when overruled by his Cabinet colleagues, they had told him "Cox can't wait". This was of course an allusion to the great financier, Senator George A. Cox, who, it was understood, had undertaken to float the enormous bond issue involved. Though best known as an insurance magnate, Mr. Cox was no novice in railroad finance. Many years previously he had put on its feet the dying Midland Railroad, connecting Lake Ontario at Port Hope with Georgian Bay at Midland, by acquiring the shares and selling the line to the Grand Trunk Railroad.

One of the most ludicrous episodes in connection with the propaganda for the National Transcontinental project occurred in connection with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's glowing oration in the House of Commons on the subject of the "clay belt". As some of his friends were aware, Sir Wilfrid, when too much immersed in the cares of office to dig facts for a speech, used to employ the services of others, as eminent legal lights are prone to do. The most gifted of those who used to "devil" for him was the famous journalist Edward Farrer, who lived at Ottawa during the latter years of his life. Farrer, though amazingly skilled

in the lucid marshalling of facts, was a man of impish temperament and could not at times resist Pooh Bah's inclination to embellish an "otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative". One of the most effective passages in Sir Wilfrid's oration on the possibilities of the "clay belt" was an alleged translation from the Jesuit Relations telling of the success of a Jesuit missionary of the seventeenth century in growing roses at a lonely mission in that faraway region. The literalists who lurk at the heels of public men, soon discovered that no such revelation appeared in the Jesuit Relations and that no Jesuits had ever been in the neighbourhood of the "clay belt" at that distant time. It was a matter that could not be explained, so Sir Wilfrid politely ignored it, but there is said to have been a verbal encounter between the Prime Minister and his collaborator which was only saved from becoming a bitter altercation by the sense of humour which was a marked characteristic of both men.

This was a case where the imagination of Edward Farrer was undoubtedly prophetic; for to-day the chief summer attractions of the two famous pulp and paper towns, Iroquois Falls and Kapuskasing, which lie on the "clay belt", are their flower gardens.

Northern Ontario is daily increasing in importance in Canada's affairs, and even fifty years ago, while still an untracked wilderness, it was playing an indirect part in the fortunes of Canadian public men. The death of Chief-Justice Sir William Ralph Meredith, in 1923, brought back to mind the fact that the most important event in which he had played a part and which seriously affected his political fortunes, related to this vast territory now so rapidly acquiring productive wealth, and civilization. The present generation is misty as to the details of the great issue of half a century ago in which the hinterland of older Ontario was a subject of legal controversy. The acquirement of the Northwest Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company brought with it a

fruitful subject of dispute which, under pressure of other issues, lay quiescent for a decade. This was the location of the boundary between Ontario and the new province of Manitoba, and also the question whether the territories of the North, where lie the great modern gold mining camps of Kirkland Lake and Porcupine and the new towns of the "clay belt", were within the jurisdiction of the Federal or Provincial governments. In 1878 this question was referred by mutual consent to three arbitrators, Sir Francis Hincks for the Dominion government, Chief-Justice Harrison for the Ontario government, and Sir Edward Thornton, formerly British Ambassador at Washington, who was to act as umpire. The decision of the arbitrators gave Ontario her present vast domain, but in 1891 the government of Sir John A. Macdonald refused to accept the award on the ground that the arbitrators had exceeded their powers. This contention was emphatically repudiated by Sir Francis Hincks, who had been Sir John's own appointee. The Federal government claimed that the Manitoba boundary should be a line drawn due north from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, three hundred miles east of the present location. This would have given Manitoba the Rainy River country, and placed within her boundaries what are now the towns of Fort William, Port Arthur, Kenora (Rat Portage), and Fort Frances. Whatever the legal rights of the matter, there is no doubt that such a location would have had happy results in the long run. It would have given the prairie provinces a more intimate stake in the Great Lakes, and ameliorated the sharp cleavage of interest between Eastern Canada and the purely grain-growing communities of the West.

The Federal government went farther in its claims than this, however. It held that the northern boundary of Ontario should be the height of land which divides the watersheds of Lake Superior and Lake Huron from that of Hudson Bay and James Bay. In the vast

region north of the height of land, the Dominion claimed all timber and mineral resources, and these have since proved of colossal value. In 1882, while the controversy was at its height, an actual battle ground developed at Rat Portage, now Kenora, when the Manitoba government, backed by the Federal authorities, assumed jurisdiction by establishing a jail, a magistrate, and a police force at that point. In the following year Ontario took similar steps, and Rat Portage enjoyed the felicity of two police forces, taking pot shots at each other and arresting each other, a situation altogether like a comic opera in Balkan surroundings. In the general disorder Manitoba's jail was burned one night.

An election to choose a member for the Ontario Legislature was pending in the riding of Algoma, and it was announced that Ontario would open a poll at Rat Portage in connection therewith. Manitoba countered by ordering the Winnipeg Field Battery, a body of sixty men, to go to Rat Portage and by force of arms prevent the opening of a poll. The most efficient and belligerent man in the Ontario government to deal with a crisis of this kind was the then Provincial Secretary, Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, and he appeared on the scene in person to maintain the interests of his province. Hardy's stern protest against military action was strengthened by the fact that the Manitoba government had no control over the militia, and the Winnipeg Field Battery could only move by consent of the Minister of Militia at Ottawa. Whatever his faults, Sir John Macdonald was all his life opposed to militarism in any form (his private correspondence reveals this fact at many points) and what might have resulted in bloodshed was averted by common consent. The election was held, and the return of a supporter of the Ontario government was taken as an indication of the popular will. Local hostilities between rival bands of officials continued, however, until Sir Oliver Mowat, the Premier of Ontario, made a truce with

Hon. John Norquay, the Premier of Manitoba, providing for a joint maintenance of order in the disputed territory, pending an appeal to the Privy Council in London. This resulted in a complete victory for Ontario and gave her her present vast heritage of territory and natural resources.

During all this disorder William Ralph Meredith stood between the devil and the deep sea. As leader of the Opposition in the Legislature he was the most prominent Conservative in Ontario after Sir John A. Macdonald, and was thus identified with a party which a vast majority of the electorate had been led to believe was intent on depriving Ontario of her just rights. A paradoxical fact, illustrative of the ill luck which always attended Meredith in politics despite his vast ability, was that he was the first to suggest the peace terms arranged by Mowat : maintenance of order by joint arrangement and submission of the question to the Privy Council. The outcome absolutely vindicated his position but Mowat got all the *kudos*, and Meredith not an ounce of credit. In subsequent years Mowat frequently rode to victory on policies that had originated with his brilliant opponent. As an indirect political power I suppose there have been few men so influential as Meredith. Denied political power in an official sense, he retired to the Bench as Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas division of the Supreme Court of Ontario, and after the accession of Sir James Whitney to power in 1905, his wisdom proved a pillar of strength to his former supporter.

In 1905 many new problems of government were arising with which, by virtue of lack of experience, Whitney was but ill-qualified to deal, although his purposes were always right and just. The counsel of his former leader, which was always available and usually sound, was invaluable at this time. I suppose that there are those who would condemn this as an impropriety in a member of the judiciary, but surely if a man is considered to be of

sufficient intelligence and honesty to make a good judge, cabinet ministers should not be denied his advice when they seek it. A young country like Canada needs all the wisdom that can be brought to its councils.

Especially was Meredith responsible for the reorganization of the affairs of the University of Toronto, of which he was Chancellor from the retirement of Hon. Edward Blake in 1900 until his death—twenty-three years in all. It was mainly owing to him that his *alma mater* was placed in a position of financial security which gave scope for its subsequent developments. Anyone who has seen the portrait of Sir William in his Chancellor's robes, painted for the University by the great English portraitist, William Strang, and which hangs in the Great Hall at Hart House, will recognize that he truly belonged in the category of picturesque men to which allusion was made at the outset of this volume.

It was largely due to the Meredith inspiration, so potent in the earlier days of the Whitney administration, that a Board of Governors was created for the University. Sir Edmund Walker was Chairman of this Board from 1910 to 1923, and the latter's services in that capacity were recognized by his election to the office of Chancellor on the death of Sir William Meredith. In this case the honour was more marked because Sir Edmund was not a University graduate, and many graduates felt that the position rightly belonged to Sir William Mulock because of his eminence as one of the earliest surviving graduates and his life-long devotion to the administrative and academic interests of the institution. Father Time, as frequently happens, solved the temporary rancours that arose. The range of Sir Edmund's private hobbies and the versatility of his mind were quite phenomenal, and his devotion to art and music was as sincere as it was profound. Unquestionably it was Sir Edmund who made picture-buying fashionable and support of Canadian art popular in Toronto, just as did Sir William Van

Horne in Montreal. And I am not sure but that Sir Edmund in his younger days, like Van Horne, used to dabble in paint a little himself. If one wished to engage Sir Edmund in animated conversation all one need do was to mention some painter, or a new picture, and he would discourse on his hobby with eloquence. No man was more utterly devoid of "side" towards persons, of whatever calling in life, who happened to share his enthusiasms, and he especially enjoyed the company of musicians.

These were the things that kept him young, but he was one of the ablest and most far-seeing of business men also. I had reason to acquire an intimate knowledge of this phase of him, for I was one of several writers who collaborated in the *History of the Canadian Bank of Commerce* under the editorship of Victor Ross. The two stout volumes of this work, a really magnificent example of the publisher's craft, are not merely the history of one institution but the manifold phases of Canadian economic development. The Bank itself in its present dimensions is, of course, the result of many mergers, largely effected under the regime of Sir Edmund as General Manager, and all shrewdly designed to extend its scope from ocean to ocean and to send forth its tentacles to all parts of the world. A professional writer like myself, called in to help reduce to literary form an immense mass of raw material, could not but be struck with the marked change which came over the scope and spirit of the Bank after Sir Edmund's elevation to control about the year 1887, after twenty years' service in subordinate capacities. In preparing the history itself his hand had been active, for he had apparently read every item in the great mass of minutes and documents. These had been extracted from archives extending back for at least a century, to the time when the Halifax Banking Company was founded—the bank of the great steamship magnate, Samuel Cunard, a native of Halifax.

The little annotations signed "B.E.W." in elegant and almost feminine handwriting showed how carefully he had perused this mass of material.

I suppose that many readers would assume that the task of extracting a running narrative from all these notes and telling the tale lucidly was dry work, but in reality it was quite otherwise. The only disappointing feature to a newspaper man was to come across the mandate "Don't mention" or "Leave out" appended to an especially interesting item. I have no startling disclosures to make but now that all parties are dead it will do no harm to record some of the more humorous omissions. It was clear that prior to the advent of Sir Edmund to power the general attitude of the Bank had been one of great sternness towards the borrowing public and of severity to branch managers who showed undue enthusiasm for obtaining new business. Senator McMaster, its founder and President, was in his declining years in the early eighties, and head office policy seemed to have solidified into the idea that the business of a bank was to hoard money and distrust all applicants for loans. The most interesting of all the minutes, in view of the subsequent history of the Bank of Commerce, was one bearing the date of 1883, which ran about as follows;

Request for loan of $3000 by G. A. Cox, Peterborough, referred to head office by manager of Peterborough branch. Refused.

This was none other than the man subsequently known as the great financier, Senator George A. Cox, and even then recognized as the ablest man in his district. Within four years Mr. Cox had acquired enough stock in the Bank of Commerce to make himself practically master of its destinies, had dismissed the general manager at whose instance this paltry loan had been refused, and had brought Mr. Byron E. Walker from the New York

agency to initiate a new regime and save the institution from what would have been ultimate extinction.

Another instance chosen from the same period was a brutal and scathing letter from the general manager to the manager of the Dundas, Ontario, branch excoriating him for having loaned B. B. Osler, K.C. $1500 on Bertram Engine Company stock and asking pointedly whether he wished to bankrupt the institution. We were permitted to use this with the names omitted, as an instance of obsolete methods which had been abolished.

The humours of the material went back much farther than this into old feuds and controversies that existed in various limbs of the institution before Sir Edmund was born, or while he was still a boy. There was at our disposal a complete file of letters to the board from Hon. W. F. McMaster, the founder. He was a member of the original Senate of Canada, and had had charge of the application for a charter before the Banking Committee of Parliament of which he was a member, and which was struggling with the situation created by the fact that Canada at Confederation had no definite or workable Bank Act. In the throes of giving birth to one, two eminent Finance Ministers, Sir Alexander Galt and Sir John Rose, fell from office, and it was only Sir Francis Hincks who at last successfully grappled with the problem. It was Senator McMaster's task to obtain the best and broadest charter possible for his Bank against the opposition of Senator King of the Bank of Montreal, who had no wish to see the supremacy of his institution menaced by new organizations in Upper Canada.

While the struggle was in progress, (this would be about 1868 or 1869) the present Duke of Connaught, then known as Prince Arthur, arrived at Ottawa, where a great entertainment was held in his honour at Rideau Hall. Senator McMaster, although a devout Baptist of strong temperance principles, attended the party, and his letter written to the Board the next day was a gloomy

arraignment of the sins of society. He said that the revellers who had been drinking champagne and dancing until an early hour in the morning did not seem to realize that there were people in Canada living in log houses. But he went on to show that the ways of the ungodly were not without compensations for the righteous; for at the meeting of the Banking Committee next morning he had found most of the members were so tired that he had slipped through two clauses of the charter which he had never expected to see adopted.

The lead Sir Edmund Walker gave his own profession in helping to raise banking to a more scientific level and liberalizing its methods has been of incalculable benefit to Canada and has been imitated by rival institutions. He did most emphatically regard it as a learned and useful profession, and for this reason was intolerant of all suggestions of governmental inspection. Such measures would indeed be quite unnecessary if all bankers were as able and honest as himself. He regarded the proposal that outside officials should be permitted to come in and overlook the work of his own inspectors as personally insulting. This feeling increased in intensity as he grew older, and he had somehow convinced himself that the Canadian banking system was the most perfect in the world. After loop-hole upon loop-hole in the Bank Act had been caulked, he had come to the belief that the Canadian system offered as much security as was possible in anything wrought by human hands, and made public speeches to that effect. One summer evening I met him on a parlour car as he was travelling northward to his summer home on Lake Simcoe. He seemed utterly worn out and despondent, a picture of gloom unable to produce the ghost of a smile for acquaintances on board. I thought him very ill and not until next day did I learn the cause. The news, already known to bankers, was then published that the Home Bank of Canada had made a most disastrous failure and had thus given the negative

to the eulogistic and optimistic addresses he had made in Canada and elsewhere with regard to the perfections of the Canadian banking system.

That shocking event of course made the institution of government bank inspection inevitable, and *Saturday Night*, the newspaper with which I am connected, took the lead in stating that the time had ceased for further parley on the subject, that the safety of banks themselves against runs demanded it, as much as the interests of the depositor. The last, and one of the very few visits Sir Edmund ever paid to *Saturday Night* office, was to protest against what he deemed a suggestion insulting to honourable bankers. It was with great sadness that he listened to my colleague, the late Frederick Paul, when he declared that opposition to inspection would be disastrous to any newspaper which voiced it and equally damaging to any bank whose officers took the same stand. Though Sir Edmund never again raised his voice to protest against governmental inspection, he died unconvinced.

Sir Edmund's pride in the Mendelssohn Choir, of which he was Honorary President, was profound, and during the last month of his life he accompanied that famous organization on a visit to New York and Philadelphia. His death shortly afterward had sad consequences for music. During that trip he made a verbal agreement with the wealthy backers of the Philadelphia Orchestra which practically meant a marriage between the two great musical institutions whereby they should periodically give joint concerts in Toronto, New York, and Philadelphia. The agreement was not put in writing pending the arrangement of details and it would have required all the great prestige of Sir Edmund to put it through. Unfortunately, before this had been accomplished, death laid him low.

Sir Edmund, who became Chairman of the Board of the Toronto Conservatory of Music after the death of

Sir John Boyd, had much to do with the affiliation of that institution with the University of Toronto. In connection with Sir Edmund's acceptance of the Chairmanship, the late Dr. Vogt told me a most amusing story. After he had secured the banker's consent it was necessary to win over one or two directors of longer service who aspired to the honour, chief of whom was the late Rev. J. A. Macdonald, at one time editor of *The Globe* and a shareholder and director in the Conservatory from his pulpit days. Dr. Macdonald could usually conduct the conversation for any group in which he was associated, and was apt to regard others who expressed opinions in his presence as over-talkative. When Dr. Vogt mentioned his plan to Macdonald the latter said: "Oh, Sir Edmund's all right, but he has too much to say. I walked down St. George Street with him the other morning and I couldn't get a word in edgewise". A day or so later Dr. Vogt went to see Sir Edmund and stated that Macdonald was agreeable to his acceptance of the chairmanship. He could hardly refrain from laughter when the banker said : "Macdonald means well, but he's a very tedious man. I walked down St. George Street with him the other morning and I couldn't get a word in edgewise".

It is not generally known that Sir Edmund Walker literally died of overwork in an endeavour to arrange the estate of an old friend. He had, some time before his death, accepted the office of executor for the railway promoter, Sir William Mackenzie, a man of many interests. Sir William's death came just at a time when Sir Edmund had planned a six months' holiday abroad, and in order to leave everything ship-shape during his absence he toiled almost nightly in his study at home, allowing himself a minimum of sleep. Thus when he caught a cold which under ordinary circumstances he would quickly have thrown off, his system had no powers of resistance and he swiftly succumbed to pneumonia.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN POLITICS WAS POKER

TO a Canadian who has lived more than fifty years and been more or less closely in touch with public affairs during the greater part of his life, nothing is more remarkable than the changed aspect of political life. Politics is a much more strenuous matter for those who pursue it as a career. The administrative activities of government everywhere in Canada have been so greatly extended that financial responsibilities alone are immeasurably greater than they were in the year 1900. This increase of ministerial responsibility has been paralleled by an enormous extension in the settled and productive area of Canada, so that with each new territory that "comes in", new problems arise. There has been a steady growth of paternalism in connection with government ; so that almost any public man who hopes to accomplish anything for himself becomes in some degree a type which forty years ago would have been somewhat fearfully regarded as a Socialist. The devastating economic effects of the war were in part responsible for this, but the movement had begun in Canada several years before the catastrophe of 1914. To-day the aim of statesmen must be to rationalize paternalism—to see that it does not become a menace to human liberty and human effort as onerous as the capricious oppressions of absolutism.

I do not think it can be denied that the men who seek recognition in public life to-day are less intellectual, less urbane, less humorous, less civilized than the "governing classes" of forty or fifty years ago. Whether they are less able is a different question. They assuredly have much greater tasks to perform. The decay in

quality is more noticeable in the rank and file, than in those who rise to the top. In private more than one eminent public man has complained to me that the lack of intelligence in the average party caucus is appalling, and a trial to the spirit. It is obvious when one surveys any elected body that the able and thoughtful men are outnumbered three to one by the stupid men who have mastered the trick of vote-catching but are incapable of getting an intellectual grip on any large problem. This condition helps to make the tasks of leadership as well as of administration more onerous than in the past. The consolatory fact is that it seems to be much easier for public bodies to borrow money.

This little exordium is intended to show what a serious business public life has become, and why men of intellectual pursuits shrink from it. In days gone by, politics was in some degree a recreation—as stimulating as a game of poker, and it was as a game of poker that a great many men capable of patriotic and constructive effort played it. Of course, like all good poker players they had an eye on the winnings, but they did not mind playing tricks on each other. After the election was over and the chips counted, so to speak, the participants did not mind exchanging confidences as to the merry devices they had adopted to overreach the other fellow. It was only when the chips, which were the votes of the common people, became too expensive that the game lost its fascination.

In this way we may account for some of the appalling practices which occurred at election time, and were nominally punished for the sake of form, but which to-day mean terms of imprisonment for those detected in them. Gone are the days when after a general election a joint committee of confidential agents of both parties engaged in a round table discussion as to "saw-offs". Each knew the other side's weak spots, as a rule, although sometimes they overlooked one or two. In some constituencies the offences became too flagrant for either

party to consent to overlook them. These went into the "kitty" and there ensued a round of jack pots in the form of election trials and subsequent bye-elections which might redound to the advantage of one side or the other. In Ontario it was only when a government was found to be maintaining itself in power by its poker winnings, so to speak, and using bogus chips into the bargain, that the game came to an inglorious end. Sir James Whitney, on attaining power in 1905, created penalties so drastic that this kind of gambling was no longer safe in Ontario.

The old system, in which personation largely figured, had its humours for both parties: and some of the tricks that were played by the agents to keep voters of supposedly hostile sentiments away from the polls were highly diverting. The late Robert Birmingham used to tell of a clever election ruse adopted by the late Dr. Oronhyatekha, a full-blooded Mohawk who afterwards became internationally famous as head of a fraternal insurance organization known as the Independent Order of Foresters. Oronhyatekha, whose English name was Peter Martin, had attracted the attention of the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, during the royal visit to Canada in 1860, and with characteristic generosity His Royal Highness paid for the young aborigine's education at Oxford. After his return to Canada Dr. Oronhyatekha became an ardent Conservative and used to take part in various rural election campaigns. In one constituency where he was working there was a settlement of Mennonites who were supposed to be Grits. Mennonites are notoriously men of peace, and it was their custom to drive in a body to the polls. The poll where they were to vote was at the foot of a steep hill which they must descend, and Oronhyatekha had scouts out to apprise him of their approach. Under his direction a willing band of myrmidons started a sham fight in front of the poll so soon as the Mennonites came in sight. Timid by temperament, they turned back and

went to a roadside hotel for dinner. Three times during the afternoon they started for the poll to vote and each time found a sham fight proceeding with seeming violence. Then in disgust they went home and the Grits lost thirty or forty votes.

The late Dr. W. F. Montagu, who in the nineties represented his native county of Haldimand, Ontario, in the House of Commons, was an adept at handling the votes of the Six Nations Indians who were numerous in his riding. These good fellows had a great respect for the name of Queen Victoria, and one of Montagu's ruses was to issue a circular with the royal arms on it in which Victoria Regina, by Grace of God Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, commanded her faithful subjects of the Six Nations to vote for her loyal and devoted servant, William F. Montagu, Esq., M.D. Montagu narrowly escaped serious trouble in this instance, but it was a paltry matter in comparison with other difficulties in which this gifted man, who misused rare abilities, subsequently became involved.

In Toronto impersonation was widely resorted to even at small aldermanic elections in wards where contests assumed party lines. The chief Liberal organ, *The Globe*, made very pious professions on the subject of electoral corruption, but some of its directors were foremost in the plots that were considered part of the game. The Conservatives were more or less open about it. During the years that I worked on *The World* in the early nineties, the chief proof-reader, Andy Kirkpatrick, a joyous and resourceful Irishman, was always out on election day in the Conservative interest with a hack-load of "pluggers", travelling from poll to poll to register the votes of absentees or anyone else who could with safety be personated.

In the Federal general elections of 1896, Kirkpatrick's activities were defeated by a rising young academic, now Professor Pelham Edgar, renowned as an authority

on English literature and a most eloquent interpreter of English poetry. Professor Edgar was a son of Mr. J. D. (afterwards Sir James) Edgar, one of the most prominent supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and in that election the father had instructed his son to lend a hand to the Liberal cause wherever needed. My brother-in-law, Bernard Ryan, was working as a Liberal captain in a section of Centre Toronto, with committee rooms opposite Yonge Street Firehall, beside which a poll was located, and Pelham Edgar was deputed to serve under him. The polls had hardly opened when Ryan saw Kirkpatrick drive up with a hack-load of worthies, and at once crossed the street and told the Liberal scrutineer to have every one of the gentry sworn as to identity if he attempted to vote. This meant a subsequent prosecution for perjury, and the "pluggers" were not willing to take the risk. Andy Kirkpatrick was annoyed, because he had played lacrosse with Ryan, and regarded interference as unsportsmanlike. He started off for another poll with the words "We'll fool you yet, Barney". Ryan then detailed Pelham Edgar to follow the hack on a bicycle and never let it out of his sight for a moment, not a difficult matter in those days for a bicycle could make better time than a cab horse. The instructions were that at any poll which the "pluggers" attempted to storm, Edgar was to enter and instruct the Liberal scrutineer to have them sworn. The pursuit continued all day. The hack several times made a circuit of the city and once went out into the country to try to evade the volunteer sleuth, but the young student of poetry stuck to the trail. It was a hot and dusty day and the work was hard. The "pluggers" had refreshments to cheer them but not so the patient bicyclist. At last came the welcome whistles denoting five o'clock and the close of the polls, and Pelham Edgar cycled back to Ryan's headquarters dusty and weary but triumphant. He had been almost continuously on his little saddle for

eight hours and had prevented at least two hundred ballots from being illegally marked in the cause of the Conservatives. I have no doubt that there were Grit bands of pluggers out that day too, but they had no such faithful pursuer to "foil them in their dastardly purpose".

Liberal old-timers have told me that the ablest impersonator they ever had in their employ was a grey-haired man who could not read or write but was so clean and respectable, and withal so gentle and pathetic in stating his deficiency, that he disarmed suspicion. He would be told the name of the voter he was to personate and would quietly enter the poll and ask for a ballot. Then he would lean over and whisper to the deputy returning officer that he could not read and ask him to mark the ballot for him, as deputies were empowered to do in such cases. Of course when the names were read to him, he would hesitatingly suggest that he wished to vote for the Liberal. The ruse invariably succeeded, and he would make the rounds of thirty or forty polling booths in the course of a day. An old soldier, Sergt. Clougherty, used to engage in the same pursuits, but once forgot the name he was to use and caused great laughter among the poll officials by searching through his pockets for the slip of paper on which it was inscribed. No one thought of prosecuting him because he was a popular "character".

The resourcefulness of another respectable old rascal who used to work for the Liberals was once tested in an unusual way. It was at a by-election to fill an aldermanic vacancy, and the Conservative candidate was a very well-known citizen, Richard Tinning, whom the Liberals had resolved to defeat. Towards the close of the day this personator went into a poll and gave the name of Charles Spice, a well known knife-grinder who used to go about from door to door. The late C. A. B. Brown, an active Conservative who was acting as scrutineer, while he could not positively identify Spice, suspected

the visitor, because he had chanced to see him in a livery stable which was always under suspicion on election days, and therefore challenged his vote. The old man seemed distressed, and at that moment Mr. Tinning himself entered the poll. The personator at once approached the Conservative candidate and said, "How do you do, Sir? My name is Spice. I came in here to vote for you but they won't give me a ballot". Mr. Tinning said expansively "Of course I know you. Give this man his ballot". Brown once more entered a protest but Tinning silenced him. The ballot was given and in privacy the personator marked it for Tinning's opponent. Brown hastened to the street as he left and saw him go to the suspected livery stable.

There used to be certain greedy electors in Toronto, and indeed in all constituencies, who stood out for cash for their votes whenever they thought there was money afloat. Two dollars was the standard price, but workers on both sides were always glad to see one of these gentry personated and thus "foiled", for the rule was, no money till the vote was cast. An old friend of mine was acting as outside scrutineer at one election when a grim curmudgeon of miserly instincts whom he knew well approached him and asked if there was any money going. "Sure", was the reply, "just stick around for a while." He stuck around and stuck around until noon when he grew hungry and went home to dinner. No sooner had he gone than the scrutineer telephoned for a "plugger" to come and personate him. The order was promptly executed. The old man came back again, and still stuck around, with the assurance that the money was coming out in a big rush before the close of the poll. Half an hour before closing time he gave up in despair and went in to vote. Great was the uproar when he found he had been personated hours before.

So far as I know the greatest amount of personation that ever took place in Canada occurred in the summer

of 1897 in an election to determine whether Toronto should enjoy the boon of Sunday street cars. The proposal had been defeated some years before, and despite the paramount necessity of this reform certain churches in many sections of the city were so well organized and so powerful, that defeat was again probable. To combat this almost irresistible force, the Toronto Railway Company raised a fund and employed all the smarter and less scrupulous ward workers of both parties, but as it was summer time and many of the natural supporters of common sense were absent, the chances were dubious. Whether by accident or design the special by-law under which the election was held contained no provision for a recount or protest, and the way was open to carry Sunday street cars by irregular methods. One instance of what was done will suffice. A man, whose wife was very prominent in a large Methodist Church, went to the organizer of his particular ward and said that though he was a Methodist he was willing to work for Sunday cars if there was money in it for him. The organizer looked him over and then made this proposition to him: he was to be assiduous in his attendance at church and ardent in his opposition to Sunday cars. Then he was to give in his name as a candidate for the office of deputy returning officer in the populous division where he lived, and create a demand from the church that he be appointed. When his name was submitted he would of course find no opposition: and he was to suggest the name of a scrutineer in behalf of the Sabbatarian interests supposedly as zealous as himself. The organization would do the rest. He accepted the task, and the plan worked like a charm. The "antis" were sure of at least one sympathetic deputy, and at the polling personators streamed into his booth all day. One adventurous Englishman who was out of a job personated no less than twenty-five voters, many of whom were absent and some of whom were indifferent. Of course this plan could not

be worked everywhere, but I very much doubt whether the large majority for Sunday street cars was an honest one. Under the terms of the by-law there could be no investigation, and within one month the citizens had become so convinced that Sunday street cars were a blessing that a thousand church organizations could not have succeeded in having the service rescinded. So no real harm was done. It was one instance where the end justified the means, chicanery defeating fanaticism and superstition. All the intellectual elements in the city had been banded together for the reform but they would probably have been powerless had it not been for underground assistants whom they did not know were at work.

The end of this sort of thing came when it was plain that a "dark lantern" brigade was at work in the Liberal interest in Ontario to maintain a dying government in power. Bribery had been found to be too expensive, and ballot-stuffing, ballot-spoiling, substitution, burning of ballots after false returns had been made, and every kind of nefarious device was employed as more economical than the old methods of buying voters and paying personators. Then the public conscience, which had winked at bribery because after all the voter got something out of it, and had laughed at personation because of the undoubted humours of the game, became aroused. Sir James Whitney christened these practices "atrocities" and vowed that if he ever came to power he would make the penalties so severe that they would never occur in Ontario again, and he kept his word.

In Federal politics a saturnalia of corruption in connection with by-elections was rampant twenty years ago. Those who read Skelton's *Life of Laurier* will learn that in 1908 Sir Wilfrid, sorrowfully surveying the situation, came to the conclusion that his government was doomed, though later he thought that the Reciprocity Pact might avert disaster. Well might Sir Wilfrid be troubled. A journalistic friend of mine who was reporting for a

Liberal newspaper a famous by-election held in London, Ontario, saw with his own eyes on the top floor of the old Tecumseh House, bureau drawers full of currency sent there for the bribery of the electors in behalf of a member of the Laurier cabinet. The aftermath of war with its economic difficulties has so changed the public attitude towards waste of public money that any party which tried bribery on a large scale to-day would in most provinces be hopelessly condemned.

The fate of the Liberal government of Ontario, which lasted from 1873 to 1905, was finally sealed by the Gamey case which was brought to light at the Legislative session of 1903. In a smaller way it was similar in character to the "Big Push" Wilkinson bribery case of twenty years before, which undoubtedly delayed the advent of the Conservatives to power for a long period. The latter case occurred long before my time in newspaper work, though in after years I knew some of those who were mixed up in it and whose prestige was never restored. It was the ruin of one gifted lawyer whom I had known since childhood. What I learned of its details was mainly gossip, but I did hear of one or two Liberal members who had taken Wilkinson's bribes to vote against the Mowat government and quietly kept the money in their pockets after the exposure. A few years ago a curious fact about the case came to light. The plot was exposed by Mr. W. D. Balfour, an Amherstburg newspaper editor who represented South Essex in the Legislature, and who, with several others, laid the bribes they had received at the foot of the Throne. Mr. Balfour was later rewarded for his services with the Speakership of the Legislature. A few years ago the late Dr. Patrick Hardy of Toronto, while going through some of the papers of his father, Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy, discovered correspondence which showed that the latter had been so incensed at the appointment of Balfour to the Speakership that he placed his resignation from the

cabinet in the hands of Sir Oliver Mowat and was actually out of the government for twenty-four hours. Mr. Hardy was an impulsive man with a high sense of honour, and held that though Balfour had done a public service, his conduct had involved treachery and should not be rewarded with so dignified an office as the Speakership. The resignation was not accepted and he was persuaded into cooler courses by the pacific Sir Oliver. It was characteristic of Hardy's warm nature and readiness to alter his view of men that later, persuaded of Balfour's good intentions, he gave him the post of Provincial Secretary in his own cabinet, an office in which the recipient, already a victim of tuberculosis, died after a few months.

Mr. Hardy's view of the dignity of the Speakership has not always been lived up to in Ontario, though almost without exception the Speakers have been men of fine character with the first requisite of broadmindedness and tolerance well developed. The first Speaker of the Legislature with whom I personally came in contact was Hon. Dr. Baxter of Haldimand, a model of courtesy.

Despite the fact that he was a Liberal and the riding was Tory in Federal affairs, the task of defeating him was so impossible that Hon. Dr. Montagu, a younger practitioner who sat in the House of Commons for the same riding, had a private arrangement with him by which neither worked very hard against the other at election times. One of my predecessors as editor of *Saturday Night*, Edmund E. Sheppard, unwittingly ran up against this combination many years ago when his political ambitions were at their height. He accepted a nomination against Dr. Baxter as an independent Conservative. In the campaign the genial doctor referred to his opponent as a "society journalist"—a rather ludicrous caricature, for Mr. Sheppard was a picturesque son of rural Ontario who left society news to deputies. Sheppard retorted by pointing out that Dr. Baxter was Speaker and his

dinners and entertainments were frequently reported in *Saturday Night*. "But" he asked "I wonder how many of you, his constituents in Haldimand, ever get your legs under his mahogany." The hit was a good one, but when the vote was counted Mr. Sheppard found himself defeated by the voters of his own party under inspiration from Dr. Montagu.

One of the more ludicrous episodes in connection with the Speakership occurred under the Whitney regime, when a much respected but not very literate member held the post. He was drowsing in his Chair one night with his three-cornered hat awry, while Judge Duncan Ross of Elgin, a son of the former Premier and at that time member for West Middlesex in the Legislature, was speaking. Some Conservative banteringly shouted "Order, Order!" The Speaker suddenly woke up and said solemnly "The Member for West Middlesex is out of order". Ross at once asked, "Mr. Speaker in what respect am I out of order?" The gentleman on the dais was candid and remarked slowly "I don't just know; but if you'll kindly repeat what you were saying I'll tell you".

The late Hartley Dewart, while leader of the Liberals in the Legislature, was credited with a very terse remark when the United Farmer's party, on accepting office, succeeded in wooing away one of his followers to fill the office of Speaker. Dewart was indignant and the member was called before the Liberal caucus to give an explanation of the newspaper rumours as to his defection. The man sat sullenly chewing tobacco and Dewart spoke up sharply. "Well, if you take the Speakership you'll have a three-cornered hat to wear, but you won't have a three-cornered spittoon to expectorate in." The terrors of the situtation did not dissuade the member from his course. At that time the United States press was taking an immense amount of interest in the rise of the United Farmer party to power in Ontario, and the new Speaker was invited to go to New York to give an address on the

movement. He was interviewed by one of the *Tribune's* bright young men, who next day reported that he was one of those remarkable geniuses who could do two things at once—chew tobacco and smoke a cigar at the same time.

Dewart's sharp tongue and ready wit were proverbial. His own party was divided as to his desirability as leader, and when he first ran for the Legislature, a prominent Liberal newspaper proprietor met him and told him that he could not support him. Dewart grasped his hand and shook it heartily saying, "Thanks old man, that'll help some". Of the surviving men at the time of writing, who have held the office of Speaker in Ontario, the most remarkable is Hon. W. A. Charlton, who at the age of over eighty could write the Lord's Prayer in a beautiful hand on the space covered by a five cent piece. At an advanced age, from sheer devotion to a cause he had at heart, he undertook the arduous work of directing the National Sanatorium Association, that admirable institution which owes its foundation to the philanthrophy of the late Sir William Gage.

The mention of Mr. Charlton brings me back to the Gamey case, for it was he who, as Speaker, had to preside over all the violent debates that ensued. He won a wide reputation for fairness under very difficult circumstances, with his own party fighting desperately against a highly incensed and confident foe. In the election of 1902, coming as it did on top of the series of electoral events known as the "atrocities", the sanctity of the ballot box was a vital issue and the result was almost a tie. On the best conceivable showing the government had a majority of but three, and there was natural doubt as to whether this had been honestly obtained. The Ross government had tried to divert the minds of the people from the moral issue by genuinely progressive policies, but had been defeated in an unexpected quarter, namely, the Northern Ontario constituencies, which had been thought

to be more concerned with their own development than political morality. Despite his precarious position, and largely at the behest of the Liberal government at Ottawa, which feared that the party interest might suffer if Liberalism stepped down in Ontario, Hon. G. W. Ross decided to continue in office. It was generally believed that the real master of the administration so far as political manoeuvres went, was Hon. J. R. Stratton, the Provincial Secretary, who had built up a considerable fortune as editor and proprietor of the *Peterborough Examiner*. The battle in New Ontario had brought several interesting new figures into public life. It had been organized for Whitney by Frank Cochrane, a hardware merchant at Sudbury, who in this election (1902) began his remarkably successful and useful career as a public man. One of Mr. Cochrane's chief aides was a young lawyer of Sault Ste. Marie, chief of the volunteer fire brigade and hail-fellow-well-met with everyone. He was subsequently transformed into that very solemn figure, Sir William Hearst, Premier of Ontario and father of the O.T.A., but he was not at that time a candidate. Early in May, 1902, I was at the Sault Ste. Marie as one of the party of Sir James Whitney and there first met these and other men destined to prominence but then quite unknown. Among them was R. R. Gamey, the candidate for Manitoulin, a farmer and store-keeper on that island. He was a fine husky type, but gave no indication of the striking personality he subsequently revealed. The Ross government having decided to continue in office, the question arose as to where support would be forthcoming to help it weather the session of 1903. My reportorial duties at that time called me to the Ontario parliament buildings daily, and presently rumours were afloat that, through the agency of Hon. Mr. Stratton, the support of a New Ontario member had been secured, which would make a difference of two in the voting in the House. There was no tracing the source of those

rumours, and suspicion fastened on a member, who, as it turned out, was wholly innocent of treason to his leader, Mr. Whitney. Nobody thought of the member for Manitoulin, young Mr. Gamey, until, shortly before the session opened, an interview with him appeared in *The Globe* in which it was stated that, in the interest of his constituency, which needed government favours, he had decided to give an "independent" support to the Ross government. Nothing more happened until the House met. A day or so after the debate on the Address had opened, the Conservative whip came to Mr. Whitney and said that Mr. Gamey wished to speak in place of the Conservative member who was to have carried on the debate. Whitney, disgusted with his unfaithful follower, gruffly gave his assent, and when Gamey arose he was greeted by a great round of applause led by members of the government, applause in which Hon. J. R. Stratton was especially vociferous. The conservatives were silent and sullen, and the reporters were on the alert to hear the new member's explanation of having turned his coat in a time of crisis. Presently everyone commenced to prick up his ears. The young farmer, with strong though crude eloquence, was telling how an emissary of the Ross government, in the person of Captain John Sullivan, a mariner whom he had known for years, and a well-known Liberal worker, had paid a visit to him on Manitoulin Island and had suggested that if he would come down to Toronto an advantageous bargain could be made for his support. On this invitation he had come (he claimed that his intention was exposure from the outset, but this is doubtful) and met Frank Sullivan, son of the first negotiator, also an old friend and at that time employed in the Parliament Buildings. Sullivan, he said, had taken him to Hon. J. R. Stratton, who had agreed to pay him $3000 for his support. Of that sum he had received a part which he now laid at the foot of the Throne.

I have never witnessed a more astonishing scene than the transformation in feeling which ensued on both sides of the House. Stratton paled and was like a man of stone. The Prime Minister sat with bowed head, his beard on his chest, almost a stricken man. Their followers were dumbfounded. On the other hand the Conservatives, whose hostility towards Gamey had not been concealed, became a noisy, enthusiastic mob. The Premier rose and in hardly audible tones moved the adjournment of the House, and the reporters knocked one another over to get to the telephones. The bulletins were up on the downtown newspaper offices almost as soon as they could get the messages through, and going back a few minutes later into the press gallery, whose broad windows looked southward through Queen's Park down University Avenue, I presently saw a most remarkable sight. Hundreds and hundreds of people were running towards the Parliament Buildings. The news had spread magically and everyone wished to be on the scene.

The government met the charge with a complete denial and announced its intention of appointing a Royal Commission composed of two judges to investigate the charge. Mr. Whitney and his supporters, who included several able lawyers like the late J. J. Foy, K.C., of Toronto, the late William J. Hanna, K.C., of Sarnia, and the late Henry Carscallen, K.C., of Hamilton, fought for a parliamentary investigation. During the debates, which lasted for days, reporters had to fight their way to their places through mobs which besieged the galleries, and the emotional tension was extreme. Finally, on a bare majority, the proposal for a Royal Commission carried, and Chancellor Sir John Boyd and Chief-Justice Sir Glenholme Falconbridge were chosen as Commissioners. The enquiry opened in one of the court rooms of Toronto Municipal Buildings, and lasted for many sessions through the early spring days of 1903. I look back and see in my mind's eye the figures in the court;

nearly all of them now departed—the two judges, the accused Mr. Stratton, the accuser Gamey, and most of the coterie of lawyers. Pressing the charge was the redoubtable S. H. Blake, K.C., a life-long Liberal who had left his party because of the election scandals, assisted by Charles H. Ritchie, K.C., Samuel Price, a brilliant St. Thomas solicitor who afterwards became Chairman of the Workman's Compensation Board, and others. For the defence was E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., working more or less alone but assisted by a very able lawyer, J. M. McEvoy, K.C., of London, who has since become an ornament of the Bench. Day after day the enquiry went on under the sledge-hammer of Blake, countered by the adroit finesse of Johnston.

Then in the midst of things Gamey hopelessly discredited his own case by disappearing, and creating yet another newspaper sensation. He was located at Buffalo after twenty-four hours in hiding, and persuaded to return. Witness after witness was put in the box to contradict every minute circumstance in his story, and when the finding was made it was on the old principle of "weight of evidence". The learned judges held that Gamey had not substantiated his charges. But as after events showed the public believed Gamey, and for several years he was a hero on the platform. This popularity was intensified by clumsy efforts to discredit him based on false affidavits, instead of letting him alone. And so in the end he emerged triumphant, and ended his days as a very spruce mining broker in Toronto.

My own name came into the case in a curious way. As I have said, I had met Gamey at Sault Ste. Marie when travelling with Whitney in the previous year. In detailing his movements after first visiting the Parliament Buildings, which he had never seen before, he swore that he had been taken up to the top floor by Frank Sullivan to discuss the expected proposal from Mr. Stratton, and had seen me approaching from the

other end of the long hallway. He had said "That's a reporter I met with Whitney: let's hide somewhere," and they did hide in the entrance to the visitor's gallery. It was a case of the guilty fleeing when no man pursueth, for I certainly would not have recognized Gamey, and to see Sullivan loitering and chatting in the halls was a common experience. Gamey, having up to that time lived in villages, had an exaggerated idea of the prescience of city newspaper men.

So far as I was able to piece the story together from many discussions about the case, what really happened was this. When Gamey visited Toronto at the instance of Captain Sullivan he came to be bribed and was bribed to the extent of $3000 cash, some $1200 more than he laid at the foot of the Throne. This sum he had unfortunately spent after he first got the money, when he intended to stay bought. He signed an agreement to support the government, which Stratton gave to Hon. G. W. Ross, without informing his chief that it had been paid for. Under Stratton's instructions and in his presence Gamey gave the above-mentioned interview to *The Globe* stating his position. Stratton afterward tried to induce M. O. Hammond, *The Globe* reporter, to"forget some things", namely that it was he who had arranged the interview, but Hammond declined and told the whole story of the meeting.

Like many other newspaper interviews this was the cause of unforeseen trouble. When Gamey got back to Manitoulin he found that his constituents, far from being pleased with his recantation of political faith in their interest, were suspicious and openly hostile. They even threw dead cats at him on the streets of Gore Bay. Gamey was alarmed, but being in his way a very bold man, came to Toronto again and saw Stratton. He told him of the local situation, and suggested opening the seat and permitting him to run again with Government support. He was sure that the Conservatives could find

no candidate who could beat him as he had enough friends to see him through. He pointed out that the contest in the previous year had been a three-cornered one, in which he had defeated a Liberal and a Socialist, the latter having received less than 500 votes.

This did not suit Stratton at all. He cared nothing for Gamey's troubles in Manitoulin so long as he had his vote in the Legislature. Gamey was firm and Stratton pretended to acquiesce. As a matter of fact, Stratton had become frightened both of Gamey and of his bargain with him, and thought he saw a way to "double-cross" him and get him out of the way. So soon as Gamey got back to Manitoulin to announce that the seat would be opened and a chance given the electors to express themselves at the polls, Stratton sent a private emissary to Sault Ste. Marie to summon the Socialist who had run in the previous year and make a secret proposition that he run against Gamey with government support and for a cash consideration. Chance defeated this crude scheme of "double crossing". The negotiations, conducted in the back room of a hotel bar at the Sault, were overheard. It chanced that Gamey himself was in the town and informed of the plot. A man of furious temper, he sought out Stratton's emissary and, taking him by the throat, shook him like a rat and ordered him from the scene. The agent came back to Toronto and advised Mr. Stratton to let him alone.

The session was impending, and except to one or two friends whom he swore to secrecy, Gamey gave no intimation of what he intended to do. He was in a weak position because he had spent part of the $3000; but he was full of the desire for vengeance. In this crisis he behaved like a "clever rustic", as one observer said at the time. He decided to lie about the amount of money he had received, and was intent on making his dramatic effect of laying the sum still in his possession at the foot of the Throne.

If, on the day of his revelation, he had previously consulted Mr. Whitney or able lawyers like Mr. Foy or Mr. Hanna and told his story candidly they would have found means to lend him the missing money so that he could restore the full sum. Or if he had told the true story of yielding to temptation and then repenting, it would have done him no harm. The clumsiness of his procedure and his lack of candour seriously embarrassed his counsel, Mr. Blake. Stratton's counsel, Mr. Johnston, had the advantage on his side of knowing the whole truth and how to combat it. The panic which caused Gamey to run away to Buffalo arose from the fact that late on a Friday afternoon during the enquiry he was told to bring his bank book with him on Monday morning when the hearing resumed. He went next morning to the Ontario Bank to get it, and then altered certain figures in it, which he showed to the accountant, claiming that the bank's own books were in error. He could not have gone to a worse place in his own interest, for the late Charles McGill, then general manager of the Ontario Bank, had formerly lived in Peterborough and was one of Mr. Stratton's closest personal friends. Gamey was curtly informed that the whole matter would be laid before the Royal Commission and decided to take the first train to Buffalo. Had public sympathy not been with him even in his misdemeanour, he would have been hopelessly discredited.

The public apparently held the view that there had been lying on both sides but naturally took the part of the "under dog". Privately both judges were highly incensed at the popular assumption that they had "whitewashed" Stratton. They maintained that they had performed their strict duty in finding on the evidence before them, and could not go outside it. Certainly there was a great deal of perjury involved, but there was one witness who absolutely refused to go on the stand except for the purpose of telling the whole truth and nothing

but the truth. He was Captain John Sullivan, who had done queer things in politics but was one of the bravest mariners who ever sailed the lakes. So Sullivan was not called. He would break the election laws, that was part of the game of politics, but he would not lie about it. I remember on one occasion Captain Sullivan was in trouble for having bribed certain voters in Whitby. The offence did not at that time involve imprisonment, but the considerable fine of $800. He showed a friend of mine a roll of money and said he was going to Whitby to plead guilty and take his medicine. When he got there he found that the Crown authorities had discovered a flaw in the indictment and the charge was withdrawn.

The progress of Gamey from the crude villager into a spruce city broker was one of the most interesting transformations in my recollection. His Manitoulin constituents forgave him and he was elected by large majorities so long as he chose to run. His platform style improved and never again was he mixed up in shady transactions, so that until his death, at a comparatively early age, he remained one of the most popular figures on the political platforms of Ontario.

CHAPTER IX

TWO RARE PERSONALITIES

WHILE in the course of my life I have written hundreds of thousands of words about politics, my interest therein has always been objective rather than subjective. I never attended a political meeting in my life without suffering extreme tedium before it was over, and a purely party conclave has always struck me as the most banal of entertainments. While I recognize it as a duty in intelligent men to take an interest in public issues and to vote, if God wills it that there is some one fit to vote for in the field, politics have to me been chiefly important because of the human interest they provide. I would never have succeeded as an editor in the old days of the seventies or eighties when nearly every senior newspaperman was the Man Friday of some politician or other whose fortunes he regarded as bound up with his own. In 1911, when Sir Robert Borden was forming his first cabinet, an aspirant for a portfolio came to me and asked me to publish his picture and give him a "boost". In doing so he suggested a *quid pro quo* which was supposed to appeal to all newspapermen when he said: "I know, Hector, that you are not different from the rest of us. A few years from now you will be getting tired of newspaper work and looking for a government job. If you help me now I will help you then". He was but voicing the general theory of the relations between politicians and journalists, and when I told him that I hoped I would never have to invoke his influence he laughed skeptically. Certainly, in days gone by, editors waxed furious over issues for which at heart they cared little, because of a lurking feeling that such enthusiasms were in a measure bound up with security

in old age. My own interest in politics as a colourful factor in the pageant of life was stimulated by a close association covering nearly three decades with a man who was perhaps the most interesting politician in the Canada of his time—the late Peter Ryan of Toronto. When I first knew him he had retired from the political platform to accept an office under the Crown; but his reputation as an orator was still fragrant. For many years thereafter his counsel was still sought by old friends, not only in the Liberal but sometimes in the Conservative party. Except at election time partizanship sat very lightly on him. He used to say whimsically that he was an independent, because sometimes he had voted "Grit", sometimes "Reform", and sometimes "Liberal". The late John Ross Robertson, whose views on most subjects were opposed to Mr. Ryan's, told me once that he had heard but one man in Canada who could equal Peter Ryan in oratorical gifts, and that was the Highland Scottish publicist, Hon. William Macdougall. Macdougall was the founder of the "Clear Grit" party, one of the earlier branches of Liberalism, and was known by the soubriquet of "Wandering Wullie".

I have never known any other man who got quite so much fun out of politics as Peter Ryan. Every public meeting he had ever attended seemed to have yielded him something in the way of humorous reminiscence, and when he was in good health and spirits life was the merriest of adventures for him. As one of the doughtiest warriors of the Liberal party in the strenuous eighties, he had struck many hard blows without apparently making an enemy among his political opponents; and though for many years the leading lay figure among the Irish Catholic Liberals of Ontario, the liking in which he was held by the more urban members of the Orange Order was notorious. His oratory and conversation were the more attractive because of their wealth of literary allusion. Unlike most politicians on this side of the

Atlantic, he was deeply versed in the English classics and a man of fastidious taste.

Though commonly known as an Irishman, and typically so in the richness of his speech and wealth of his fancy, he in reality represented most of the British strains. His father was an Irish shipbuilder from County Down who moved into the ancient Keltic county of Cumberland. On his mother's side he was both English and Scottish and a relative of Dr. Craufurd Tait, at one time Bishop of Carlisle (where Mr. Ryan was born) and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. His early life in England had been most interesting and adventurous. Owing to his father's financial misfortunes he had been compelled as a mere lad to earn his own living, and his education, begun by a period of study at the Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, was completed by himself in wayside inns during the intervals he could devote to study. When, in his old age, he occasionally talked of his youth, to listen to him was to get a glimpse of the past that seemed indescribably remote from our own time. Before his death at the age of eighty-three, in October, 1925, he was one of the few surviving men who could boast of having heard William Makepeace Thackeray deliver a public speech. The date of Thackeray's death, Christmas Eve, 1863, seems far distant from our age of electricity, but at that time Mr. Ryan was a young married man who had passed his twenty-second birthday. As a lad he had traversed the roads immortalized by George Borrow in "*Lavengro*", and some of his memories were like pages from that enthralling narrative.

In 1857, as a lad of fifteen, he was passing through Oxford when he learned that Thackeray, who was contesting the seat for the University in the Liberal interest, was to speak on the open air hustings, as was the custom of candidates in that time. Eager to see so renowned a man, he attended the poll, and sixty years thereafter vividly recalled the somewhat cold and

academic oratory of the novelist. He did not so clearly recall the speech of Thackeray's Conservative opponent, Viscount Cardwell, who was the victor on this occasion. It was this same Cardwell who was destined a few years later to play a very important part in assisting the federation of the North American colonies and in creating the Dominion of Canada. Certainly the six-foot Irish-Scottish lad from Cumberland who listened to Thackeray and Cardwell had no thought that Canada was to become his adopted country.

In those days he was assistant to an auctioneer whose wanderings took him to country fairs in all parts of England. Thus as a lad he obtained a remarkable knowledge of every corner of his native land, whose beauty he never ceased to love. His wanderings were at one time varied by a trip in Baltic waters as supercargo for his uncle, a ship-builder at Hull, but the sea had no charms for him. Once, as a young man, he went to Belfast, but the spectacle of Protestant ship mechanics driving Catholic workmen into the river with their adzes disgusted him with his father's native Ulster. During his travels from fair to fair his natural interest in literature was stimulated by visits to the literary shrines of England so that he could describe the last resting places of nearly all the great poets and essayists. In those days a lodger at an inn paid for his own light and young Ryan always had a penny to spare for a candle and would read good literature far into the night.

In that way he learned by heart many passages of poetry and eloquence which served to illuminate his oratory in later years. Despite these literary tastes he was no idle dreamer, but an exceedingly shrewd trader. He once told me that he had never known what it was to be short of pocket-money. By the time he was twenty-one he was a young married man in Liverpool, and the American Civil War being then in progress, he became profitably engaged in selling contraband of war to the

Southern States. The contraband he handled was of a harmless character—blankets, woollen underwear, and heavy boots for the distressed armies of Lee, which were being steadily reduced to extreme privation by the Northern blockade. There was some risk in the business if the cargoes failed to reach their destination, but such miscarriages were few. He and his partners would charter a schooner, stock her with goods, and despatch her to the Bahamas. Here a Southern blockade-runner would pick up the cargo and give a note of hand on a great firm of cotton brokers in London, which on presentation was at once exchanged for gold. Blockade running was an "in" and "out" process. The South financed its purchases abroad with shipments of raw cotton to feed the idle looms of the North of England, and out-going cotton was equally contraband of war with army supplies. Mr. Ryan personally witnessed the launching of the *Alabama*, and like everyone else engaged in shipping, knew very well the tasks she was destined to perform.

It was the profit he made in this trade and the instinct for trade in new fields that brought him, in the late sixties, to Canada, where at various times he engaged in many industries. In some he was ahead of his time, and suffered loss. After his death a well-known Toronto Jew alluded to the fact that Mr. Ryan was the pioneer in garment manufacture, which has since risen to vast proportions and has become almost exclusively a Jewish industry. The trade which first brought him profit in Canada was that of sending out "pavvies" (an English name for cloth peddlers) to sell lengths of cloth to farmers after the old English custom; and in the seventies his field of operations extended from Halifax to Sarnia, then the Western outpost of business in older Canada. His natural aptitude for politics soon asserted itself. In England he had known John Bright and had campaigned for Gladstone (his life-long idol) in Lancashire. When he arrived in Canada, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who had

fallen at the hands of an assassin, was not long dead, and Irish Catholics were glad to avail themselves of the oratorical abilities of a champion of Irish name and Catholic faith. Alliance with the Liberals was natural to a man whose first political heroes had been Bright and Gladstone, although he always spoke of the great Earl of Derby, whose tenant he had once been, as an ideal landlord and nobleman.

Thus, in less than a decade after his first coming to Canada, he had become a well-known figure in Canadian politics. One of his experiences, in 1878, was a dispute with Hon. George Brown, ci-devant leader of the Liberal party and still, by virtue of his position as editor of the Toronto *Globe*, a very powerful influence. In the campaign of 1878 Sir John A. Macdonald first espoused the "National Policy" (Protection). Mr. Ryan's "pavvies", traversing the countrysides of several provinces, were admirable sources of political intelligence and they reported that the farmers seemed very strongly in favour of the new policy. Such reports were certainly unbiassed, for the interests of a cloth importer were at that time very closely bound up with free trade. Mr. Ryan reported his information at a Liberal council of war held in *The Globe* office, and urged on Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright, neither of whom was seriously committed to free trade, that their platform be framed to meet in a measure the rising tide of protectionist sentiment. His words were interrupted by Brown with terms of insult and contempt, though subsequently many Liberals regretted that his advice was not taken. Mackenzie and Cartwright remained his friends so long as they lived, as were also Blake and Laurier. In Ontario politics, Sir Oliver Mowat and Arthur Sturgis Hardy were his close confidential friends, and thirty years ago it was a common saying that Ryan knew more of the political secrets of both parties than any living Canadian.

He was quite fearless in attacking bigotry wherever he found it. It takes a man of great courage to remain a loyal Catholic and at the same time attack an ecclesiastic of his Church, but Mr. Ryan did not hesitate to do so in the case of the late Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, a cleric of much ability who, probably because of what would nowadays be diagnosed as "high blood pressure", was given to splenetic attacks on Protestants. Because of this tendency the Archbishop was worth half a dozen paid organizers to the Orange Order, and Mr. Ryan did much to promote tolerance by challenging his Grace in a manner that was the more effective because he was a man of the Archbishop's own faith. Occasionally Mr. Ryan used to lecture on the career of Gladstone and once accepted the invitation of a Presbyterian minister, who was a close personal friend, to deliver this address in his church. His course was the subject of an attack by a priest who at that time was a chronic trouble maker. Mr. Ryan's retort was scathing. His tolerance was so well known and so much admired that when he lay dying on the twelfth of July, 1925, the Orange Order, whose parade route had for many years lain past his home on Grosvenor Street, Toronto, decided at the last moment to change the route of the procession in order that the bands might not disturb him. For years previously there had always been running water on his boulevard with a jug and glasses provided so that the Orangemen, many of whom had walked miles to the rendezvous in the summer sun, might quench their thirst.

An anecdote illustrative of Mr. Ryan's whimsical fancy as a speaker has almost gone around the world. It related to an address he made to a group of negro electors in Centre Toronto during a general election campaign more than forty years ago. In the constituency at that time were large numbers of negro voters, some born in slavery and others the sons of runaway

slaves who had found refuge in Canada. One Saturday Mr. Ryan, upon returning from a tour of several rural ridings, was met by the Liberal candidate in Centre Toronto and urged to attend a social in the African Methodist Church that evening. He protested that he was worn out with speaking but at last consented to attend on condition that he be not called upon to speak. Naturally the promise was not kept, and he resolved to get some fun out of the occasion. He began by alluding to the intense sympathy between the Irish and the negro race, in a way which must have startled some of his hearers. "The Irishman regards the coloured man as his brother, because both have suffered oppression" he said—with more to the same effect. Then he went on to voice his admiration for the triumphs of the coloured race, many of which he regretted to say, seemed to have been forgotten.

"I have travelled in every part of Great Britain" he said "and when I go to Scotland, when I read Scottish history, what do I find? Who was the greatest warrior in Scotland's noble history—the hero whose glorious deeds are so eloquently chronicled by Sir Walter Scott? Who but the Black Douglas? (Cheers and general excitement). Let us turn to England. Who was the greatest warrior of the kingly Plantagenet line? I shall tell you, for I myself have stood in reverence before his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral. Who but the Black Prince?"

Enthusiasm had become so great that Mr. Ryan could proceed no farther. The whole assemblage rushed forward to shake the hand of the vindicator of the prowess of the negro race. He wisely swore his friends to secrecy about the speech, for if the news had leaked out to the Irish electors that Mr. Ryan had said they regarded the negroes as their brothers the consequences might not have been happy. In later years, when political battles were over for him, he delighted to tell the tale.

One of the most amusing instances of his quickness in retort occurred about twenty years ago in the Canadian West. He had an interest in a grazing concession near Macleod, Alberta, and was not at all sure that all was well in connection therewith. Passing through Calgary he decided to slip down to Macleod and investigate without making his presence known. Arriving at the chief local hotel he registered as "Peter Robinson", assuming that no one in that ranching town would be aware of his identity. He had no sooner sat down to breakfast than a man who had been cutter for his tailor in Toronto and had measured him for many a suit of clothes, came up and shook hands. After breakfast Ryan took a stroll to make some casual enquiries about the property he was interested in. In a little while he was greeted by a man who had kept hotel in Toronto while he was License Commissioner, and who was grateful for some favour rendered him. When he got back to the hotel he met Hon. Arthur Sifton, afterwards Premier of Alberta, but who was then a circuit judge and had come to Macleod to hold court. He called out cheerily "Hello Ryan, where did you spring from?" In a small hotel it was naturally not long before the group discovered that he had signed "Peter Robinson" on the register, and asked the reason.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have the highest regard for my sovereign King Edward VII. I have admired him for years for his kindliness and toleration, and I have always felt that as a loyal subject I could not do better than emulate him. Now, as you are well aware, King Edward when he goes abroad always travels incog., so I decided to do likewise."

Humorous stories of Mr. Ryan are innumerable, but he could be very drastic on the platform when he wished. Over thirty years ago there arose in Ontario an organization known as the Protestant Protective Association (P.P.A.) formed in imitation of the American Protective

Association, and promulgating the same ideas that now masquerade as the "principles" of the Ku Klux Klan. It was officered by a few out-at-elbows politicians and badly regulated parsons, and certain elements in the Conservative party organization committed the offence of dallying with the harlot in the hope of catching some ignorant votes. Though never actually cemented, relations were close enough to justify Mr. Ryan in leaving the P.P.A. on the Conservative door step. Its secret platform, exposed by J. S. Willison in the Toronto *Globe*, was enough to justify any form of denunciation for among other things it pledged members to dismiss instantly Catholic servant girls in their employ. During the height of the excitement Mr. Ryan went to the Catholic township of Adjala to face a Conservative speaker who was also a Roman Catholic. In denouncing the P.P.A. and the perfidy of any Catholic who would speak in behalf of a party which had failed to repudiate it, he roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement that his opponent fled, and was found hiding behind a cattle car down by the station.

Creed cries of a low order were frequent in politics forty years ago, and a typical instance was that in connection with the "Ross Bible". Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education in Ontario, had prepared for use in public schools a series of Bible readings which ommitted some of the racier episodes of the Old Testament. The cry was at once raised that the excerpts had been edited by the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The agitation was akin to another outcry that St. George's Cross, which figures in the arms of Ontario on the ceiling of the Ontario Legislative Chamber, had been placed there by Papist influence. A great many people who seldom took the trouble to read the Bible at all denounced the encroachments of Rome and demanded the "whole unmutilated Word". The effect on the Roman Catholic electorate was to make them feel that the "Ross Bible"

was their own and to arouse in them sentiments of affection for it. On the platform Mr. Ryan made a skilful and unique use of the subject. His political wisdom taught him to avoid all controversy in connection with the book, but he carried a copy of it with him to political meetings. At an appropriate moment he would produce it with the words: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated Ross Bible". The audience would be all agog in expectation of something controversial. The speaker would then proceed to explain that he was showing it as an example of the efficiency and economy of the government—a finely printed book produced at astonishingly low cost. He had a pungent irony in checking irrelevant discussion. Once in a party conclave the name of the late James Conmee, of Port Arthur, a well-known Catholic Liberal, came up. Conmee was a remarkably able but unlettered man, whose education had been obtained in the rough and tumble of railroad construction camps. Discussion degenerated into a debate on an accusation that once in a bar-room fight Conmee had chewed a man's ear. Mr. Ryan listened for a few minutes, and then ended the discussion with the dry comment, "Well, it wasn't Friday, was it ?"

Mr. Ryan had as many or more friends among the Conservatives as among the Liberals, and eminent among them was Sir Charles Tupper. One of the most cherished was George H. Ham, for many years assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, official host of that corporation, and probably the most popular man in Canada during his lifetime. Their birthdays fell on the same date, though George Ham, having been born in 1847, was exactly five years younger than Peter Ryan. Mr. Ryan died in October, 1925, and Mr. Ham, who at the end was also a helpless cripple, passed away six months later. In looking over Mr. Ryan's library I found folded in a copy of Ham's *Reminiscences* the following letter, dated from Montreal on August 25th, 1923 :

My Dear Peter:

After all these many years, I have at last discovered that our blessed birthdays fall upon the same notable date—August 23rd. Let me send you my good wishes and hopes that you will reach par. Good men are mighty scarce just now.

There were four of us, Tom Irving, Robert Kerr, William Southam of Hamilton, and myself, who for years exchanged greetings on our birthdays. Of these, only Southam and I survive. So you and General Labelle of Montreal will have to fill their places in the Birthday League.

Whisper—If you and your old friend St. Peter are on speaking terms, you might mention that I belong to all the churches, religious and sporting societies, am a Knight of Columbus, Mason, Hibernian, and K.K.K., and otherwise quite respectable.

And also—I send my best wishes to you and Hector and his wife, and my blessing.

Yours very sincerely,

George H. Ham.

No letter could be more characteristic of the whimsical nature of its author; and such letters always indicate a receptive humour in the person addressed. That is the singular quality of intimate letters—they reflect the nature not only of the writer but of the person addressed. Indeed, the natures of Peter Ryan and George Ham had much in common.

Both were practical jokers of a type who left no wounds, and on one occasion they were partners in a celebrated jest. They were together in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, when a once famous politician, Hon. James (Jimmy) McShane happened to join them. Winking at Ham, Ryan said, "Jimmy, I have just come from Ottawa and I have some great news for you. I saw Sir

Wilfrid and he tells me that out of respect and admiration for Ireland, St. Patrick's Day is to be declared a public holiday and that Parliament will not sit on that day". McShane was highly delighted for it was an old grievance in Montreal that all the leading French Catholic holidays were recognized by Parliament whereas St. Patrick's Day was ignored. "I think, Jimmy," continued Ryan "that you should telegraph Sir Wilfrid and thank him." "Yes" said Ham, "You certainly should. Write your telegram and I'll frank it for you." So with their assistance McShane framed and forwarded a grateful message. Sir Wilfrid laughed joyously when he received it; for it so happened that in that year St. Patrick's Day fell on a Sunday.

Many of the amusing episodes of George H. Ham's full and eventful life are recorded in his own delightful book of memories. His personal acquaintanceships were probably wider than those of any Canadian who ever lived. Through them he became a truly international figure; for it was his task as official host of the C.P.R. to win for Canada and Canadians the favourable opinion of the world at large. Thus he came in contact with almost every distinguished visitor of whatever rank who came to this country in a period of more than a quarter of a century. His friendships extended to almost every newspaper office in the English-speaking world. Like many men of mercurial temperament who exercise a charm over others, he was at bottom rather melancholy, but only intimates were permitted to see this phase. In truth the early death of a wife to whom he was intensely devoted was a blow from which his spirit never fully recovered. He was in all essentials a typical Canadian of the older generation, a man of large, virile physique, contemptuous of pretences and utterly devoid of snobbery. His inherent and modest dignity put him as much at ease with royalty as with any negro porter on the railroad with which he was associated. The warmth of his

sympathies was expressed in innumerable acts of unostentatious kindness to old comrades less fortunate than himself. The quiddities of human nature afforded him constant amusement, and his yarns were innumerable.

One of the best, which does not appear in his own book, had to do with an occasion when a party of distinguished British journalists came over to inspect and report on Canada. George Ham as usual was deputed to be their guide, philosopher, and friend. So anxious was the railroad company to give the visitors a fitting reception that Ham was accompanied to Quebec by one of the Vice-Presidents, W. R. Baker. Now Mr. Baker was an admirable but very formal gentleman, whose early training had been in the British civil service, and who, prior to his entering that of the C.P.R., had been private secretary to the Earl of Dufferin, during the latter's term as Governor General. Like many Englishmen of the older generation he had an exaggerated respect for the London *Times*. A *Times* correspondent in his eyes overshadowed a whole horde of journalists of baser breed. So while awaiting the docking of the steamer at Quebec he said to Ham, "May I suggest, George, that you be rather careful in the way you address these gentlemen. And as to the stories, well you know, *The Times* is represented in the party, and while the others might not object to your free and easy ways, *The Times* correspondent might resent them. I hope you are not offended and I trust to your good judgment".

"Oh that's all right, Baker," said George. "I'll try to behave but I'll bet you $10 that your *Times* man will be calling me George before we reach Montreal."

There was a rather formal luncheon at Quebec and then the party left on a special train for Montreal, leaving Mr. Baker behind. As the train reached Three Rivers, Hon. Jacques Bureau, then Solicitor-General of Canada, came aboard accompanied by minions bearing a commodious hamper. He had been detailed to extend interim

greetings on behalf of the Government of Canada. The day was warm and Mr. Bureau suggested that the occasion would be improved if everyone had a drink. The hamper was found to contain everything that the soul of a thirsty man could wish. A temporary bar was arranged and the Solicitor-General acted as his own Boniface. *The Times* correspondent very willingly responded to the invitation and "*Bons Santés*" became frequent. Presently Mr. Bureau shed his coat, then his waistcoat; then loosened his suspenders, so that they hung down his legs. With each fresh invitation *The Times* man, not to mention his companions, became less formal. Finally he whispered to George, "Who did you say this gentleman was, Mr. Ham?"

"He's the Solicitor-General of Canada."

"My God,"cried *The Times* man, choking back his tears. "This is true democracy. I have never seen anything so splendid as this—A man who can throw aside the formalities of office, and mingle like a human being in good fellowship with others. By the way, everyone seems to call you by your Christian name. I'm going to call you George."

When the train reached Montreal, Ham despatched the following telegram to Mr. Baker:

"*Times* man has called me George several times. You owe me $10."

CHAPTER X

THE DAILY GRIND TWENTY YEARS AGO

WHEN a man passes fifty he cannot fail to be conscious of the gradual narrowing of the interests of his life through the deaths of old friends. This is especially true when, as in my own case, the majority of one's intimates have been men older than oneself. During the past three or four years cherished friends and comrades have been passing away, so that most of the newspapermen with whom I was most closely associated have now vanished from this earthly scene. The anodyne is of course to be found in cultivating the widest possible intellectual and artistic interests: and better still, in seeking the respect and regard of younger people. I feel pity for people of advancing years who growl and scold with regard to the shortcomings of modern youth. Mentally, like the Irishman, they have one foot in the grave, and are depriving themselves of the profound pleasure that is to be found in the society of young men and women, whose buoyancy is, for me at least, a source of unfailing charm.

The above exordium is evoked by the recollection that it is almost a quarter of a century since I ceased to be a reporter in direct contact with exceptional events, and that the whole field of daily journalism throughout Canada, as elsewhere, has almost entirely changed in that period. Of course I have always by deliberate intent retained a position as a chronicler of musical, dramatic, and artistic events, partly because criticism in these fields to be effective must also be good reporting. But my labours as a reporter in a general sense ceased early in 1904 when I became city editor of the Toronto *Mail and Empire.* I continued in that position until

1910 when I forsook daily newspaper work for good and all. Be it said for the information of the uninitiated that in America the city editor is the executive officer directly responsible for the gathering of local news. My last year as a reporter was spent as a subordinate of Sir John Willison in his endeavour to give Canada an evening newspaper of the same high standard as had been reached by the New York *Evening Post*, in the days when it was edited by E. L. Godkin and Rollo Ogden. That the experiment failed, though generously backed by the wealth of Sir Joseph Flavelle, is not discreditable to anyone. Even the great city of New York no longer desires a daily newspaper that can be read with a sense of intellectual pleasure, and in the end every community gets newspapers as good as it deserves.

The vehicle chosen for the experiment was the Toronto *News* which, after various extraordinary adventures, had fallen upon evil days. Messrs Flavelle and Willison, (neither of whom was as yet knighted) had first attempted to buy the Toronto *World*, a property which probably had never been solvent, though it managed to maintain an existence until 1920. W. F. Maclean, M.P., regarded it as too important to his political fortunes to part with, although the price offered was more than double that paid for *The News*. Both newspapers have since passed out of existence, but the difference in value lay in the fact that *The World* had individuality and character and *The News* had neither. *The World* would have been the better purchase because it had a reputation for pungency and intelligence to build on, whereas *The News* had for years been a sort of journalistic mountebank. Harlequin was suddenly called upon to play the role of Hamlet, and a large part of the public could not be induced to take the transformation seriously. Twenty-five years ago the more eminent newspaper editors were all docketed politically in the public mind, a condition which has been to some extent altered in most Canadian cities.

Consequently it was difficult to make the public believe that Mr. Willison, known for more than a decade as the ablest and most successful of all Liberal editors—the man whose methods had restored the historic Toronto *Globe* to prestige and prosperity—could become an independent censor of public men and issues. As a matter of fact, all Willison's measures on *The Globe* had been in the direction of purging it of the atmosphere of excessive partizanship—of giving weight to its arguments by a quasi-independent outlook. There were those in the Liberal party, indeed, who had from the outset regarded him as a bird not of their feather. One benign Grit patriarch, the late Peter Small, even in the days of Willison's highest prestige in the Liberal party, when his wise counsel had largely contributed to the triumph of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ontario in 1896, used to say "The man's a Tory in disguise". The story of Willison's amazing rise in little more than a decade from a clerk in a village store to one of the most influential editorial positions in Canada, "the chair of Hon. George Brown", is to be found in his own book *Reminiscences: Political and Personal.* As I have said elsewhere it is the story of a boy who made his dreams come true, for as a lanky pioneer youth plowing on the virgin fields of the Huron Tract he had dreamed of the day when he should be editor of *The Globe.* Anyone who knew him at close range and came under the influence of a personality naturally august and a mind half poetical in the idealism of its outlook, understood why the advance of this rustic youth became so rapid when, after disheartening rebuffs, he at last obtained a foothold in a newspaper office, and could gratify his ambition to discuss public affairs before the large audiences that journalism alone affords.

Willison's sudden resolve to leave the editorial chair of *The Globe* while at the height of his prestige, and embark on a new and quixotic venture produced a sensation in November, 1902, which echoed throughout

Canada and was always something of a mystery to politicians. So far as I was ever able to learn it was due to a burning sense of indignation over an episode which occurred a year or so after Sir Wilfrid Laurier became premier. While still a newspaper reporter in the eighties he had made a careful study of the railroad problems of Canada. Years later, after the Liberals attained power, he one day, when short of a subject for a leader, wrote an editorial presenting certain views. The President of *The Globe*, the late Robert Jaffray, not then Senator, highly commended it and suggested that he make an editorial campaign along these lines, a task no man was better qualified to perform. What was the idealistic editor's chagrin a few weeks later to learn that his series of editorials had been used to secure a charter for the Crow's Nest Pass Railroad, carrying with it rich concessions of coal lands, for Mr. Jaffray and his friend Hon. George A. Cox. Willison found himself in the position of a man regarded by intimates as one who had been used as a stool pigeon, and by those less friendly as a crafty manipulator of graft. With a growing family he was in no position to rebel at the moment, but he resolved so soon as the opportunity was ripe, to rid himself forever of the yoke of party journalism. His abilities and personality were such that in the face of subsequent misfortunes and the wreckage of his great plan to give Canada an ideal evening newspaper, his private prestige remained undiminished, and to the day of his death in 1927 he remained the much-sought counsellor of Canadian public men. Moreover, just when his failure to achieve his purpose was becoming apparent, Lord Northcliffe thought sufficiently of his abilities to appoint him Canadian representative of the London *Times*, and a knighthood, quite unsought, was conferred on him.

During his youth as a clerk in various country villages and even at the time he became editor of *The Globe* in June, 1890, he had regarded the Liberal party almost with

idolatry as a fountain of idealism and progress in this country. But he once told me that he suffered a slight disillusionment almost on the day he was appointed. He had then been a resident of the larger cities for less than ten years and in cautioning him, Sir Richard Cartwright, who had been mainly instrumental in his appointment, gave him a singular instruction. It was that if a gentleman who was at that time a Liberal organizer and widely known as a platform speaker came to *The Globe* office with any political intelligence it should not be published unless independent verification was first obtained. "The man is a confirmed liar," said Sir Richard, "and will get *The Globe* into trouble unless you follow the policy of taking everything he says with a grain of salt." This seemed rather a cynical admission in view of the fact that the person in question was supposed to be a trusted evangelist of Liberalism and was a vociferous assailant of evils in high places.

Continent-wide experience has shown that the public does not demand a very high voltage of intellectual content in daily newspapers, and for this reason the courageous experiment of Messrs. Flavelle and Willison was handicapped at the outset, but I fancy conditions would have been a little happier if Mr. Willison had not been charged with the task of business management as well as editorial control. For a man whose enthusiasm was all for discussion and writing, and who had a half-poetical attitude towards life, the dual responsibility was too great. Moreover, in the kindliness of his heart, he had retained in their old positions men who had helped to run the property into the ground, and they did their best to make life unhappy for the group of newcomers, including myself, who had been brought in by the new ownership. The chief himself was a joy to work for. Whenever I had accomplished a task in a manner which gave him unusual satisfaction I found on my desk a note signed "J.S.W." recording his appreciation.

But such missives did not make relations more pleasant with those who resented the intrusion of "Willison's pets" on the scene. He was rather hurt when, after a year's service, I told him I was returning to my old shop *The Mail and Empire* as city editor, a promotion which did not dazzle me because it exiled me from my wife and family in the evenings for years thereafter. I record the sequel not in personal egotism, but as evidence of the breadth of Sir John's mind; for many men refuse to forgive employes who leave their service against their will. One morning six years later the newspapers carried the announcement that I was retiring from the staff of *The Mail and Empire* to become an associate editor of *Saturday Night.* That day Sir John met in the National Club the late Harold Gagnier, proprietor of the publication, and the late Fred Paul, its editorial head. "I see that you have engaged Charlesworth," he said, "well let me say that you could not have made a better move. I have always thought it one of the gravest mistakes of my editorial career that I allowed him to part company with me." Such a tribute from the most eminent member of my profession in Canada to men with whom I had never previously worked in close association was invaluable; and I may add that the number of men in any field willing to admit a mistake of that kind is exceeding small.

My six years as city editor of *The Mail and Empire* were, in their human relationship, very pleasant. Despite the fact that the policy of the owners was economical to the point of niggardliness we were a happy family there, a condition largely due to the buoyancy, good nature, and professional efficiency of the late Walter J. Wilkinson, who died in the autumn of 1927 after having been for thirty years news editor of that newspaper. The chief editor was Arthur F. Wallis, a man all kindliness and gentle humour, whose staff connection dated back almost to the beginnings of *The Mail* and who, prior to

his coming to Canada as a youth, had been employed by the firm of printers which published the British Hansard. Thus as a boy he had enjoyed the freedom of the House of Commons when Disraeli, Bright, and Gladstone were in their hey-day. Mr Wallis, who is now the Registrar of Surrogate for Toronto, knew certain parts of the old city of London nearly as well as Charles Dickens, and once told me of how he had by many short cuts made a swift journey from Westminster across the City proper to hear the great novelist in one of the last public readings he gave before his death. Another most interesting figure was the late Horace Wiltshire, "The Flaneur", who for years had conducted a page of miscellany on Saturday morning involving a world of reminiscence. He was the son of a King's Messenger, and during his boyhood had visited every capital of Europe with his father to whom he was useful camouflage—for a King's Messenger, bearing secret despatches to the chancelleries of Europe, was obliged to observe extreme circumspection in his travels. Mr. Wiltshire had as a young man worked on the staff of the London *Times* and could recall the day when anyone who desired to insert an advertisement in that august publication was received with *hauteur* and compelled to pay cash in advance at a very high rate. Sixty years ago the employment of an advertising agent to solicit business would have been viewed with horror and disdain by the executives of *The Times*.

On the local staff, under my control, were many of the brighter men in Canadian newspaperdom. John A. McNeil, the present managing editor of the Montreal *Gazette*, who was dramatic critic, was a man full of quaint and whimsical conceits, who could dash off an amusing bit of nonsense at a moment's notice. Murdoch B. Macdonald, who became my successor as city editor, was a joy to the hearts of everyone, with a touch of Hebridean poetry in his make up, and Scottish stories relating to the folk of his native county of Bruce to suit

all occasions. Others on the staff were E. W. Grange, the present director of Reuter's agency in Canada and one of the ablest of reporters, and Oliver Mowat Ross, who subsequently became a distinguished figure in trade journalism. It used to amuse some politicians to find a man with a name suggestive of the older Grit tradition on the staff of the chief Tory newspaper of Canada.

Ross, who was a lucid and polished writer, once secured an exclusive and most interesting and comprehensive interview with Rudyard Kipling by the unusual device of missing a train. This was about twenty years ago on the occasion of one of Kipling's rare visits to Canada. Kipling was coming to Toronto by train from Niagara Falls in mid-afternoon, and word was conveyed to the city editors of the six Toronto newspapers that if reporters were sent to Oakville they would be permitted to board his private car at that point and obtain an interview with him. Of all the dull contributions to the news columns the dullest are interviews obtained by the press in mass formation, so to speak. Five of the reporters will perhaps ask intelligent questions, but the sixth man will interpose with some fool remark or frivolous query, and annoy the person interviewed so much that he will say little or nothing of interest. Consequently I realized that the proposed mass interview with the Poet of Empire would probably result in nothing of importance, and that if he did say anything worth reporting it would appear in the late editions of the evening newspapers anyway, and be stale by the time it reached our readers. So, in assigning Ross to the task, I suggested that he miss the train for Oakville, and later seek out Kipling at his hotel and make a plea for a special interview on the ground that he might be suspended by the city editor if he went back to the office and revealed the fact that he had missed the train. Kipling, having himself been a reporter during his younger days in India, would, I felt sure, be sympathetic—and so the event proved. Ross

found him in his bedroom preparing to change to evening dress, and with the utmost geniality he asked the reporter to sit down and during the dressing process chatted in a most interesting way on a myriad subjects. The result was that *The Mail and Empire* next morning carried an interview of 3500 words of delightful reading, and its rivals had to content themselves with a short interview in no sense intimate, for no high-strung man like Kipling can talk intimately to a group, with two or three trying to put their oar in at once.

J. Verner McAree, the ironical humorist whose "Fourth Column" has long been a feature of *The Mail and Empire*, was then a reporter with a dry commentary to make on everything that arose, and Claude A. C. Jennings, the present Editor-in-Chief of the publication, could vary his intricate knowledge of the tariff and financial problems with delightful stories of Ontario village life as he had known it when a lad. Among the juniors was the late Fred Jacob, who later became widely known as an author and critic, and who died with tragic suddenness while these pages were being revised. His life of forty-six years was an indomitable battle against physical weakness. When he was a child at Elora he was so frail that he had to be kept in bed throughout the winter months, so that his schooling was obtained only in spring and early autumn. Yet he managed to beat lads older than himself in examinations. He once told me how deeply he sympathized with boys who were called "Sissies", because they could not participate in sports, for he had suffered this humiliation himself. Nevertheless, interest in strenuous sports, like lacrosse, became one of his dearest private hobbies. He taught himself to write and write well, so that when he died he was one of the most widely known dramatic critics in America, and at his best his prose was both sparkling and gentle, like himself. Only in some of his lyrics is the wistfulness of a thwarted nature apparent.

I seldom go anywhere in Canada that I do not encounter some successful man who as a cub reporter worked under me in those six years of good fellowship. The sporting editor was Frank Elmore, a native of New Orleans, who had seen his father, a Judge in Lousiana, jailed for giving a fair count of ballots during the reconstruction period following the Civil War, when the Northern carpet-baggers controlled elections by brute force. The financial editor was the late Thomas Galbraith, who in the eighties had been the most noted Canadian figure in a branch of journalism at that time in its infancy, but which later developed enormous potentialities. Tom Galbraith and his brother John, founder of the School of Practical Science, now the Science Faculty of the University of Toronto, had both been chums of my father at John Gordon's grammar school in Port Hope in the early sixties. My father used to tell of an occasion when John Galbraith, being called on to rise and read the text of the Magna Charta, remained dumb in his seat. In those days of drastic corporal punishments he submitted to a severe thrashing rather than obey and subsequently revealed the fact that he, a lad of very sensitive and retiring disposition, had dreaded the roar of laughter which he knew would follow his reading of the opening words: "We, John, King of England, etc."

A man designed by providence to add to the gaiety of nations was Charles Langdon Clarke, the cable editor, a position he still holds as I write. Clarke, the son of an English rector, was the best educated of all the staff and had been a school mate of Lord Curzon. He had come to Canada originally as one of the engineering staff of the old Grand Trunk Railroad, but he could find no real content outside an editorial room. A more facile writer of limericks I never met, and on dull nights he used also to beguile himself with devising imaginary news items and despatches for *The Jerusalem Times* and *The Babylon Gazette* based on certain stories in the Old and New

Testaments. The episode of Daniel in the lions' den took on fresh interest when related by him in modern newspaper style. That of King David and the wife of Uriah furnished an item of gossip for the personal column of the Jerusalem publication, in which the story was told by innuendo, and not with the brutal directness of Holy Writ. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon was handled in a much newsier manner than in the original narrative, by this self-appointed special correspondent.

A few years ago, when *The Mail and Empire* was publishing *The Sunday World* as a week-end publication, and the discoveries in the tomb of King Tut-Ankh-Amen were a newspaper sensation, I chanced upon an article on its front page relating to "King Tut's Golden Typewriter", with revelations as to the fresh sheet of papyrus which had been found inserted in the machine, an albaster cuspidor near the desk, and the other details of sumptuous office equipment prophetic of our own times. When I glanced at the author's name "Charles Langdon Clarke, Special Correspondent of *The Sunday World*", I realized that my old friend's hand had not lost its cunning. There was an amusing sequel. The newspaper came out on a Saturday evening, and bright and early on Monday morning the city editor of an evening newspaper despatched a reporter to see Dr. C. T. Currelly, Curator of the Royal Ontario Museum, and a renowned Egyptologist who had worked under Sir Flinders Petrie, and ask his opinion of the new discoveries. What passed between Professor Currelly and the reporter remains a secret but the retort of the savant is believed to have been vitriolic.

Two or three years ago, when Fundamentalism was much to the fore and the Dayton, Tennessee, persecution was fresh in the public mind, a great convention of Fundamentalists from all parts of the United States and Canada was held at Toronto. Many Fundamentalists hold that the whole fabric of Christianity depends on the

acceptance of the story of Jonah and the whale. The logic of this contention lies in the circumstance that Our Lord alluded to the episode as though He believed it, although He often spoke in parable. Ergo, if we discredit the story of Jonah and the whale, we discredit everything that Jesus said, and Christianity falls to the ground. The difficulty surrounding the story is that the species of "big fish" which could swallow and retain a human being alive in his belly for three days has not yet been discovered. One morning the Toronto convention was revived in spirit by an announcement from a distinguished delegate that information had reached him that two German scientists had discovered the remains of a marine animal quite capable of the feat. The names of the scientists were Dr. Shmierkase and Dr. Butterbrod; and the narrative of the discovery was embellished with many details. A Toronto evening newspaper, which was giving sympathetic attention to the Fundamentalists, featured the new revelation with large headings. It was, by the way, the same publication as had accepted the tale of King Tut's typewriter as possibly veracious. Delegates in the convention seem to have been unacquainted with German and it was only a day or so later that it dawned on them that the names of the alleged scientists signified Dr. Cheese and Dr. Buttered Bread, and that a hoax had been perpetrated. I at once suspected my old friend Clarke and my suspicions were correct. Some months previously he had prepared the hoax in an idle moment and sent it to *The Christian Guardian* as a voluntary contribution. But *The Guardian* was not taking any that week and it was returned to him. He gave it to his colleague, Murdoch Macdonald, who kept it as a literary curiosity, but one night, in handling the copy of the Fundamentalist convention, it occurred to the latter that the faithful might as well have the benefit of it. He put it in a plain envelope and sent it to one of the most belligerent of the delegates who swallowed

the story even as the whale is alleged to have swallowed Jonah.

Clarke was for a time lured away to the staff of the publishing unit of which *Saturday Night* is the senior publication, and which embraces half a score or more of periodicals. Thus we were once more in daily association, and one summer Clarke wrote, and I helped to promulgate, a famous hoax relating to the Clan Maclean, which enlivened some of us for many weeks. We had on the staff at that time an elderly man named Maclean. He was not very diligent and seemed to be living in the eighteenth century so far as his intellectual interests were concerned. He was a typical Maclean with the stocky frame and antennae-like eyebrows of that clan from the Western Isles. His chief subject of conversation was the prowess of the Clan Maclean and its superiority to all other Scottish strains. Several of us, including Clarke and myself, claimed descent from other clans and the epic of the Macleans began to pall on us. One day Clarke wrote out an imaginary account of the Battle of Culloden, which, was the last rally of the Highland clans supporting Bonnie Prince Charlie. The Highland warriors, inadequately armed and divided among themselves, were utterly overthrown by the Duke of Cumberland, whose subsequent conduct was brutal in the extreme, adn his victory made the Campbells, who had sided with the Hanoverian cause for a long period, dominant in Scotland and hated by their fellow Scots. The battle occurred in April, 1756, but in certain districts of Canada it is still discussed from the standpoint of family tradition, as though it had been an engagement of the Great War.

In his account of the battle Clarke quoted a passage from an imaginary work, Stranways' *History of the Scottish Clans*, which recited how the Macleans, because of their boasting, had been placed in the centre of the battle line. But he went on to state that when faced with

the steady advance of the forces under Cumberland, the Macleans had been seized with panic, flung down their claymores and fled "screaming like women". Victorious in the centre, it was an easy task for Cumberland to demolish either flank. So the sad story ran and wound up with the sentence: "Thus by the cowardice of a single clan was the cause of Scotland lost forever".

To make this hoax effective we drew up the story in this wise:

GREAT CAUSES LOST BY COWARDICE

(continued from page 3)

Several lines alluding to an episode in Spain followed, and then these words, "Better known perhaps is the tragic outcome of the battle of Culloden, of which the following account is given in Stranways' *History of the Scottish Clans*. The story outlined above was then given in detail.

It is a simple matter to so fabricate what is apparently a newspaper clipping that it can only be refuted by a demand for the production of the entire newspaper, from which it is supposed to be taken. In this case I took the manuscript to an old friend who was foreman of a daily newspaper and had it set up in their usual style. Proofs were then pulled on the back of which was other news matter, so that no one could tell it from an actual clipping of a "continued" article such as frequently appears in the inner pages of newspapers. One day, when the stage was properly set with several members of the staff about, we showed the clipping to the scion of the Clan Maclean, remarking that here was a historian who seemed to disagree with him about the prowess of his ancestors. When Maclean read it, his ruddy face actually became white and we thought he was going to be ill:—

"It was a Cawmbell wrot that, damn them!" he exclaimed.

"No, no. You see the name" said I, recovering the clipping before he could destroy it, "it is by the famous historian Stranways".

"Well his mither was a Cawmbell. I ken the hand of the lying breed," he retorted.

Finally (having several other copies) I presented him with the clipping on his promise not to destroy it, and we heard no more about the Macleans from him so long as he remained on the staff.

The hoax had worked so well in the office that we decided that it demanded a wider publicity. John Ross Robertson was still alive and in control of *The Evening Telegram*. He had no love for W. F. Maclean, a lineal descendant of the great chieftain, Maclean of Lochbury, or Maclean of the Bloody Hand, as he was known to legend. The veteran newspaper-owner was descended from the Robertson and Sinclair clans which in earlier times had been at odds with the Macleans. We therefore wrote a little note to *The Telegram* enclosing the clipping and asking if any of the newspaper's readers could verify Stranways' statements. The inquisitive correspondent stated that he had heard a somewhat similar story from his grandfather and signed himself "Archibald Ian Campbell". For weeks *The Telegram* contained letters from Scotsmen dealing with the pros and cons of the question. Whenever it showed signs of flagging my father-in-law, Peter Ryan, or myself would stir up the flames of controversy again. The end came after some weeks when a letter appeared from a book-collector in Cincinnati stating that he possessed the largest collection in America of works relating to the Highland rising of 1745 and the campaign of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He said he had never heard of Stranways and if such a volume as his *History of the Scottish Clans* existed he would gladly pay a very large price for a copy. We decided that it was time newspaper discussion should cease.

Personally I had a great deal of fun showing the bogus clipping to Scotsmen and noting their reactions. Few had the temerity to deny acquaintance with the works of the great Stranways. One old and rather religious newspaperman had a special grudge against W. F. Maclean, M.P., because the latter had once, in a platform controversy over Sunday street cars, called him a "crofter" and a "thick-tongued rooster". "True every word of it" he said when I showed him the clipping. "The Macleans have always ratted. It's all they are good for."

"But is this man Stranways a reliable historian ?" I asked.

"The most reliable of them all," he said, "and the most impartial. I know his works well. He had access to papers that were unknown to other historians, and you may rely on it that what he says is the exact truth. He was above all things just, but his kindly feeling toward Prince Charlie is apparent, and he did not hesitate to expose those who betrayed him."

This I think was the most sincere tribute ever paid to an imaginary historian.

Though he had no part in the creation of them, no one took more enjoyment from the highly adept and literary hoaxes of Charles Langdon Clarke than his chief for many years, Walter J. Wilkinson, of whom I have written much especially in connection with the Hyams case, in the first series of these *Chronicles*. Many of my newspaper friends have remained in harness to the last and met death suddenly and Wilkinson was, one of these. He had had warnings of what to expect but it was in his blood to continue at work and the last day of his life was a particularly happy one for him. His recreation was horse-racing with a flyer at the "long shots". On the afternoon of the day he died he had visited the Ontario Jockey Club's autumn meet and had had a particularly lucky day of it—so lucky that he felt he must go to the office to tell his old colleagues about it.

Thus the last memories of him were of a man in high spirits with a joke for everyone. Half an hour after his return home he was dead. Not long before his death he wrote a reminiscent article for the centenary edition of the Guelph *Mercury*. This newspaper had many years previously acquired the Guelph *Advertiser*, of which his father, Jonathan Wilkinson, had been proprietor in the sixties and in whose office he was born in 1859. During a career of sixty years continuously spent in newspaper offices, he had seen every phase of mechanical progress in the production of newspapers. He could remember an occasion in Guelph when *The Advertiser* failed to appear because a pony, which had been palmed off on his father by a gypsy trader, dropped dead on the horse-power which operated the press. His earliest newspaper recollection was as a little boy of five assisting an elder brother to give away a special edition of *The Advertiser* at church doors on a Sunday morning in April, 1865, when the news arrived of the peace signed at Appomatox between Grant and Lee.

Singularly enough his death occurred on the eve of the day when *The Mail and Empire*, which he had served for thirty years, passed under new ownership and management.

Undoubtedly it was his efficiency and economical direction as news editor that made the newspaper the valuable property it became. The *Mail* had been practically bankrupt in 1895 when, by a master-stroke of diplomacy, the late Christopher Bunting effected an amalgamation with *The Empire* which restored it to its old position as senior organ of the Conservative party. For a time its restoration to party favour was an embarrassment. Conservative politicians insisted on the continuance of a practice which had proved a source of loss to the defunct *Empire*. When they made speeches, however unimportant, they put them on the wires at the newspaper's expense and expected them to appear next

day. Its columns were thus loaded with uninteresting matter to the elimination and curtailment of real news, and telegraphic bills, representing a dead loss, were piled up. Given freedom of action to start reforms when he joined the staff in 1897, Walter Wilkinson came down on the wasters with a heavy hand. Telegraph agents throughout the country were instructed that despatches from other than recognized correspondents must not be accepted unless authorized by a previous query to the news editor. Thus a query would come: "Will you accept 1500 words, speech of Hon. Amos Spellbinder?" The answer would go back, "No, send only 150 words?" Within a few weeks a bright, live newspaper came into being. I recall a celebrated "run-in" with the late Sir Sam Hughes, during the height of the Spanish-American war. Colonel Hughes, not then knighted, had delivered a speech at an Orange picnic in his home town of Lindsay, Ontario, and filed a report of 2000 words. When told of the new rules he stormed and, being himself proprietor of a newspaper, frightened the operator into accepting the despatch. Two hundred words had not been ticked off before a flash ordering him to stop sending was received. The militant Colonel Hughes came to Toronto next day with the avowed intention of "getting that little snipe Wilkinson", and actually took the position that the Spanish-American war was a matter of minor importance in comparison with his speech at Lindsay. Needless to say nothing came of his visit, except the knowledge that neither he nor any other politician was running the news columns of *The Mail and Empire*. "We are publishing a newspaper not an almanac" was Wilkinson's favourite motto. Another was "Half the value of news lies in the way it is dished up".

In the end he met the prospect of death with the same insouciance with which he met the other problems of life. In his case they had not been few.

CHAPTER XI

BACK TO WEEKLY JOURNALISM

DESPITE the interest and jollity of newspaper life under the conditions I have described—a jollity intensified by the fact that it was possible for a few congenial spirits to hold little convivial meetings after the manner of the "Noctes Ambrosianae" recorded by Christopher North, in which we discussed and settled the affairs of the universe in crisp and pointed debates—I found myself at the age of thirty-five growing increasingly restive under the routine of daily journalism. Here was I, with a greater experience of all sorts and conditions of men than the average man of my age, who had given an immense deal of thought to the craftsmanship of my calling and to problems of expression, whose private distractions were chiefly artistic, giving up most of my energy to handling the copy of others, and trying to teach them to clarify their powers of observation and methods of expression. The business of "dishing up the news" in a manner to satisfy a carping public began to pall on me. The system still prevalent in daily journalism of making the man who has really learned his craft a brood-hen for rearing younger craftsmen had always struck me as wasteful of individual talent. I had indeed cast an anchor to the windward in consenting to become a news executive, by insisting that I be permitted to continue as a musical commentator, work which gratified at once my most cherished hobby, and preserved in me the habit of writing. I had seen too many men who had been excellent writers lose their "touch", just as a pianist or violinist who gives up practice loses it, not to fear the same event in my own case. Likelihood would develop into certainty were I

to give myself over wholly to the routine duties of a news organization, however important they might be in the manifold activities of the "Fourth Estate".

Early in 1910 I was seriously considering—unknown to anyone—the question whether I might not more wisely take over the fire insurance business of my father, who was dying, and do a little serious writing as a recreation, when an offer came to me to rejoin the staff of *Saturday Night*, the publication on which I had begun my newspaper career nineteen years previously. The offer came at what was for me the "psychological moment", and with a sense of personal loss, which was, I hope, shared by my associates, I bade a farewell to daily newspaper work. The wrench turned out to be greater than I had anticipated. It involved a change in the habits of many years, for throughout most of my adult life my working day had begun at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and its most active moments had been towards midnight. About ten o'clock at night, for the first two or three months, when I should have been thinking of going to bed, an intense restlessness would come over me, a longing to know what was "doing" that night, and to be down town among my old colleagues. But that feeling was gradually overcome, and after thirteen years of marriage I began to realize for the first time what family life really meant and to bless the change in my routine that permitted me to take part in social activities from which I had long been cut off. I do not think the average person understands how exclusively professional the life of an editor on a morning newspaper is—how small his opportunities for meeting his fellow man except in the way of business.

It is a mistake for anyone to assume that the life of an editor on a weekly newspaper is one of greater leisure; but it functions on a schedule that is seldom disturbed. On Monday morning the systematic man can lay out his programme of work and recreation for the week. It may be a heavy programme but it is rarely that anything

happens to upset it. On the other hand the labours of the news executives on daily newspapers are wholly conditioned by fortuitous circumstances. The general plan of the forthcoming issue may be all laid out, when at noon or at midnight an earthquake occurs somewhere and kills many people, a fire threatens a large part of the city, a notability is assassinated. The whole paper has to be "ripped open", other news stories in type must be drastically cut in proof, headings altered to meet the exigencies of a new make-up, and reporters diverted from the assignments they are engaged on.

On a Monday morning of this winter of 1928 I could not help being sorry for the staffs of the evening newspapers in my own city. At four a fire broke out in the Metropolitan Church, for half a century the chief seat of Methodism in Canada, which gutted the building. Reporters and photographers had to be routed out of their beds two or three hours ahead of time to cover that event. Towards eight o'clock a fire was reported from the great medical building of the University of Toronto, involving grave scientific losses and more rush work for everybody. Towards eleven o'clock news arrived from London that Field Marshal Earl Haig had died suddenly, a wholly unexpected occurrence which demanded much display in the matter of pictures and biographical matter. In the old days the average evening newspaper in the smaller cities would have been wholly swamped and disorganized by such an avalanche of events, but the modern newspaper office is so well equipped with reference library and "morgue", and staffs are so trained to break-neck speed on the typewriter, that with a little harmless profanity and organizing energy the special editions are turned out with remarkable efficiency. A similar sequence of unexpected events is liable to happen to the morning newspapers any night. Therefore the editorial department of a daily newspaper must be organized to deal with extraordinary rather than normal happenings.

Conditions on a weekly newspaper are to some extent reversed, and one of the novel sensations I experienced after leaving *The Mail and Empire* was that of being able to eat a meal without a telephone interruption informing me of some happening which required immediate attention.

My return to *Saturday Night* as associate editor brought me in contact with two of the most interesting and able personalities in Canadian journalism, the late Harold Gagnier, its proprietor, and the late Charles Frederick Paul, who had been for twelve months its managing editor. The former died before attaining his fiftieth year and the latter at the age of sixty. With both, my daily associations were of that pleasant and stimulating character which is the salt of newspaper life. Mr. Gagnier I had known in boyhood, a keen lad with a fund of dry humour, but after we both grew up we saw little of each other. He entered the tobacco business with which his father, a New Orleans Frenchman, who had come to Canada as a young man, had long been identified. On his mother's side he was of British blood, and he united the quick mind of the one race with the business acumen of the other. He became secretary of the trade association of the tobacco industry when very young, and in his appearances before the House of Commons in connection with that interest surprised parliamentarians by his mastery of his subject. In connection with his duties he established a small monthly, *The Cigar and Tobacco Journal*, about the dawn of this century, and from this beginning built up in a decade one of the great publishing units of America, embracing many publications, of which *Saturday Night*, acquired in 1906, was foremost from the standpoint of public celebrity. It is the hobby of a good horseman to pick up an animal of quality that had been neglected and nurse him along until he is turned into a valuable beast. That, precisely stated, was Harold Gagnier's policy after he had become

interested in the publishing business, and was the secret of his success. *Saturday Night*, when he acquired it, had gone sadly to seed. Its founder, E. E. Sheppard, had lost interest in it, especially after it failed him as an instrument of his ambition for political advancement; and, as I have intimated in an earlier chapter, his management of it had become almost suicidal. It had started in 1887 as the livest of local publications, but had suffered somewhat from the fact that the daily press soon began to incorporate certain special departments, which it had originated, in their week-end issues. Mr. Sheppard's own ability and individuality had been vital factors in its popularity, but he had gradually alienated his public. About 1905 he realized that the time had come when he must part with the child of his own creation and entered into negotiations to sell it to Mr. F. A. Acland, now King's Printer for Canada, and then one of the editors of *The Globe*. But Mr. Acland's financial backer failed him at the last moment and the paper was left on Mr. Sheppard's hands. A year or so later, however, he succeeded in selling it to Mr. Gagnier, whose ambitions he had discovered, for a larger sum than the option he had given Mr. Acland. I shall not reveal the figures but they would seem very ludicrous in comparison with the value of the property as Mr. Gagnier left it after fifteen years of ownership. Mr. Sheppard had not the slightest belief that the publication would survive for a year after his retirement. In moments of indiscretion he confided to his friends that "the boy had been stung" and that *Saturday Night* was doomed. He himself departed shortly afterward for California. In 1920 Mr. Gagnier was in Los Angeles and, learning that Mr. Sheppard was ill, went to see him. The elder man asked how *Saturday Night* was getting on and Mr. Gagnier, with no intention of boasting, showed him a copy of the annual statement which had just been forwarded him. The figures were so remarkable in comparison with those of the

property when it had been acquired by Gagnier that Mr. Sheppard flew into a rage and said he would not have any cub come crowing over him. That was their last meeting.

During his first two years of ownership Mr. Gagnier carried on the publication as a small local weekly, with Joseph T. Clarke as Editor-in-Chief. But presently Mr. Clarke received an offer he did not feel justified in refusing, to edit a new enterprise *The Star Weekly*, a week-end edition of the *Daily Star*, which became immediately successful. Mr. Gagnier then bethought him of an old friend, Fred Paul, city editor of the Montreal *Star*, a man of wide experience, universally popular in newspaper circles. Already he had realized that *Saturday Night* was at the turning of the ways. He felt that its only future lay in transforming it into a large national weekly seeking support of Canadians from ocean to ocean.

Saturday Night is a singular instance of a weekly newspaper which largely increased its circulation and prestige by increasing its price and its advertising rates. The plan was carefully considered, however, and was successfully launched late in 1909, towards the close of the twenty-second year of the newspaper's existence. Increased rates were of course accompanied by augmentation in size and variety of contents, involving an increased staff, and it was for this reason that shortly afterward I was engaged as associate editor to take an all-round interest in the various departments of the publication. One secret of Mr. Gagnier's success as a publisher was the fact that he had confidence in his editors and his editors had confidence in him. The average editor feels himself to some extent handicapped by the timidity of the counting house, but in Mr. Gagnier we found a man as courageous and willing to take chances in an honest cause, as the most zealous of editors; and the keenness of his mind was always of great assistance in counsel.

Like "The Chief" as we called him, Fred Paul was of mingled French and English blood. His father was a native of Strassburg in Alsace who had come as a young man to Saratoga, New York, and made a great financial success as a newspaper publisher there. His mother was of the ancient French-Canadian family of Provencher, and likewise of a Scottish strain. Fred himself, reared in a newspaper office at Saratoga, had been for a time proprietor of a newspaper at the mining town of Hazelton, Pa. He had sold that property and was on a visit to Montreal relatives in 1896 when he was offered and accepted a position on the Montreal *Star*. Thus in his thirtieth year he became one of the most active of Canadian journalists. Because of his lean physique, and a cast of countenance strongly resembling that of Woodrow Wilson, he was at first commonly described as a "Yankee", which, in view of his ancestry, used to amuse him. Indeed one of the strongest of his prejudices was contempt for the ideas of the New England puritans. As a young man at Saratoga he had been a lieutenant of the National Guard of New York State, and when the Spanish-American war broke out he accepted the call of duty as a reserve officer and left Montreal to go to the front. That he was very popular in the army I learned shortly after his sudden death on April 30th, 1926, from an old comrade in arms. The effect of the Spanish-American war was to develop in him strongly anti-militarist views, though he always maintained that the soldier's life was in one sense the easiest of lives, since you always had someone to do the thinking for you, and were free from worry so long as you obeyed orders.

Fred Paul had a natural aptitude for financial journalism. He had a burning dislike for the crooked promoter, the despoiler of the widow and orphan, the parasites of finance in every prosperous country, especially growing countries with vast natural resources like Canada. While still city editor of the Montreal *Star* he had won

especial distinction by the cunning and ability with which he had outwitted and exposed a crew of usurious money lenders who had been battening for years on the poor salaried men in that city. It was under his direction, and with the enthusiastic approval of Mr. Gagnier, that he undertook a campaign against the many financial crooks who in 1910 were bleeding the people of Canada. Conditions are bad enough at any time, for the breed of "get-rich-quick" gentry who have no scruples as to who suffers so long as they get funds to provide champagne and perfectos for themselves and finery for their mistresses is undying. But in 1910, when *Saturday Night* started its great campaign to clean up the investment business in this country, the situation in Toronto and elsewhere was wide open. The existing laws were quite inadequate to combat the more skilful type of shark, adept at "keeping within the law". Some had become so impudent that they even did not hesitate to violate the common law against fraud. Regulations against bucket shops and other measures of financial protection were as "scraps of paper" to most of them. At the time I joined the staff of *Saturday Night* one could not go into the King Edward Hotel at Toronto without seeing scores of crooks at work trying to separate victims from their money, flashy fellows and big spenders. This was true also of every large hotel in Canada, and in every village and on every countryside "strong arm" salesmen were at work endeavouring to bamboozle ignorant men and women out of their savings.

From my personal standpoint as a journalist, the most tragic part of the business was the partnership which existed between the men engaged in this great conspiracy to defraud and reputable daily newspapers. They were great purchasers of advertising space; and pages were given over to the exploitation of flotations which editors, helpless to prevent their publication, knew to be fraudulent. The impudence with which this

class of advertiser would demand recognition in the news columns, his assumption that reporters and city editors were under obligation to print anything he chose to submit to them was appalling. Stipulation for news recognition was a part of their advertising contracts. Often when a promoter had called me to the telephone and insisted that I take down an item I knew to be false, I had been tempted to call him a liar and a thief, but knew that I would be regarded as an enemy of the newspaper's financial well-being if I did so. It may be imagined with what relish I engaged in the hue and cry against the fraudulent promoter when I joined the staff of *Saturday Night* on March 1st, 1910. The publication already had a brilliant acquisition in Peter Donovan, a young Montreal newspaperman, now a literary man in England, and presently the staff was joined by Norman Harris, a reporter of long experience both in Toronto and New York, who took over the newly created Financial Section under the expert direction of Fred Paul. Donovan and I were in charge of the literary and artistic departments, but the whole staff took a hand in the campaign against evil-doers. Even the editor of the Women's Section occasionally gave assistance. She was Constance Marston, a very able newspaper woman who had assisted Fred Paul in his campaign against usurers in Montreal, and is now Mrs. Richmond Smith of New York, and qualified to practise as an attorney-at-law. We worked in direct co-operation with the police authorities, and the issuance of *Saturday Night* on Thursday morning was frequently followed by the appearance of a patrol wagon with a squad of policemen at the business premises of some promoter we had attacked. I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing several men who had been arrogant in their demands for favours in the daily press sent to prison. Others fled to avoid prosecution. As the Toronto situation was gradually cleaned up, our activities extended elsewhere. The Canadian West, because of its virgin

resources, has always been a favoured hunting ground of the shark promoter, and we fought many a battle out there. In 1911 Fred C. Pickwell, a newspaperman who had had experience on prairie newspapers and knew the ground thoroughly, became attached to the staff as Western representative, and his periodical exposures have routed out many a nest of crooks.

One of the most extraordinary reactions from this initial campaign, the principles of which became part of the permanent policy of *Saturday Night*, was the accusation that its staff was a "gang of blackmailers". This charge was freely circulated against Fred Paul especially. Now if blackmail means the *refusal* of money tendered to purchase silence, we were certainly guilty. During my years of connection with the publication it has refused advertising aggregating at least one million dollars, rather than publish anything it regarded as doubtful. I would not allege that all this advertising was intentionally dishonest, but a reputation for protecting the interests of readers imposes very rigid obligations on a publication, and the old newspaper adage "When in doubt, leave out" must be the guide.

A typical instance of the abuse encountered was a wholesale charge of blackmail against *Saturday Night* staff published in a short-lived Vancouver weekly by a newspaper man who had once been in the employ of Mr. Sheppard, and who was indignant because advertisements of a townsite in which he was interested had been refused, and the flotation attacked. He came East shortly afterward, and I chanced to meet him on the street. He said:

"How are Fred Paul and the rest of you getting on?"

"Pretty well for a gang of blackmailers," I replied. "But we have chased out so many crooks that we seem to have killed the goose which laid the golden eggs."

He looked at me curiously and asked "What are you driving at?"

"Well," I replied, "since you or somebody else takes the trouble to send us marked copies of your articles, it should not be difficult to guess."

He grew furious and said: "Well, why don't you sue me for libel?"

"That would be nice," I replied. "A free advertisement to a sheet without credit and without assets."

Such I am satisfied was the aim of many who made the charge of blackmail; but there was a good deal of genuine skepticism over the circumstance that any Canadian publication should refuse advertising of other than an obscene and disgusting character. It was a policy hitherto unknown in Canada, but I am glad to say that matters have greatly changed for the better in the press generally. The weight of public sentiment which rallied to the support of *Saturday Night* in the period of which I speak became recognized by the daily press. No longer can the fraudulent promoter obtain the publication of anything he chooses to write, by paying cash in advance. The breed is undying and its operations demand eternal vigilance, but the "get-rich-quick" gentry no longer carry matters with so high a hand as they used to do. That they have been curbed, though not exterminated, is very largely due to the pioneer activities of Harold Gagnier and Fred Paul, and the instrument for the public welfare which they wrought will, I trust, continue to function as effectively in the future as in the past.

At the present time, with the return of prosperity and the swing of the pendulum towards optimism, there is grave danger of the return of the conditions which made Canada the Mecca of sharks prior to the great war. There are always shabby politicians willing to help them, but the better elements of press and public are better organized to combat them than in the past. Nothing truer was ever said than Barnum's epigram "There's a sucker born every minute", and there will always be work to do if he is to be protected from his own folly.

But no longer are the chief institutions of our land active in assisting the shark against the sucker.

One of the great questions with which *Saturday Night* had to deal, and which at one time threatened its fortunes, was that of prohibition. It can claim to have maintained its convictions on this subject consistently and without hypocrisy—for there was hypocrisy both among the "wets" and the "drys"—until its own point of view triumphed. Behind the various prohibitory enactments, both in Canada and the United States, lay a great illusion or fallacy which had been created by the circumstances of the war—the idea that it is possible to do anything by legal enactment, whether supported by a vote of the majority or not. In time of war it is necessary to restrict certain liberties, even to limit the consumption of certain articles of food, and to interfere in many ways with business interests. All these things are done by common consent, just as anyone consents to the flooding of his house in order to extinguish a fire in his attic. But abnormal remedies will not do for normal occasions. No man would consent to have his house deluged weekly as a precaution against fire breaking out.

The view Fred Paul and I took was that any restrictions on the liquor traffic that were deemed advisable for the successful prosecution of the war were justifiable, just as restrictions on the consumption of bacon and gasoline were justifiable, but that such temporary expedients should not become permanent restrictions on public liberty. We felt and knew that the attempt to do so would seriously weaken respect for all laws, and we preached this doctrine at a time when such preaching was exceedingly unpopular. Personally, in June, 1914, when the war was unthought of, I had voted for a candidate of Hon. N. W. Rowell, then Liberal leader in Ontario, who had formulated a policy of "Banish the Bar". I had come to the conclusion that the bar was a nuisance, although I had freely used it myself for twenty years, and since

the bar was a public place I felt that government had a right to regulate it out of existence or restrict its operations, just as it has the right to control street traffic in the interest of public safety. But I felt that no government had the right, nor what was still more important, the *power*, to prohibit the consumption of alcoholic beverages, which mankind, obeying some inherent need or impulse, had been making and consuming since long before the beginning of recorded history.

The war, however, had convinced many people, who should have known better, that it was possible to do anything by statutory enactment, even to eradicate from the human constitution, within one generation, an appetite established for many thousand years. At one time, shortly after the war, when referenda on the subject were being held in various parts of Canada, *Saturday Night* suffered cancellations of thousands of subscriptions, and the question had to be seriously considered whether it was wise to stick to our guns or not. My own view and that of Fred Paul was that a recession from our position would be ruinous. For more than a quarter of a century its views on this subject had been latitudinarian, and a sudden change would simply alienate the traditional and loyal supporters of the newspaper without convincing its opponents that we were sincere. A reaction within ten years seemed inevitable, and when that time should come we would be nowhere. To me, Æsop's fable of the old man and his ass has always seemed the epitome of wordly wisdom.

We had examples of hypocrisy, not among the religious people fanatically devoted to prohibitory ideas, but among business men who proclaimed themselves tolerant, and frankly accepted the idea that there should be one law for the rich and another for the poor. Merchants and manufacturers who had taken the precaution to stock their cellars with thousands of dollars' worth of liquor—as much, they boasted, as would last them for

the rest of their lives, urged on us support of prohibition for the sake of the "lower classes". By the "lower classes" they meant the salaried men and wage earners by virtue of whose co-operation and labours they lived and drew their dividends. Personally, I have no socialistic illusions about the ability of the wage earner and the salaried man to carry on effectively without the directing minds of the captains of finance, commerce, and industry. But it was nauseating to hear such captains assuming that there should be liberties for them and restrictions for the less fortunate, a theory based in essence on the belief that more profits would be diverted to themselves to use in replenishing their cellars or for any other luxurious purpose they might have in mind. Not long after these same hypocrites were, figuratively speaking, screaming with fear over the prospect of Bolshevism, and urging us to advocate extreme measures for its suppression, oblivious of the fact that their own attitude of mind and their complacent boasting about their well-stocked cellars had done most to give it a start in Canada. Bolshevism never had much chance in a country so rich in opportunity, and it was killed by the gradual adoption of Government Control.

The whole prohibition issue in this country, and especially in the great province of Ontario, where it lasted longer than in most sections of the country, was complicated to some extent by politics. It had been a political football for a long period prior to the ill-requited but sincere experiment of Sir William Hearst in September, 1916. During the long regime of Sir Oliver Mowat as Premier of Ontario (1873-1896) the old conciliator had in a most extraordinary way managed to hold in common allegiance both the prohibitionists and the liquor interests. The prohibitionists were mainly to be found in the ranks of what, without offence, I may call the "non-conformist" bodies, and their allegiance to Sir Oliver was based chiefly on antipathy to the

Anglican Church, which was in the main Conservative. They had traditional grievances against the Anglican body dating from the days of the Clergy Reserves controversy and the efforts of Bishop Strachan to create an Established Church in this country. The liquor interests, on the other hand, from self interest supported the Mowat government, which held the power of life and death over them and did not hesitate to exercise it. The arrangement worked very smoothly, because all Sir Oliver needed do when the demands of his prohibitionists for action became too aggressive was to send for a few of their leaders and intimate that they must be careful or they would let in the godless Tories. There was a sincere conviction in some quarters that the Tories were godless and that the Church of England was not a religion—I was sometimes told so by playmates at school.

When Sir Oliver retired from Ontario politics, and two or three years later Hon. G. W. Ross (afterwards Sir George) became premier, the situation changed. Ross, like another noted Canadian public man, Sir George Foster, had first achieved fame as a temperance orator, and had retained to some extent his early alliances. He could not, like Sir Oliver or Mr. Hardy, who had never committed themselves, avoid prohibitionist demands with a tolerant gesture. Pressure on him became stronger and stronger, but experience in office had taught him a great deal about the validity of laws. In the early years of this century, when, because of various political scandals, the feeling was abroad that his government was doomed, men who were not prohibitionists themselves, but zealous for party advantage, urged on Ross that he might salve the conscience of the community and make a gesture consistent with his earlier convictions by adopting the policy of prohibition. One evening, when troubled over the situation, he disclosed to one near and dear to him, from whose lips I had the

story, the suggestion that had been made to him, and his confidant said, "Well, why don't you do it?"

"I would not do it, if I were a dictator with an assurance of absolute power for the rest of my life," said Ross. Asked for his reasons, he said: "Experience has convinced me that public sentiment in this country is not ripe for prohibition and never will be in my time. Any attempt to enforce such a law would be a failure and would be injurious to the administration of all laws. Especially would it be injurious to the cause of total abstinence which I preached in my youth and have practised all my life. No, I will not adopt prohibition even though it would place me in power for the rest of my life."

This story is absolutely true and reveals in G. W. Ross a sincerity with which he was not credited during his premiership.

Strangely enough, it was left to Sir James Whitney to devise the most effective laws by which temperance sentiment could express itself in individual communities, and to his successor, Sir William Hearst, who did permanently banish the bar. Both were Conservatives and despite that fact they went farther in meeting the views of prohibitionists than the professed friends of the movement. It is also paradoxical that they never obtained any considerable measure of support from the very people whose views they had tried to meet half way, in the case of Sir William Hearst more than half way. The difference in the political fortunes of the two premiers is in some measure explained by the fact that Whitney always repudiated the idea of prohibition, but Hearst dallied with it and accepted it as a permanent possibility. Thus Sir William lost the support of the vast body of intelligent opinion who held the views privately expressed in 1903 by Hon. G. W. Ross, and gained no support from the prohibition forces. A few months before the defeat of Sir William Hearst, I was chatting with the late Hon. W. J. Hanna, who had refused the

premiership after Whitney's death, but had remained in the cabinet as Provincial Secretary for a time and had had a share in implementing the original Ontario Temperance Act. He asked me what I thought Hearst's chances were. "Hearst is no doubt sincere," I said, "but he is politically doomed. Ten years from now, when his name is mentioned most people will think that the allusion is to William Randolph Hearst, the yellow journalist."

It should be remembered that the original Ontario Temperance Act of 1916 did not contemplate the prohibition of the consumption of liquor as a beverage. It did not attempt to interfere with the importation of liquor for household use, which came within the purview of the Federal government. The men who really fastened prohibition on Ontario and other English-speaking provinces were Hon. C. J. Doherty of Montreal, Minister of Justice in the Borden cabinet, acting on the urgent suggestion of Hon. N. W. Rowell, and Senator Sir George Foster. The nature of Mr. Doherty's convictions on this subject came as a surprise to the country, but he provided facilities for preventing importation which Sir William Hearst would like to have respectfully declined; but, having nailed his colours to the mast, was obliged to accept. This legislation, both in the House of Commons and the Senate, went through by flukes when comparatively few members were present. The means by which it was put through while certain Commoners and Senators opposed to it were absent savoured somewhat of trickery. Naturally some Quebec members were all for this legislation, not because they were prohibitionists but because they saw definite advantages in the way of tourist business and general commerce for their own province.

According to a possibly apochryphal story current at the time, Sir George Foster had an interesting experience in connection with the policies he had pressed through the Senate. After the war a British Commission on

Empire Resources visited Canada on its way around the world, and Sir George Foster, as Minister of Trade and Commerce, naturally became their host. They were very able and distinguished men but, like nearly all eminent figures in British public life, were accustomed to taking an occasional Scotch and soda. They were highly pleased with what they saw in the Province of Quebec, but when they reached Ontario and found that there the usual tonic was denied them they became decidedly sulky, and indisposed to take an interest in the vast potentialities of the province. Sir George, according to the yarn, was at last enabled to discern the cause, and came to the conclusion that patriotism demanded that whiskey be provided for his guests. He bethought him of his old friend, D. B. Hanna, of the Canadian Northern Railway and some years later the first Chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board. Calling Mr. Hanna on the 'phone he begged the loan of a few bottles of Scotch if that gentleman happened to have a supply. In his rugged Doric accents Mr. Hanna replied: "I'll do no sic thing, George Foster, and I am surprised that you should ask me. You helped to get the country into this mess and you may get yourself out of it the best way you can." Whether in the end Sir George was able to soothe his guests is unrecorded.

My most amusing experience with prohibition occurred six or seven years ago at a time when a referendum was pending in Ontario. I chanced to read in a newspaper that the State of Maryland was making a renewed attempt in Congress to have "The Star Spangled Banner" recognized as the national anthem of the United States. It is not generally known that the United States has no national anthem; and that though this song is frequently heard it is not obligatory on the band of the U.S. Navy or the U.S. Army to play it on formal occasions, as in the case of "God Save the

King" with us. The State of Maryland and its port of Baltimore have a parental interest in "The Star Spangled Banner" because the words were written by Francis Scott Key, during the heat of an engagement at Baltimore in the war of 1812, and described an incident he actually witnessed. They were published next day in the *Baltimore Sun* with the suggestion that they could be sung to a well-known tavern song "The Sons of Anacreon". The latter ditty lauds both Venus and Bacchus and is altogether pagan in suggestion. The vocal difficulties which are encountered in the tune are due to the fact that in the original there is a phrase of the chorus which should be hiccuped in the old fashion of "giving a rouse". The tune was composed at least forty years earlier than the war of 1812 by a London musician named Smith, and it must have been extremely popular on both sides of the Atlantic at the beginning of the last century because Francis Scott Key assumed that it was known to everyone in Baltimore.

This knowledge had come to me in my vocation as a musical critic, and when I read of the efforts to have "The Star Spangled Banner" officially recognized as a national anthem I wrote an ironical editorial in *Saturday Night* saying that this would never do in a country which had adopted the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. I recited the facts as above, and spoke of how the souls of little ones would be polluted by singing the air of a tavern song. The editorial concluded, "Cursed be thy memory, Francis Scott Key, for thou hast sinned against the 'drys'." I thought it a fairly good attempt at ironical humour and so did the New York *World* which reprinted it on its editorial page. But I was soon to learn once more (as often in the past) that irony is meaningless to many estimable people. When I wrote the editorial I was unaware that the Christian Science organization was bitterly opposed to recognition of "The Star Spangled Banner" because it immortalizes a

warlike episode. Moreover its adherents were strong advocates of prohibition, and until the editorial was reprinted in the New York *World* I suppose that no individual among the supporters of William Jennings Bryan and Wayne B. Wheeler was aware that the ditty had been originally a drinking song. My revelation therefore strengthened the hands of those who were campaigning against Key's song, by giving them an argument to enlist the "drys" on their side. Presently a letter arrived at *Saturday Night* office from Miss Kitty Cheatam, once a noted actress and later an eminent Christian Scientist, asking to know the name of the "God-inspired man" who had written the editorial, and announcing that tens of thousands of reprints had been issued and sent to every public man throughout the United States. I modestly decided to remain anonymous and I am still unaware of what happened to Maryland's attempt to get official recognition for its favourite hymn.

Speaking of the Eighteenth Amendment recalls to me a meeting I enjoyed with Hon. Frank B. Polk, who was Secretary of State during the concluding years of the Woodrow Wilson régime. It was Mr. Polk's duty (against his will as I gathered) formally to make the Eighteenth Amendment law by attaching his signature to it. In this matter he was, so to speak, a "rubber stamp". Mr. Polk, though the grandson of an early President of the United States, is not a politician, and his rise to the Secretaryship of State was due to his knowledge of international law at a time when such knowledge was indispensable in that office. Some years earlier he had been an official under William Jennings Bryan when that politician held the portfolio, and on the day before the signature was to be appended Bryan came to him and said: "Polk, you are going to have the greatest honour conferred on you that ever fell to a public man in this or any age. You are to sign the Eighteenth Amendment which makes prohibition law for more than one hundred million people. Now I am going to ask two favours of

you, first that you will give me the pen with which you sign it, and second that you have your photograph taken with me." Mr. Polk replied that Mr. Bryan might have the pen and welcome but declined to be photographed. On the day the ceremony took place Mr. Polk remained at his office immersed in more important duties and finally, as he was leaving, his attendant, a very intelligent and experienced old darky, in helping him on with his overcoat said sadly: "You done a pore day's work, Mr. Polk, you done a pore day's work!" Certainly the darky had more foresight than Mr. Bryan.

So far as Canada is concerned prohibition is now a thing of the past and will not be heard of again as a political possibility during my lifetime. Its great stronghold territorially and in point of population, the province of Ontario, rejected it at the polls so soon as a courageous statesman with a really constructive policy decided to tackle the question on his own responsibility, and risk his political career for his gradually matured convicvictions. Hon. George Howard Ferguson had proved his worth as an indefatigable administrator previously, but many persons thought him timid when he was in reality merely cautious—an indispensable factor in political success. I have known all Premiers of Ontario, save its first, Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, who died four months before I was born, but none I think was more deeply imbued with wisdom, humour, energy, and the spirit of progress than Mr. Ferguson, and none relied less on purely partizan appeals.

I could have wished that Fred Paul had lived to see the triumph of the ideas for which he had fought under many vexations and much abuse—a triumph which came just seven months after his death. This unflinchingly courageous editor and most loyal of friends passed away like a child who had fallen asleep, and after a day in the office when, in health and spirits, he had never seemed better. It could be truly said of him that he had "done the state some service".

CHAPTER XII

THE PRESS AND THE WAR

"BUSINESS as usual! Its a damn lie, isn't it?" So spake a woman artist to me after the great war had been in progress for three months, and the exultation which followed the victory of the Marne in September of 1914 had subsided. Of all the yeasty phrases with which humanity tried to nourish its morale in those months, "Business as usual" was the most meaningless: for like many other things business was utterly changed and has remained so ever since. To no class in the community was "Business as usual" so palpable a lie as for young women of the type I have mentioned who made their living by painting or music. They found many people willing to utilize their services *gratis* in the promotion of war aims but few to offer them the means of subsistence—and they could not all become nurses or paid secretaries of the many war organizations that sprang up like mushrooms over night.

Everyone who was sufficiently mature in mind in the summer of 1914 to be conscious of what had happened, has his own personal recollection of just how the news that the day of Armageddon was at hand reached him, and affected him. It came to me while I was taking a holiday at a farmhouse in the lovely Severn River country of northern Ontario. Strolling from a rural post office across a great hay field, where the bobolinks were sporting in the July sunlight and carolling the little phrase that gives them their name, I opened a newspaper and learned that the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria at Sarajevo a few weeks previously had developed consequences that would set the world in arms. On this continent we had regarded the incident as just

another of those European assassinations or attempted assassinations which ever since my boyhood had been a periodical sensation in the cable news, especially in connection with the ill-fated house of Hapsburg. But here at last was an assassination that was to change the course of events for all mankind, and though for days thereafter there were voluminous reports of the efforts of statesmen to prevent or isolate the inevitable conflict, I had an inner conviction that they would prove hopeless. Thus on that most glorious summer day a mood of subconscious depression assailed me, which was to last for years.

A man associated with musical criticism as long as I had been naturally acquires a very cosmopolitan and polyglot acquaintanceship, and picks up, in spite of himself, a knowledge of European nationalities and points of view acquired as a rule only by those who have travelled much. And I personally had a great regard and liking for the German people, based on respect for their soundness and sincerity as artists, and their simplicity and good fellowship as individuals. More than that, an Ontario-bred Canadian familiar with the thrift, industrial resource, and capacity for good citizenship apparent in German settlements, could not at once regard them with hatred. I had sometimes been a guest of the "Deutscher Verein", the leading German club of Toronto, and had spent many a delightful hour there, and I could not bring myself to feel that old friendships were at an end. Every Canadian in a responsible position had to make certain reservations with regard to Germans. A newspaper editor of my acquaintance, and subsequently the most rabid hater of Germans as such, was compelled to make these reservations in the case of his chief political hero, Sir Adam Beck, on both sides the child of emigrants from Prussia. It was to this editor's credit that he exempted Sir Adam from his category of hate. Looking back on the war years I can imagine nothing more

exemplary than the conduct of many German Canadians. They must have winced at the epithet "Huns", a most inapplicable term to apply to Germans, for wherever they go they are industrious and creative, whereas the Huns were nomads who, both in Asia and Europe, sought to destroy all civic life. No class of alien settlers in Canada gave the authorities so little genuine cause for concern. Their admirable attitude was in part due, I think, to the fact that though they magnified the old Kaiser and Prince Bismarck, they privately despised his grandson the reigning Kaiser, and admired the British royal house, which was also of German blood. It was also due to their ingrained sense of State obedience. The ideas which Mussolini has since, by extraordinary efforts, sought to implant in the Italian people were part of their nature, and Canada, with its broad Imperial relation, was their adopted State.

The German-Canadians had to put up with many exasperations, often at the hands of people less useful to the community than themselves, in the form of anonymous letters and open insults. One of the chief sufferers was the celebrated musician, the late Dr. Vogt, who had become principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music a year before the outbreak of the war. He was a man whose father had fled to Canada from Baden after the rising of 1848, and he had been brought up in dislike for the Prussians, but his German name was sufficient to make him an object of petty persecution. I had another German friend, a veteran manufacturer and a native of Hanover, who, after the forcible annexation of that principality, had run away to this continent rather than be conscripted into the Prussian army. He and his family connections became special objects of annoying attentions, although they had given the authorities excellent assistance in maintaining a record of enemy nationals. One episode in connection with this old gentleman illustrates the ludicrous lengths to which

private and unofficial espionage went during the early months of the war. Late in the autumn of 1914, the Toronto police official who had charge of alien registration received persistant reports that this old gentleman had had a load of bombs taken into the cellar of his residence after nightfall. The police were loath to worry the object of this accusation by a forcible search, and so, unknown to him, it was arranged that a quiet inspection should take place during his absence from home. The alleged *cache* of bombs turned out to be a load of red cabbages, which had been delivered at dusk one November evening, for the old gentleman had retained an ancestral liking for the delicacies that may be fabricated from this ruddy vegetable. Later in the war, when certain blatant members of the community were trying to brand all Roman Catholics as disloyal, despite the very heavy enlistment of young soldiers of that faith, a fanatical farmer came into *Saturday Night* office and wished us to expose the fact that the cellar of St. Anthony's Seminary, east of the city, was full of bombs, and was highly indignant when we laughed at him and told him that the bombs would probably be found to be turnips and cabbages.

Such examples of human folly helped to divert the minds of some of us who could not share the artificial optimism which served to keep up the spirits of the people at times when matters were going more badly than they knew. The war period and its aftermath were at least an object lesson in the resilience of the human spirit and its ability to adapt itself to new conditions. The blessing involved in the condition that none of us know what the future holds in store for us was never more clearly apparent. Thus men and women were able bravely to endure griefs, the previous contemplation of which would have made them long for death.

After the war broke out, editors in every part of the Empire were more or less censured because they had not responded to the appeal of Lord Roberts and urged the formation of a great standing army in preparation for the inevitable conflict with Germany. Many Imperialists in Canada had privately urged a collateral policy of the same kind for this country, oblivious of the fact that raising an army destined for an offence would have been impossible in Canada in time of peace, and the very failure of such an effort would have been an encouragement to Germany. It would have stimulated the comforting belief that existed in Potsdam up to August, 1914, that the Dominions would never rally to the assistance of the motherland. Sir Sam Hughes, who had, in 1911, become Minister of Militia and Defence in the Borden cabinet, stated his belief subsequently that it had been certain that Germany would find a means of bringing on a European war so soon as the enlargement of the Kiel Canal, to permit the egress of the greater ships of the German navy, was completed. So the event proved, but such a hypothesis as this would not have produced the enthusiastic rush for enlistment which took place in every city of Canada, once hypothesis became fact. We now know that Great Britain did a good deal more in the way of preparedness from 1911 onward than she was ever credited with, but did not advertise the fact.

It was easy for captious critics to assail Canadian editors for having failed to take seriously the prophecy of Lord Roberts, but such persons had small appreciation of the actual situation. In our office we did take it seriously and believed that only the most extreme efforts of enlightened diplomacy and the cultivation of friendly relations with other peoples could avert war. That being the case we felt that the creation of a vast standing army by Great Britain with collateral forces in the Dominions could only have the effect of

precipitating an immediate war. Since such an army could have but one purpose—to fight Germany—it seemed ridiculous to us to suppose that Germany would patiently wait until the engine devised for her destruction was complete. She would have had the very excuse she desired for declaring war, and among neutral nations Great Britain would forfeit sympathy as the power which had deliberately precipitated the conflict. I still think that our position was right, both in a moral and practical sense. There are even yet many critics of Great Britain who spread the theory that the motherland covertly and craftily conspired to bring about the war, despite her failure to raise a large standing army prior to 1914. They would have every justification for this belief had this course been embarked on. Moreover the financial strain of a vast preparatory military expenditure would, to some extent at least, have prejudiced the development of that naval strength and efficiency without which the accumulated effort of Britain and the United States would have been unavailing. For a few weeks after the war broke out we were subjected to criticism for having at various times pointed out the hazards of Lord Roberts' plan and for having encouraged a spirit of good will towards, other nations, but paltry grievances of that sort were soon forgotten in the stress of events.

In *Mr. Punch's History of the War* the fact is revealed that at the outbreak of the conflict, *Punch* seriously considered putting up its shutters, because it seemed as though there would be no place for such a publication in a shattered and mourning world. Happily it did not, but continued as an expression of that fine spirit in the British peoples which enables them to face misfortune with candid and smiling eyes. The first year was a difficult period for all publications. The daily press was obliged to enter on very largely increased expenditures for news services, in the face of rising costs in wages and materials and a falling advertising revenue. Periodicals

like *Saturday Night*, inasmuch as they were "luxuries", felt the pressure also, and there was a disposition among financial institutions to leave non-essential industries flat on their backs. As a matter of fact, a vast number of Canadian publications of all classes were submerged forever as a result of the war and its aftermath. And it is probable that if *Saturday Night* had not strongly entrenched itself in national favour by the policies I had described, it, too, might have been a victim. As it was, its circulation was saved very largely by its services of military pictures at a time when readers were taking an interest in little else but the war. It was with dismay that we editors, during the first two or three months of the conflict, heard of a circulation weekly diminishing. Good picture services were not at first available, but the rebound which followed when we were able to show the war pictorially with finely finished engravings was splendid.

On one point of editorial policy I differed at the outset from most of my newspaper friends and many public men; and that was as to the duration of the war. The cry that the war would be over by Christmas, which began on the day after King George sent his famous message to the Navy, "Capture or destroy the enemy", seemed to me fantastic. It was not that I was entitled to regard myself as an authority on military affairs, but because the inspiration of this optimistic utterance came from the great financiers who had somehow persuaded themselves that capital controlled humanity. As an omnivorous reader I was aware that in time of war humanity is prone to set aside what is ordinarily known as self-interest or to form entirely new conceptions of it. I was especially familiar with the history of the American civil war, in which the South had fought for four years although for most of that period it had been in a hopelessly bankrupt condition. A few days after the war began, Sir Edmund Walker, who, if I remember rightly,

was acting as chief spokesman for the Canadian Bankers' Association, gave an interview to a member of *Saturday Night* staff in which he said that the war would be over in three months because the financial interests would not permit it to last longer. I implored my chief, Fred Paul, not to publish the interview because it was mischievous and delusive. I argued at length that no nation had ever been persuaded by financial considerations to give up so long as it believed that it had a chance of victory. Finally he said, "Perhaps you're right; the Turks have been carrying on war for years without a dollar." But he was indisposed to let me write the editorials I wanted to write suggesting that a terrible period of sacrifice lay before us, and that the war would be a long one. At that time the public was being fed with despatches to the effect that the heroic Belgians were really holding up the German advance. In France, Joffre himself was under the delusion that the main German army was not coming by that route. All the time that I was arguing for a long war I was hoping against hope that I was wrong. But I found that whatever the optimism of bankers might be, experienced military men with an instinctive sense of the forces that had been let loose did not share that confidence. One day, during the first fortnight of the war, I met Colonel Grasett, at that time Chief of Police of Toronto, and in conversation told him that the bankers were of the opinion that the war would be over by Christmas. "My God, do they think the Germans will whip us as soon as that!" was his terse comment. Lord Kitchener's speech, in which he predicted a war of three years' duration at least, ended argument, but few believed him, I am afraid.

There will always be a good deal of conflict of opinion about the service rendered by Sir Sam Hughes, on whom devolved the political task of organizing Canada's military contribution to war effort. There was much that was romantic in the personality of Sir Sam. He

had been a success in combating guerilla warfare by Boer commandoes in the latter stages of the South African war. His temperament was that of the cut and thrust heroes of the Napoleonic wars, and despite his vitality I doubt if any man who held responsibilities at the outbreak of the conflict lived more exclusively in the past. One of his rooted convictions was that the war would be won by the bayonet, and his laudation of an invention by a woman secretary, consisting of a combined spade and shield which could be used for trench digging and then fitted over the barrel of the rifle to protect the soldier as he advanced to the charge, aroused a good deal of legitimate satire.

Merely from seeing cadets give displays of machine gun drill at military shows, I had for years assumed that the machine gun would play a very considerable part in any future war. What was my surprise to learn, after the war had been in progress for many months, that Sir Sam had refused to accept a gift of four machine guns which a Toronto capitalist had offered as a gift to a local regiment that was being raised. His argument was that the machine gun was a "toy" at best, though against his will he had consented to *one* for each unit of a thousand men. If, he said, he consented to let this regiment receive four, every other regiment would want the same equipment and much money would be wasted on a useless contrivance. I think he amended this view later. The airplane he also regarded as a "toy", and the earlier Canadians who enlisted in the Naval Air Service got their training from private experts in the United States, at their own expense, which was later reimbursed to them.

Despite his antiquated ideas, Sir Sam's romantic fervour was an inspiring factor in enlistment, but I fancy he would have fared better as an administrator if he had not been wedded, politically and otherwise, to the Ross rifle. It was to the influences back of the Ross rifle that he owed his elevation to the post of Minister

of Militia in 1911, in the face of powerful rivalries. Soldiers tell me that as a range rifle it was an excellent arm, but was too fine a mechanism to be serviceable in the heat of battle. At any rate, after their earliest engagements in the spring of 1915, the Canadian soldiers lost confidence in it, and the best rifle in the world is doomed when it causes a loss of morale in those using it.

Despite the censorship information began to reach us in *Saturday Night* office as to the disquieting situation that had arisen in France with regard to the Ross rifle. Later, a vast amount of documentary evidence came into our possession revealing an incredible amount of intrigue in connection with an attempt to force the Imperial authorities to acquiesce in its restoration to the Canadian expeditionary force after it had been discarded by General Alderson, the first commander of that army. This intrigue was carried on by Canadians in England in close association with Sir Sam Hughes and very influential with the penny press in Great Britain. They wished first of all to secure as successor to Sir John French in the Imperial command (his retirement being then imminent) an officer amenable to their wishes, and secondly, to dictate the choice of a commander of the C.E.F. in succession to General Alderson, who would be a Ross rifle supporter. In the latter instance, the commander they had selected was the late Major-General Sir David Watson, who, it was assumed, would, as a resident of Quebec city where the Ross rifle factory was located, favour that arm. But the documents showed that General Watson had evidently refused to join in the intrigue, despite the fact that he was urged that it was "the chance of his life". One of the most ludicrous passages in these documents was an enquiry by an eminent Canadian very active in the intrigue, "Who is Sir Douglas Haig?" Evidently the rumour had reached him that Sir Douglas was to be appointed successor to Sir John French, and he knew nothing of his

distinguished career. Among the many ramifications of the plot were elaborate journalistic arrangements for a great "send off" to Sir Sam Hughes who, it had been announced, was coming to England. It was pointed out that he was not in very good odour in Canada, and that a popular welcome in England would help to strengthen his hand in demanding the restoration of the Ross rifle. As everyone knows, Sir Douglas Haig was appointed to the Imperial command and Sir Julian Byng to the Canadian command, and the fate of the Ross rifle as an instrument of warfare was sealed. These revelations were in type and ready for publication in our columns. We had no fear of the censor in this matter, because the tone of the article was such as to inspire public confidence that intrigues of this kind were doomed to failure. But Mr. Gagnier himself decided at the last moment that it could serve no good purpose since the plot had failed, and was one of those revelations that could wait until "after the war".

Sir Sam had an exasperating way of spoiling even the good things he accomplished by truculent indiscretions of utterance. One of his best moves was that of sending Colonel Herbert A. Bruce, M.D., of Toronto to England in 1916 as Inspector-General of the Canadian Army Medical Services to report on and try to reform certain abuses. The Bruce Report, drawn up in collaboration with a group of the finest medical officers in the service, was a splendid document, and all its recommendations were subsequently acted upon, but the persecution to which its authors were personally subjected is a sad story. It is incorporated in Dr. Bruce's book, *Politics and the Canadian Army Medical Corps*, published in 1919, to which I wrote the introductory narrative. That book had the singular characteristic of being too well documented. It was necessarily controversial and some of the revelations were hardly believable. Yet it aroused no controversy when it appeared

because the individuals criticized deemed it safer to remain silent. If the proofs had been withheld on one or two sensational points and disclosed later it would have aroused far more discussion.

Looking back on that episode, with which I became intimately familiar, it is plain that persecution of the authors of the report was unconsciously invited by the truculent tactlessness of Sir Sam's speech in presenting the report to the House of Commons at Ottawa. His exaggerated tone and the vulgarity of his references to the V.A.D.'s, for which the Report gave no warrant, naturally aroused great antagonism, and since the actual text of the document was withheld from the public for three long years, its authors had no means of correcting false impressions. That speech and many others rendered inevitable Sir Sam's ultimate retirement from the Borden cabinet. From that time onward he became the irresponsible critic of everyone in high command in the Canadian army and his prejudice against Sir Arthur Currie grew into an obsession.

It was a singular turn of events that the voice of Sir Sam should have been heard after nearly ten years through the medium of a life-long political opponent, W. T. R. Preston. The successful libel action of Sir Arthur against Preston and the Port Hope *Guide* arose from an article which merely retailed slanders of General Currie which were constantly on the lips of his former friend, Sir Sam. The effort to introduce in the records of the case a violent speech attacking the Canadian commander, delivered by Sir Sam in the House of Commons in 1919, recalled an incident which reflected great credit on newspapermen. Shortly after it was delivered at Ottawa we received an enquiry in *Saturday Night* office as to why so sensational an utterance had been dismissed with a line or two in the newspapers, and the suggestion was made that we publish it. I was directed to look up Hansard and found it to be appalling, a clear

abuse of Parliamentary privilege by a distracted man anxious to destroy an individual he hated. On enquiry I discovered that in delivering it Sir Sam had been in so high a state of emotional excitement that his utterance had sounded like the ravings of a man of unbalanced mind. The gallery correspondents therefore got together and decided in the public interest not to report it, although privileged to do so. It was a pathetic finale for a public man who, on the outbreak of the war, had for a time been the most celebrated figure in Canada.

Unlike many Canadian newspapermen I was heartily in accord with the general spirit of a war censorship, so ably organized under Hon. Martin Burrell, at that time Secretary of State, and I have the kindliest recollections of his chief functionary, Colonel Ernest Chambers, who had at one time been a newspaperman as well as an active officer in the militia, though at the time the war broke out he was Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, a post which to some extent has always been a subject of jest. A censor and his staff are often obliged to do irritating things, and if a minor matter is left to the attention of a junior, the chance to write peremptorily to editors of established position is too rich to be resisted. Only once during the war did the censor have occasion to rebuke us. All publications were forbidden, quite properly, to record naval movements; but as we did not publish news of this kind it was a "*verboten*" to which we gave little thought. One week there appeared in our columns of social news an item recording the fact that a prominent lady of Vancouver had given a tea for the officers of a Japanese naval squadron then in Vancouver Harbour. The world was not supposed to know that the Japanese Fleet, which had been scouring the North Pacific for German vessels, had been in British Columbia waters, and we received a most censorious letter from the censor's department, expanding on the treasonable nature of our offence, and threatening *Saturday Night* with confiscation

if we were not more careful in future. Fred Paul, who was an old newspaper pal of Colonel Chambers and held him in high regard, made a characteristic reply. He simply sent the letter back to Ottawa with these words written across it: "Dear Ernest: What damn fool wrote this?"

On the whole, however, the censor's conduct of a difficult office was broad-minded and considerate, and I am satisfied that it was in a large measure due to his organization that but one life was lost in transporting tens of thousands of Canadian troops overseas; and that the case of a young man who mysteriously disappeared and probably committed suicide.

One of the most difficult tasks which Colonel Chambers had to perform was that of ensuring secrecy as to the departure from Halifax of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, whose vice-regal term at Ottawa expired midway in the war, after German submarines had become a serious menace. The Duke of Connaught, an old and able professional soldier, who had always chafed at the circumstance that his royal blood prevented him taking a more active part in the defence of the realm, had aided to an extent never realized in laying the foundations of Canada's war effort. His services were invaluable, and if he had had a Minister of less fixed ideas to work with would have been even greater. He was more or less indifferent to his own safety in leaving Canada, but the Duchess of Connaught, brave as a lion under physical ills, was as apprehensive as any wife and mother in humbler life would be under such circumstances. She was herself a Hohenzollern, a daughter of the great general, Prince Frederick Charles, who, in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, had locked up Marshal Bazine and his army in Metz. But her Hohenzollern blood did not make her the less a loyal subject of the British Empire or less fearful of the ruthlessness of her native country. She had an apprehension, almost

amounting to an obsession, that she would be captured at sea and held as a hostage with ignominious usage by her cousin of several removes, the Kaiser. She received assurances that Colonel Chambers would see to it that no inkling of the day, hour, or port of departure would leak out, and this promise was kept to the letter.

The only instance of a well established newspaper being confiscated and suppressed by Colonel Chambers was that of a weekly at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, conducted by an old and most amusing newspaper comrade of mine, who had always been utterly irresponsible in his attitude towards his calling. His name was Charles Napoleon Smith and for a time he sat in the Ontario Legislature for one of the Algoma constituencies. Smith had been a telegraph operator and when he was a reporter on the Toronto *Globe* could, if necessary, wire in a story without taking the trouble to write copy. Nobody quite understood why he yielded to the temptation to use his paper as a vehicle for German propaganda in Canada unless it was his love of mischief and habitual impecuniosity. Efforts of old acquaintances to save him from the loss of his newspaper property failed because his guilt was too clear. I learned from a printer who was obliged, against his will, to set the article that led to his condemnation, that Smith had taken no precaution to conceal the fact that it came from the German propagandist agency established in the United States by Count von Bernstorff. Colonel Chambers had ample provocation in a few other cases, but in none could direct intercourse with the enemy be proven, and as a rule he preferred to use moral suasion and warn the offender not to do it again.

Moral suasion was sometimes rather "thick", as when a group of Ontario editors were asked to refrain from criticism of the wantonly treasonable utterances of Henri Bourassa if the owners of *Le Devoir* would undertake to see that he remained silent for the remainder of the war.

Bourassa had earned condemnation as fully as Smith, although he had needed no outside inspiration and apparently he seriously desired the defeat of the Allies, whereas Smith was indifferent as to who won the war. But perhaps Colonel Chambers' pacific method was wise. In the case of another journalist of long experience, articles in clear breach of the censor's regulations were passed over with an admonition because they were judged too asinine to do any harm. He imagined that he had brought Bulgaria into the war by an altercation with King Ferdinand over the use of a bath at a German health resort in the summer of 1914. We all learned that it was the fact which might do damage rather than the lie easily controverted that it was necessary to suppress. Indeed, the British censorship was very tolerant of news which was false or inaccurate, and which might help to deceive the enemy.

Early in October, 1914, the principles inculcated by the censor and accepted by Canadian editors, which enabled important matters to be carried on in secrecy without fear of disclosure, inaccurate or accurate, saved Canada from a financial panic that would have been almost fatal. Things were bad enough as it was, but the events of the first week of October gave sleepless nights not only to cabinet ministers but to bankers charged with sustaining the country's credit. Only to a few in Eastern Canada was it known that just at that time the destruction of the cities of Victoria and Vancouver, was more than a possibility. Readers of the first volume of Winston Churchill's magnum opus *The World Crisis* learned some years after the war with what consternation the British admiralty learned that Count von Spee had eluded the Japanese Navy and sailed away from the German naval station on the Kaio Chow peninsula, China, for parts unknown, with a small but very powerful squadron. All know the story of how he went to the South Pacific and off the Island of Coronel, near Santiago, Chile, destroyed the squadron of that

heroic admiral, Sir Christopher Craddock, who in the early weeks of the war had done such inestimable service in ridding the North Atlantic of the peril of German raiders. I had a sister-in-law at that time living in Santiago who saw wounded of both the British and German squadrons brought ashore next morning, and she later told me of the singular conflict of feeling in Chile. The Chilean navy, trained by British officers, were all for Britain; the Chilean army, trained by German officers, were all for the Kaiser. As we know, Count von Spee met the same fate as Sir Christopher Craddock with equal heroism at the Falkland Islands in December, 1914, when he met the squadron of Admiral Sir Frederick Doveton Sturdee. I well recall the drear December afternoon when the news reached Canada of the victory at Falkland Islands. Few of us knew the peril that Canada herself had escaped, but Admiral Sturdee had relatives not only in the Maritime Provinces but in Toronto and became our hero by adoption. I fear that the publicans had difficulty in observing the closing regulations that night.

As Winston Churchill has pointed out, the problem after Count von Spee got away from Kaio Chow was where he would go? The greater part of our far-flung Empire was theoretically menaced, since there were so many routes he could take. Canada owed more than it realizes to two British Columbia public men, Sir Richard McBride, and Hon. Martin Burrell. The protection of Pacific coast cities had become vital from the very moment that war was declared. There had been completed at Seattle, for the Republic of Chile, two submarines which had not been paid for and because of the outbreak of war, could not be delivered to the purchaser and which were offered to Sir Richard for the sum of $1,150,000 in gold. With the assent of the Dominion government he agreed to buy them. The superintendent of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Vancouver was asked to

provide the requisite currency but, owing to the outbreak of the war, United States specie in the Bank's agencies at Portland and Seattle could not be used. The only alternative was to utilize the Bank's gold reserves at Vancouver—this at a time when every Bank in Canada was trying to increase and conserve such reserves. The Dominion government, however, agreed to make good the loss of gold, and on this basis the transaction was promptly completed. Count von Spee was certainly advised of this by agents in the United States who were making arrangements to coal his squadron in mid-ocean, and very probably those submarines deterred the German admiral from bombarding and exacting enormous tribute from Vancouver and Victoria. Even in Prince Rupert, far to the north, a panic prevailed. What the German spies did not discover was that there was no ammunition for these submarines, and that they were useless except as a bluff.

In the first weeks of the war the feeling of the Pacific Coast, in view of the exposed position of its cities, was so panicky and hysterical that the leading Canadian banks, apprehending the possibility of runs on their agencies, had largely increased supplies of currency. Canadian trade was disrupted in many sections of the Dominion, but especially so on the Pacific Coast. The outbreak of the war had, for instance, largely increased the demand for the staple commodity, canned salmon, but the old sea route across the Pacific to the Indian Ocean and through the Suez canal was no longer safe, so the course of shipping it clear across Canada by rail to the Atlantic seaboard had to be adopted. This was but a minor instance of the widespread dislocation of trade caused by the war.

Unknown to the people of Canada, the most anxious day for this country came on October 1st, 1914, when advices were received both at Esquimalt, B.C., and at Ottawa that a bombardment of Victoria and Vancouver

by Count von Spee was regarded as probable. The British Admiralty advised Canada that war ships from South American waters were hurrying northward but could not reach Victoria before October 5th or 6th—too late if the German squadron was making its way direct toward Canada. On October 1st the Dominion government seriously considered removing its funds from British Columbia cities, and the executives of the Canadian Bankers' Association debated as to what should be done. The late D. R. Wilkie of the Imperial Bank, who was then President of the Association, wired to Coast clearing-houses suggesting that settlements be made with drafts on Eastern banks so far as possible. It was agreed that as much of currency, securities, and legal tenders as could swiftly be got out of the threatened cities be removed. Securities and money representing vast amounts were shipped to Winnipeg by express, and one of the swiftest and least suspected moves was the transport of an enormous amount of gold and securities to Seattle by four officers of the Canadian Bank of Commerce who travelled on an ordinary passenger steamer and handled their treasure without arousing suspicion. So large was this consignment that an extra safe had to be installed in the Seattle agency to house its sudden accession of funds.

The people of Canada were spared a knowledge of these events, and it was well, for we have seen since how little it takes to start disastrous runs on financial institutions. Eastern Canada did not even know how alarmed British Columbia was. And nobody was aware, until Winston Churchill revealed it, that certain Admiralty officials regarded Halifax as seriously menaced after the Battle of Coronel. The arrival of a Japanese squadron had removed the menace to British Columbia, despite the fact that Admiral Craddock's squadron had been destroyed. Admiral Lord Fisher, the hero of many of the British people, was certain that von Spee would rush

the Panama Canal and sail northward in an attempt to capture Britain's chief naval base on the North Atlantic. He reasoned that that was what he would do himself in the German Admiral's shoes. Certainly, after Sir Doveton Sturdee's victory, Canadians were able to breathe freely in a fuller sense than most of us were aware.

So far as I know the only serious abuse of the censor's confidential circulars warning us of what must not be alluded to occurred toward the end of the war in the Toronto *Globe* office, and shocked and humiliated its then editor, Stewart Lyon, as leal a Scot as ever trod the heather. Shortly before the outbreak of war a gifted young Irish journalist, who had once been an Orangeman but who had later become a convert to Home Rule and had run as a Nationalist candidate for the British House of Commons, arrived in Canada rather at the end of his tether. His old Orange associates had cast him out; but during his career as an Orange journalist he had written so violently and slanderously of Roman Catholics that the religious elements among his new associates would have none of him either. And so he came to Toronto and took a position at a cub reporter's salary on the Toronto *Globe*. He was a gifted writer and speaker and a most entertaining companion and established friendly relations with *Saturday Night* by submitting two or three excellent articles on British statesmen, of the type that "Tay Pay" O'Connor might write. The eye of Mr. Lyon fell upon these articles and he was delighted to learn that he had a real writer in his reporting room. The young man was promoted to the staff of editorial writers, and his salary increased within a few months to more than three times his original stipend. In fact he was "the white-haired boy", as his countrymen say. After the Easter rebellion in Dublin he became rather restive at the *Globe's* loyal support of the Government in the effective prosecution of the war. In the

"conscription" election of 1917, when the Union Government made its appeal to the country, Oswald Garrison Villard, proprietor of the New York *Evening Post*, an opponent of Woodrow Wilson's policy of conscription, tried to take a hand in Canadian politics, and extra issues of the *Post* espousing the cause of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were circulated in Canadian cities. On one of his visits Villard met the *Globe's* writer and became so attracted to him that he made him his special correspondent in Canada. Mr. Lyon offered no objection to his subordinate writing what he pleased for the *Post* so long as he did not try to thrust his views into the *Globe's* columns.

One day, in the spring of 1918, those of us who were on the censor's advisory list received a letter asking us to make no allusion to the fact that an agreement had been reached whereby the immigration laws between Canada and the United States had been secretly suspended in order to facilitate the free passage of labour between the two countries. The United States had brought in a good deal of Canadian labour, especially for lumbering purposes in connection with its ship building campaign, and proposed to supply labour for seeding in the Canadian West. Though these details were not stated in the censor's communication, such letters were regarded by their recipients as sacred, and were destroyed as soon as possible. A day or so after the circular in question was received, we were amazed to find it photographically reproduced on the front page of the New York *Evening Post* with a harangue appealing to workingmen in the United States to protest against an invasion of regulations devised for their protection. As it turned out the harangue was wasted, because Samuel Gompers, the head of the American Federation of Labour, and his chief advisers had already assented to the arrangement. The letter sent out by the Canadian censor had actually been drafted in Washington,

and it was on the suggestion of the United States Secretary of Labour that Colonel Chambers had passed it on to Canadian editors. Mr. Villard, or so it was later understood, received such a gruelling from Washington that he deemed it advisable to sell his newspaper to Thomas W. Lamont, a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., financial agents of the Allies, who could be trusted to see that it was conducted on lines loyal to the cause in behalf of which the United States, as a new belligerent, was making extreme efforts.

The question that arose in Canadian newspaper circles was: Who had been guilty of the breach of faith involved in sending the censor's letter to New York for photographic reproduction? But the perpetrator had already betrayed himself. A night previously, in a speech at Montreal, the *Globe's* Irishman had incautiously made allusion to the circular letter, in itself a breach of faith. Mr. Lyon immediately made a search of his desk and found that his copy had vanished. He at once sent for his subordinate and with a swift question or two gained an admission. With anger and sorrow that a man he had so befriended should betray a trust, he dismissed him. There was no place for him in Canada and presently we heard of him campaigning in the United States with Eamon de Valera and assuring gullible audiences that so soon as the demobilized Canadian soldiers arrived home they were going to rise and throw off the British yoke. Needless to say, he shared liberally in the profits of de Valera's tour.

Before leaving the subject of the war I touch upon one of its humours. That was the noble company of honorary colonels created by Sir Sam Hughes. Many of them did honourable war service in a civilian capacity and some, like George Ham, were rather irritated by the honour. In one or two instances that I know of, friends of the recipients got Sir Sam to confer the honour as a practical

joke on some boon companion. A number of the gentlemen so honoured purchased colonel's uniforms and went about in them; but their bearing revealed their lack of military experience. For a considerable period there was a great military camp at Niagara, which the uniformed laity used to visit occasionally. One day we received a most amusing letter from an actual colonel asking that the government cease to appoint honorary colonels and appoint honorary admirals instead. He said that the camp was infested with elderly uniformed men who did not know enough of military etiquette to acknowledge properly the salutes of privates and junior officers, and were making the uniform ridiculous. The letter was published anonymously by request, and caused a good deal of amusement. It helped to kill the honorary colonel industry, and I can now divulge the name of the author, Colonel Reginald Pellatt, a son of Brigadier-General Sir Henry Pellatt, both of whom took military service seriously at a time when the plenitude of "colonels" was making it rather funny.

CHAPTER XIII

THE KINRADE CASE AND OTHER MYSTERIES

MANY have written ironically of the fallibility of proverbs. Most of those which have done service among English-speaking peoples for centuries are at best but half-truths; and of all the futile popular sayings beloved of the sententious, "Murder will out" is probably the most fallacious. Whenever a homicidal crime is committed leaving no trace of the perpetrator, thousands of people say with oracular solemnity; "Mark my words! Murder will out!" Yet every experienced newspaper man knows that in a very considerable percentage of premeditated crimes, and even unpremeditated ones, murder does not out. In the latter category, of course, must be placed the cases of many people killed through the recklessness of motorists. Every city has its list of cases of persons found dead or dying in the street, obviously slain by motor cars, the ownership of which has escaped all our present elaborate methods of detection. I recall several notorious incidents of this kind. A few years ago a very prominent citizen of Toronto, Charles A. B. Brown, Chairman of the Board of Education, stepped off a street car at nine o'clock in the evening on one of the most populous thoroughfares, where traffic is almost continuous. He was almost instantly killed by a passing motor car and the perpetrators of the deed got clean away, though several persons witnessed the accident. On another occasion a young Scottish servant maid was found insensible and dying on a quiet residential street and had obviously injured herself fatally by jumping from a motor car. The constructive theory was that in her innocence she had accepted a "lift" from a stranger, and when she

discovered that his intentions were base, had jumped from the car to escape, and had been left to her fate. The men responsible for both these deaths are no doubt mingling among their fellow citizens unsuspected, having kept their secret well. We may take it for granted that every large gathering of, say, ten thousand people contains at least one undetected homicide.

Such incidents as those of which I have just written of course rank as manslaughter, born of a crisis of a moment or two's duration, and if detection is often difficult in respect of mere accidents, it is immeasurably more so in the case of premeditated murder, or even in unpremeditated crimes of impulse where the perpetrator has had an opportunity afterward to contrive some form of alibi. In the case of most murders in which the guilty person has never been brought to trial, the police authorities usually assert that they know who committed the crime but have been unable to secure sufficient evidence to sustain a *prima facie* case against the suspect in a court of law. Often they are speaking the truth, or at least believe they are.

When I was a boy, a case of murder occurred which has never been solved, and in which the late Christopher Bunting and the late Edward Farrer took a great deal of interest. Both gentlemen were at the time editors of the Toronto *Mail* and used to walk home together after midnight through what was then a very tough but centrally located district known as "The Ward". One night, as they passed the corner of a particularly impoverished street, a young man came running at break-neck speed, evidently in a high state of excitement, and almost bumped into them as he rushed by. They marvelled at the incident, but in that district unusual things often happened and they went home. Next morning they learned that a poor old washerwoman named Mrs. Spiers had been brutally murdered and her savings, which she

hoarded at home, stolen. The crime had been committed in a small cottage within half a block of the spot where the two editors had seen the fleeing criminal. The crime was a sensation for a few days and then forgotten. Years later, after I had become a reporter, a middle-aged horse owner and trainer in a small way, named Joe Martin, was found dead behind a fence near the stables of the Ontario Jockey Club at Woodbine race track, Toronto. His pockets had been rifled of the considerable sums he always, after the manner of sporting men, carried with him. The races were in progress and when last seen alive, Martin, after putting the horses in his care safely to bed, had gone out and sat on the fence to enjoy the spring air before turning in. This crime, obviously committed by one of the many race track followers who attend the large meetings and wander from city to city, remained undetected.

Subsequently, in discussing various unsolved crimes with a veteran police official, I cited these cases and was told that the police were "morally" certain as to the identity of the murderer, who was the same in both instances—that he was a nephew of the old washerwoman, a worthless lad who had become a race track follower, and who was known to have been in Toronto at the time of the Martin murder. But in neither instance had it been possible to obtain sufficient evidence to justify an arrest, so swift had been his escape in both instances. So far as I know this homicidal youth may be still alive and at large, and may have committed similar crimes in other parts of America. Or it is equally probable that he was caught somewhere and executed.

It is extraordinary how quickly public interest subsides even in the most mysterious cases of murder. One of the most sensational in its surroundings and pathetic in its implications, occurred in Toronto about twenty years ago. One winter evening, shortly after six o'clock, passers-by discovered a young girl named Ferguson dying at

the high stone entrance to the grounds of Toronto jail. She had received a terrible blow on the head which could have been struck only a minute or so previously. Despite the fact that it was dusk and a light snow was falling, one of those who came to the assistance of the girl saw a man running down the hillside which connects the jail grounds with Riverdale Park, but was too busy giving attention to the victim to pursue. In a little while the girl was dead, having uttered no word in explanation of the crime. She was a diligent, respectable young woman who served as bookkeeper in a wholesale bakery about three quarters of a mile from the scene of the crime and was accustomed to walk home past the jail grounds every evening at the same hour. Evidently the murderer had drawn her into the shadow of the great stone gateway for a moment's conversation, but must have struck the fatal blow almost immediately, because home-bound workers were constantly passing.

So daring a crime committed almost within sight of a score of pedestrians caused a great sensation for a few days. The foot-prints of the fleeing homicide were traced, but details that might have proved helpful in detection had been obliterated by the falling snow. After being a nine days' wonder the case relapsed into one of the country's many unsolved murder mysteries. Interest was suddenly revived a few weeks later when a youth wrote to the police admitting that he was guilty of the crime and on being arrested he gave a very complete confession. Unfortunately it was evident that his "confession" was based on newspaper narratives, some of which had not been entirely accurate as to details. He gave unrequited love as the motive, but it was proven beyond peradventure that he had never known the girl, who was at least ten years his senior. Further investigation showed conclusively that he had been nowhere near the scene of the crime on the night it occurred. He was sent to the insane asylum, clearly a victim of *dementia*

praecox. Some years later I discussed this case with a very able detective, who had done admirable service in running down several murderers, and mentioned it as one of his failures. "Well, I would hardly call it that," he said, "I am as certain as I am standing here, as to who killed that girl. But we cannot indict men on theory and suspicion, the way they do in the short stories."

As any efficient police officer would, he had made a complete enquiry as to all the girl's habits and domestic and social relations. He found her of spotless character, a girl who, owing perhaps to her rather plain appearance, had never had a sweetheart or, so far as was known, a sentimental attachment of any kind. But she did have a wastrel father, who was constantly pestering her for sums which she could not afford to give him. He had been in the habit of coming to her place of employment until she had been warned that if she could not keep him away from there her employers would be reluctantly obliged to part with her services. Altogether this parent was a source of great unhappiness to her, and a brutal man when in his cups. From the standpoint of theory the case seemed clear. Knowing the route she would take to her lodging, the father had waylaid her in the shadow of the jail gates and on her refusal to give him money had struck her down, probably with no intention of killing her.

My detective friend had searched out the father and taken him to police headquarters for examination, but following a very good custom had said nothing to the newspapers of his suspicions. The father admitted his faults and his habit of making demands on the girl, which he considered himself as a parent entitled to do. But he positively declared that on the evening of the murder he had been in a small hotel bar-room about a third of a mile from the scene of the crime, from a few minutes after six until after seven. As the crime was committed towards half past six this was an effective

alibi, and the detective set about to see how far it could be sustained. The hotel had but one bartender, and this person confirmed the statement of the father, whom he knew as an unwelcome visitor. He was positive that he had looked at the clock after the man came in and it was just past six o'clock. The father had remained there in a taciturn and surly mood for at least an hour. The obvious conclusion if the father were guilty was that on that particular night the clock was a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes slow, as bar-room clocks used frequently to be, but the bartender could not recall anything to substantiate that conclusion. It would certainly have caused an uproar if the police had arrested a man for what most persons regard as the unthinkable crime of slaying one's child, unless there was sufficient evidence to convict. In this case the father, if police theory was correct, was saved from penal servitude by the defect of a clock or the bad memory of the bartender.

No doubt many persons wonder, in reading reports of murder trials, why so much care should be devoted to fixing time. But, in truth, time is an essential factor in more than half the cases that come to trial. Fortunately the off chance, which in this instance saved the father (if guilty), as often as not works the other way. Most deliberate murderers are convicted by something quite unforeseen, some chance that could not be provided against, some little incident that comes to light unexpectedly and puts a new aspect on the situation.

Within this century the city of Hamilton, Ontario, has known two murder mysteries of the order which news editors term "front page stuff". One of them I believe must have come to the attention of the American novelist, Theodore Dreiser, for in its circumstances it was strikingly like a pivotal episode in *An American Tragedy*, save that in this case the murderer was never found, and nobody had an opportunity to indulge in the

excesses of maudlin sympathy which Dreiser evokes in behalf of his homicidal and lecherous protagonist. One summer day a young couple came from Buffalo to Hamilton and stayed over night at one of the smaller hotels of the city. The next morning they went out for a walk on the beautiful uplands of the city, known as "The Mountain". Toward noon the young man came back alone, checked out, and carried away the suit case they had brought with them. He was never seen again, but a day or so later the body of the girl was found in a lonely part of the mountain-side. She had been shot dead, apparently while stretched out on the grass enjoying the landscape. She was wearing an entirely new outfit of ready made garments, unmarked with means of identification except the names of various manufacturers in the cities of northern New York State. She was pretty above the ordinary and the post mortem examination revealed the fact that she was enceinte. Clearly her betrayer had lured her away for a holiday trip to Canada, with the plan of killing her and so ridding himself of the responsibility involved in her approaching motherhood. The presumption was that she came from Syracuse or some other of the many thriving cities of New York State.

Despite the fact that elaborate descriptions of her were sent to every town and city of the United States and that the leading American newspapers published very lengthy reports of the crime, her identity and that of the monster who slew her unawares, have remained a mystery from that day to this. Here was clearly a case where the hand of the law was paralyzed by the refusal of the friends and relatives of the girl (probably fearing social disgrace), to come forward and disclose her identity. Obviously her disappearance must have been noted by somebody who knew her and who could probably have identified her slayer as well. Had he been apprehended conviction would not have been difficult, because they

had been seen together by dozens of people in the hotel, and others had met them walking on the mountain side; but those who knew her preferred to remain silent.

The other Hamilton case which is still an unsolved mystery was much more baffling because no one can speak positively as to the motive, or the identity of the murderer. It is known as the Kinrade mystery and was the last case on which I actually worked as a reporter. When it occurred twenty odd years ago I had been for some time city editor of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, and after it had been filling columns of both the Canadian and United States newspapers for days I was instructed by my chief to give up my desk for a day or two and see what contribution I could make toward a solution. Needless to say I got no farther in illuminating its dark corners than anyone else. The Kinrade family was one of the most respected in Hamilton, where the father had lived all his life and was a justly honoured school principal. He lived in a modest way in the heart of the older residential district of the city, and the members of his household were a wife and two daughters. The elder daughter, Florence Kinrade, was a girl of the most exquisite Spanish type of beauty and refined speech. She had grown impatient of her surroundings and had gone upon the stage. Despite her beauty, she had but little theatrical talent, for just before the events described she had been touring in the Southern States with a very cheap and common type of vaudeville and burlesque company. In the South nearly all actresses, especially in companies of the cheaper order, are advised to carry pistols in case of molestation by negroes, for it is a necessity of their calling that they be on the streets late at night. Consequently Florence Kinrade learned to use and carry a revolver, a fact which was made much of later, but which under her peculiar circumstances was not incriminating. The stage experiment having proven far from satisfying to her ambitions, she had come home for a while.

The younger sister was of a more domesticated character, a rather plain girl who stayed at home and helped her mother to manage the house. One winter day the father left his wife and daughters chatting amicably over the luncheon table while he hurried back to his school. About two hours later Mrs. Kinrade, down town apparently on a shopping expedition, called at the central police station and complained of the presence of tramps in the neighbourhood of their home. A quarter of an hour later the telephone at police headquarters rang and the tragic message was conveyed from a shop near the Kinrade home that the younger Kinrade sister had been shot dead in the dining room of the house, supposedly by a tramp who had forced his way in through the back door.

It appeared that just about the time the mother was in the police station, Florence Kinrade had made her way to this shop, breathless and fainting, through a light snow storm, and after giving this message had collapsed. There was a great rush of the neighbours to the scene, and if the tramp had left footprints they would in any event have been soon obliterated. The father, summoned from his school without knowing the cause, arrived at his home to find it full of people, with police officers trying to get them out and obtain some clear account of what had happened. The same confusion greeted the mother on her arrival from down town. It was with difficulty that Florence Kinrade in her hysterical condition could be induced to talk lucidly. Shortly after the departure of the mother, she said, an ugly-looking ruffian of whom she could give no adequate description had forced his way into the house while she and her sister were clearing the luncheon dishes and, on being ordered out, had shot the younger girl, who died instantly. She herself had fainted and did not know just how long she had remained unconscious but when she was sufficiently recovered rushed out and gave the alarm. So

highly was the Kinrade family respected that this story was at once accepted by the police authorities, and to save them from annoyance and from the horror of staying all night in the home where the younger daughter had been slain, they were given permission to go to Toronto and stay over night at the Arlington Hotel in that city, on their undertaking to return next day and answer all necessary questions that might arise. Altogether the whole initial handling of the case by the local authorities would have filled Scotland Yard men and continental police officers with amazement. And in the end the trip to Toronto proved a source of great pain to the family for it helped to increase suspicion that the murder was a family affair. These suspicions were intensified by the fact that none of the neighbours had seen the tramp in question nor had they recently suffered annoyance from such vagabonds. In small civic communities a girl who has run away to go upon the stage is inevitably the victim of neighbourhood gossip, especially when she happens to be as beautiful as was Florence Kinrade, and presently half the people in Hamilton and elsewhere were loudly voicing the theory that she, who was known to be excitable and emotional, had shot her sister in a quarrel and that the story of the tramp had been planned to disguise the true facts.

For legal purposes such theories were nullified by the fact that no revolver was found on the premises, despite the fact that the victim had obviously been killed by bullets. Believers in her guilt had a ready explanation for this; the pistol had been made away with on the trip to Toronto. But repeated searches along the railroad between Hamilton and Toronto failed to reveal any weapon. The house was ransacked from cellar to garret and its plumbing taken out in the search, but no weapon was discovered. Nor did anyone ever come forward who had found a revolver which might have been used in connection with the crime, as would almost inevitably

have happened had the pistol been thrown away. That it had been thrown in any body of water was clearly impossible because all the waterways were frozen up, and even had matters been otherwise the Kinrade family was allowed no privacy from the moment of the discovery of the crime until their arrival in Toronto. Investigation showed that no revolver had been concealed at the Arlington Hotel. Florence Kinrade admitted having carried a revolver while in the South but said she had disposed of her weapon before she came home to Canada.

I myself was present at the inquest when the late George Tate Blackstock, K.C., one of the most impressive of criminal lawyers, who had sprung into fame two decades previously as chief defence counsel for Reginald Birchall, examined in detail every member of the Kinrade family in his capacity as special investigator for the Crown. He could obtain no admission that substantiated the theory of a family murder. The father could, of course, tell nothing. The mother stuck emphatically to her declaration that for a day or two prior to the crime she had been annoyed by tramps. Dramatic interest naturally centred around Florence Kinrade, who fainted several times during her testimony, but never deviated in the slightest degree from the main outline of her original story.

Nevertheless the clamour for her arrest continued. Letters poured into the offices of the various newspapers demanding that "something be done" and censuring the Attorney-General's department for its inactivity. Most daily papers were importuned with requests that they demand editorially that an arrest be made, but the conduct of the newspapers was exemplary. They published every available fact but declined to demand the arrest of Florence Kinrade, when there did not exist an iota of proof that would satisfy a court of law that she had been in possession of a pistol at the time of the commission of the crime. So far as the activities of the

Attorney-General's department went, I doubt whether in any other murder case they have been so complete. The search for tramps who might have committed the crime was far-reaching but without result; the search for the weapon supposed to have been in Florence's possession was equally wide and fruitless; and perhaps the most striking feature was the drag-net investigation into Florence Kinrade's past, which extended to the United States and to interviews with members of the scattered theatrical company of which she had been a member. One or two actors were brought to Canada to testify to her habit of carrying firearms. All that this exhaustive investigation showed was that Florence had been a neurotic subject, as indeed her hysterical outbreaks after the crime and collapses in the witness box indicated.

Matters reached a point where certain officials of the Attorney-General's department had decided to authorize an arrest. One of the reporters whom I had assigned to the case came to me with the intelligence that an arrest was to be made in a day or two in deference to popular opinion, based on circumstantial evidence which was to be supported by the testimony of alienists that the accused was possibly a victim of *dementia praecox*. I went to a physician of my acquaintance, who at that time frequently appeared in court as an expert on mental cases and told him I wanted all the information I could get on this type of malady. "I know what you want that for," he said, "the Kinrade case, eh?" It was clear to me that he had already been brought into consultation and he loaned me three books on the subject. I set a reporter at work to read the passages my medical friend had marked and make a careful digest of any bearing they might have on the case. The matter was then put into type for immediate use in case of an arrest. But the arrest did not come off—and for a very good

reason. Sir James Whitney, who was acting Attorney-General at the time, absolutely refused to assent to such a proceeding. He sent for the officials in charge of the investigation and asked whether there was any real possibility of securing a conviction. They had to admit that conviction was extremely doubtful, but pointed out the popular clamour for "action". Whitney scoffed at this and challenged his advisers to say whether in their opinion any judge would permit a case in which direct evidence was so completely lacking to go to a jury. They had to admit that the absence of a weapon was an almost certain obstacle to the Crown's making out a case, but held that the arrest was advisable for the sake of "moral effect". Sir James was firm in his declaration that nobody would be arrested merely to satisfy public opinion so long as he was Prime Minister, and it is said gave his views on the subject of alienists in the good round terms he had learned as a lad on the countryside of the St. Lawrence Valley. That was the end of the Kinrade case. Undoubtedly the position of Sir James was sound, and if the precedent of proceeding against persons on suspicion, however backed by scientific theory, had been created, future consequences would have been deplorable.

In almost every case of murder or even alleged murder there arises temporary clamour for an arrest—often for the arrest of the wrong party. This is particularly true of the rural districts. Long ago I came to the conclusion that a considerable percentage of murder cases in rural Ontario go unpunished. There is one form of murder which is quite common if all one hears is true, and it is that of husband-poisoning by wives in a depressed condition, who are ill-treated or fancy themselves so. The method usually adopted is that of administering strychnine or arsenic in a dose of salts. Epsom salts are a sovereign remedy in all farm houses and are so bitter to the taste that they form an effective disguise

to almost any poison. So well is this practice known that in certain sections, if a man dies of some obscure disease like nephritis or uraemia, the neighbours are very apt to say that his wife poisoned him.

Some years ago a woman was on trial at Woodstock assizes on a charge of poisoning her husband in this way, and reading the evidence in the daily papers it seemed probable to me that the poor creature was innocent—the victim of neighbourhood suspicion. I was discussing the case with Fred Paul, my chief on the staff of *Saturday Night*, who was not so familiar with social conditions in rural Ontario as I. He was of the opinion that the woman was guilty, when I turned to our editorial secretary, a girl who had been raised on a farm, and said: "Isn't it true that when a man dies suddenly in the country, they usually say that his wife poisoned him with a dose of salts?"

The reply she snapped out was rather devastating: "Well, the woman on the farm next to ours did, and got away with it too, and nobody blamed her." So that was that.

Sometimes these cases reach the trial stage, but I have never known a woman to be convicted even when the circumstances seemed clearly to indicate guilt. The private opinion of the jury usually is "justifiable homicide".

On the other hand I personally investigated two rural cases where women certainly innocent were on the verge of being arrested on suspicion as a result of the hostile opinion of their neighbours and the anxiety of local officials to make cases against them. Urban readers perhaps fail to realize what a wonderful thing a murder case is for a rural district, the extent to which it introduces drama and romance and alleviates the monotony of life. This was particularly true in the days before the motor car, the rural telephone, and the radio had come to brighten the routine of the country-side. It brings to

the scene reporters and detectives, always objects of curiosity. It means, or used to mean, increased fees for coroners, crown attorneys, and other officials. It produces a general exhilaration, and since newspaper photography has come into vogue, it means that almost anyone who can "heel in" on the case will have the delight of seeing his countenance in the big city dailies. It means a great deal to the hotels of the district also. Consequently the official or newspaperman who seeks to put the lid on a potential murder case is not a popular figure; and I have no doubt that on many occasions local officials have been impelled by public sentiment to prolong inquests and set up an atmosphere of suspicion, when their private convictions told them that the poor victims who were providing the entertainment were innocent of wrong-doing. Singularly enough the countryside, while it wants a show, is seldom anxious for a conviction and is adverse to an execution.

In one case in Norfolk county, Ontario, the neighbours would have it that a woman, whose husband had died of some aggravated form of kidney trouble and had been ailing for two years, had poisoned him with arsenic. She was somewhat of a stranger to them and better educated than most of her neighbours. She had not been arrested, but several sessions of the inquest had been held which had attracted spectators from all parts of the county, though the case had received no attention from the city press. Finally the Attorney-General's department was asked to send a detective and, hearing of this, I at once took a train and dropped into the old village of Vittoria, about nine o'clock one rainy winter evening. The coroner lived in another village a few miles away, whither I intended to proceed the next day, but I found that the physician who had attended the deceased lived in Vittoria. I called on him just as he was about to go to bed, and found him pleased to see a new face. He was a kindly and scholarly physician of the old

school, and he went into every detail of the dead man's medical history with me, showing that he had been fatally ill for two years and that the relations between his wife and himself had been most affectionate. He said that the coroner knew all these facts, but was prolonging the case for the sake of the fees and to popularize himself in the district. It was clear to me that the old doctor was speaking the truth, and I took a train out of town at six o'clock next morning and proceeded to explode the murder theory in the columns of the *Mail and Empire*. I shall never forget the look of anger on the hotelkeeper's face when I told him I was going back home because the story was all nonsense. But I had afterwards the satisfaction of recording the dismissal of the offending coroner.

The late Inspector John Murray, in his younger days one of the greatest and most discerning of detectives, never quite forgave me for exploding another alleged murder case before he had had time to investigate it. In his old age he grew very opinionated, and if a case was brought to the attention, which in its superficial details resembled some crime he had cleared up in his youth, he was very apt to form a conclusion of guilt beforehand. I learned that he was going to Blyth in Huron county to look into an affair which involved the familiar rural triangle of husband, wife, and hired man. The husband, who lived on a farm five or six miles away from Blyth, had hanged himself in his barn and had been found early in the morning by the hired man, who had then gone into town to inform the coroner and the undertaker. In dropping to the floor after it was cut down, the body, which was still limp, had been bruised, and when this became known the story was at once started that the wife and the hired man had beaten the husband to death and then staged the surroundings of an alleged suicide. The coroner in this case would not entertain such a theory, but the Crown officials at Goderich, the county

town, saw the welcome potentialities of a murder case, and communicated with Murray. The famous detective had handled a similar case when young, in which the wife and hired man were unquestionably guilty, and gave instruction to go ahead on the hypothesis of murder until he could come to the scene personally. When I saw the coroner, who was also the village apothecary, he was very much annoyed that a reporter should have come all the way from Toronto on such a wild goose chase, and explained the whole circumstances. The suicide was an incompetent farmer and in debt; the wife was a simple creature; the hired man a bumpkin of small intelligence and certainly no physical charm. As for the suspicious bruises, his own examination had convinced him that they had happened after the body was cut down and were too insignificant to cause death in any event. He advised me, however, to drive out and interview the wife and judge for myself.

The livery stable keeper, glad to come along, drove me out over the rolling snow clad hills of the Huron Tract, and at last we reached the humble dwelling. It took only half a dozen questions to convince me of the complete absurdity of the suspicions which had been aroused with regard to the wife. When I got back to town to wait for my train, I was surprised to note the number of men who came into the village hotel to take a furtive look at me. Finally one big fellow in a coon skin coat took courage in hand and approached me with the question "Are you a detective from New York?" I told him who I really was and asked why on earth they should think a detective would come all the way from New York to a Canadian village. "I dunno" he said, "it's a pretty serious case and we thought you might be one of them there Pinkertons." I soon learned that at every farmhouse I had passed in the long drive through the countryside we had been seen and it was assumed that there "was somethin' doin' in the murder

case over on the *n*th concession". The women folk had sent their males into town after dinner to find out whether an arrest was to be made. I was asked what I thought about the case and when I said I did not think there was any case, my stock obviously fell. When the Deputy Attorney-General read my story in the *Mail and Empire* next morning he told Murray not to bother going to Huron to investigate, and the famous detective always felt that I had unduly interfered with the course of justice, although I am satisfied that if he had investigated on the spot he would have taken the same view as I did.

In saying that popular opinion often seeks the arrest of the wrong person I recall especially a sensational case of thirty years ago at Galt, Ontario—the murder of a farmer's wife named Emma Orr, who lived about two miles out in the country. She was a woman of loose habits, with several male friends in the town, and had once before run away with a man to Detroit or Buffalo and been forgiven by her husband because of the difficulty he had in taking care of the children. For all her wayward habits she was a good and kindly mother. When the husband went into Galt to inform the local police that on the morning of the August civic holiday she had again disappeared, they assumed that it was just another temporary elopement, and assured him that she would be back soon. He was, however, insistent that something must be wrong. She had some cheap jewellery which she prized highly and had left it behind, as well as her best clothes. These circumstances were proof positive to the husband that there was something mysterious and sinister about her disappearance; but the mere fact that he had been very lenient towards his wife's shortcomings had made him rather a humorous figure on the countryside and few paid attention to his suspicions. That there was a real mystery of a melodramatic order suddenly dawned on the community a few days later when a neighbour, looking for his cows, came upon

an open grave in a swamp near the Orr farm. It had obviously been surreptitously prepared for the reception of a body. Under ordinary circumstances the husband would have been suspected, but here the proverbialgood nature and kindliness of Orr stood him in good stead. The police being still skeptical, the farmers of the township resolved that on the coming Sunday they would meet and organize search parties to ransack the whole neighbourhood for Mrs. Orr's remains.

The Orr farm lay half a mile or so from the beautiful stock farm of Miss Wilkes, located at the juncture of the Grand and the Speed Rivers, near Preston, Ontario. Among those who participated in the search was Mr. Langdon Wilkes, a descendant of the famous fur trader and early New Yorker, John Jacob Astor, who afterwards married a daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green, the wealthiest of all American women. Despite his great wealth and social experience in many capitals, Langdon Wilkes was very popular among the farmers of the district because of his democratic manners. He joined with them in the search and it was he who was really responsible for finding the body. After a fruitless quest in many directions, the various parties had given it up as useless and were returning to their homes, when Mr. Wilkes, who had come back to the Orr house to talk with the husband, happened to notice a swelling in the earth between the rows of Indian corn in a kitchen garden adjacent to the kitchen where the woman had last been seen. It was, in fact, within six feet of the kitchen window. Mr. Wilkes quietly drew a farmer aside and told him to get a spade and instructed another to draw the stragglers still around the house off to another part of the farm. Before half a dozen spadefuls of earth had been thrown off, it was plain that the body lay there in a shallow grave covered with about six inches of dry sand. After exhumation and a post mortem examination it was found that the woman had been almost instantly slain by a

gun-shot wound through the heart. I was present at the inquest and shall not forget the distinguished picture that Mr. Wilkes, one of the best dressed men in America, made in the witness box. An inquisitive lawyer asked him a foolish question as to how the body looked when it was brought to light. He hesitated and then said thoughtfully, "Why, I should say, damned unpleasant."

The police, who had hitherto scoffed at the husband's suspicions of murder, suddenly became active, and eager to make arrests on suspicion. The husband had a complete alibi, because at the time when the murder must have occurred he was absent at a distant farm in connection with a hog transaction. It so happened that Mrs. Orr's little girl, a delicate child, had been upstairs asleep, on the summer morning when her mother disappeared, and had been wakened by a gun-shot, not an unusual thing in the country. She had dressed, and on coming down stairs about half an hour later, had found a hired lad, a husky youth of seventeen named Allison, sent to Canada from an English orphanage, sweeping up chips in the back yard outside the kitchen door. She asked where her mother was, and was told that she had gone to town. She then asked about the gunshot she had heard and Allison told her he had shot at a woodchuck down behind the barn.

The obvious thing was to arrest Allison, which was done, but the local authorities were not content with that. An attempt was made to round up all the male friends of the dead woman, who, as I have said, was of rather free manners. A young medical student summering in Galt had been in the habit of riding out on his bicycle to see her every day or so, and he too was arrested, though it was subsequently shown that he had been nowhere near the Orr farm on that morning. Another intimate friend of Mrs. Orr was a middle-aged business man in Galt, a bit of a fool who, it was subsequently revealed, had been in the habit of writing her rather

ludicrous love letters and buying cheap finery for her. He was rather too substantial a person in the community to be thrown into a cell on mere suspicion, but was placed under surveillance. His behaviour on the morning of the woman's disappearance had certainly been of a nature to put him in the wrong. It being civic holiday he had driven out to the farm to ask Mrs. Orr to come back to town and bring the children along for some ice-cream. He arrived shortly after the little girl had asked Allison as to her mother's whereabouts, and being informed that she was absent in town did a most extraordinary thing. He slipped upstairs and commenced to ransack the woman's bureau drawers, search under the mattress and in the cupboard, and altogether behave like a madman. The explanation of this behaviour which he subsequently made was simple enough. He had been trying to induce Mrs. Orr to give him back his love letters and she had refused. Her absence offered a favourable opportunity to him to recover them. When a man has been detected in ransacking a woman's bedroom immediately after subsequent disclosures prove her to have been murdered it is certainly a suspicious circumstance, and when I reached Galt within twenty-four hours after the discovery of the body, half the townsfolk were clamouring for his arrest.

I went up on the train with Inspector John Murray, and his handling of the case immediately on his arrival convinced me that what is called the "third degree", the stiff private cross-examination of suspects by an intelligent detective, is the best protection of innocent men. I may say that Murray was not a welcome visitor. The local authorities had not asked for his presence and resented his coming. But they had shown themselves so dilatory in action when Orr first reported his wife's disappearance, that the Deputy Attorney-General had decided to place Murray in charge. Murray's first

action was to interview the two prisoners. Allison he decreed should be held; but after ten minutes' conversation with the sadder and wiser medical student, ordered his release. The local authorities demurred at this, but Murray, who expressed with emphasis his opinion of the stupidity of the arrest, told them they would be lucky to escape an action for damages for arresting a man that half an hour's investigation would have shown them had been nowhere near the scene when the crime occurred. As a matter of fact they had refused to listen to the lad's clear alibi, and Murray's swift and sane third degree methods saved this youth from several days' detention in a hot, dusty, and uncomfortable cell.

The foolish Galt business man to whom I have alluded had not been arrested, but Murray sent for him, and after half an hour's conversation, in which I afterwards learned that he had raked him fore and aft for his own good, told him he need fear nothing if he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut and tell any neighbours who were bothering him to mind their own affairs. He also gave him sound advice as to the folly of middle-aged men who run after women. I have always got along well with my fellow newspapermen, and understand the difficulties that reporters sometimes endure when harried by news editors distant from the scene who have conceived a theory of a case and instruct their emissaries to work it up on those lines. In this instance the attitude of a certain section of the press in Toronto and Buffalo seemed absolutely perverse. They accepted the popular feeling in Galt against the dead woman's unromantic lover, sent despatches to the effect that his arrest was expected hourly, and set about to convict him without trial. The ringleader in this was a reporter from Buffalo who had worked on many famous murder cases in the United States, including the celebrated Lizzie Borden affair. He was literally determined to convict

this man. He filled his own paper, which was seeking a circulation in Southern Ontario, with copy, and certain Toronto reporters who looked up to him with a certain amount of awe followed suit. I had Murray's private assurances that the fool was innocent and that there was a clear case of circumstantial evidence against the hired boy, Allison, but I went to see the persecuted man himself, when I could slip in after nightfall, without being embarrassed by the presence of fellow reporters. The poor old chap, who was stout of habit, had obviously lost weight, and his nerves had been shot to pieces. He trembled like a leaf and was a pitiable figure. I could understand it when I met his wife, as stern a female as I ever talked with. I understood that while he might escape arrest, what the future held in store in the way of domestic criticism was worse than a term of imprisonment. But she was a sensible woman, who did not indulge in any ranting against the press, and when I explained to her that I was convinced of her husband's innocence and had so assured my newspaper in Toronto, she ordered him to answer the two or three questions which I thought necessary to prove the accuracy of my views. The love letters which were the cause of all his troubles, and which had been discovered and published in many newspapers, must have been pleasant reading for both of them.

I suppose that under present standards of journalism it would be deemed bad newspaper work on my part that I had refused to copy and send these missives, and had wired advice against "scalping" them from other newspapers. I was indeed at loggerheads with the acting news editor of the Toronto *News* (the newspaper with which I was then connected) over my handling of the case. He sent me polite enquiries as to whether I was "loafing on the job?" and why I was allowing myself to be "scooped" by reporters of the other newspapers. My reason was that I knew from Murray's assurances, and

from my own enquiries, that this man was innocent as a babe, and I declined to be a party to creating an atmosphere of suspicion which in a small community would take years to live down. It appeared to me that every circumstance pointed to the guilt of Allison, and so far as I could I detached myself from my fellow reporters and worked up that phase of the case exclusively.

A day or two later I had my revenge on the person who had been harrying me with telegrams and on my Buffalo acquaintance who had sneered at me when I protested against his methods. The inquest had been prolonged over several days, and one day at the noon recess Inspector Murray called me aside and told me privately that he had that morning found, in an old root house on the Orr farm, the shovel which had been used to bury Mrs. Orr after her murder, and which still had bloody hair on it, gathered as the body was hastily hidden in the shallow grave in the corn patch. It could only have been hidden by Allison. Murray was annoyed with the other newspapermen, who without consulting him had been drawing a herring across the trail and had ignored his assurances that their selected culprit was innocent, so he had decided to give me a "scoop" on a very important discovery. I received no more enquiries from the office as to whether I was "loafing on the job". Allison was convicted and hanged, although I am certain that the murder was unpremeditated; what the French term a "crime passionel". Knowing Mrs. Orr's character he had boasted to companions that some day he was going to make her yield to him, and on the morning in question had probably threatened her with his gun to force her to consent. The shooting I have no doubt was entirely accidental, and suddenly the lad, a lout of low intelligence, found himself with a dead body on his hands. Had the child come downstairs a little sooner than she did she would have found him hastily concealing her mother's corpse in the corn-patch. It was shown

that in the days following the murder he had been in the habit of getting up very early in the morning to go for the cows, in this way obtaining an extra half hour to dig a deep grave in the swamp. His problem was to find a favourable opportunity to remove the body thither, and before he could do so the grave was accidently discovered. But for this unforseen happening it is quite possible that the remains would have lain in the swamp for years undiscovered and the disappearance of Emma Orr would have been one of the country's unsolved mysteries.

CHAPTER XIV

CRIME AND ITS COINCIDENCES

THE provision of the law which classifies as a murderer the man who accidentally kills a victim while threatening him with a lethal weapon, is unquestionably salutary. If the possible consequences of threatening anyone with a loaded gun were better realized there would be fewer slayings; but under such circumstances, sentence is as a rule commuted in the end. In my earlier *Chronicles* I spoke of the case of a half crazy farmer in Simcoe county named Brennan, who killed Mr. Strathy, a banker of Barrie, in just this way. Brennan was twice convicted and sentenced to be hanged but in the end reprieved. In my early days as a reporter there was a reprieve at the instance of Sir John Thompson, then Minister of Justice and Prime Minister of Canada, of which no explanation was vouchsafed, but which I learned in after years was based on his belief that no man should be hanged for an unpremeditated murder committed in a moment of passion. It was the case of Walter McWherrell, which at the outset was surrounded by a great deal of obscurity and was known as "The Middle Road Mystery". "The Middle Road" is a highway which runs exactly half way between the Dundas Highway and the Hamilton Highway west of Toronto. The place where the murder occurred was a small farmhouse occupied by an old couple named Williams noted for their stinginess. Their house lay nearly midway between Cooksville on the Dundas Highway and Port Credit on the Lake Front. The district is now covered with suburban homes but at the time of which I write was lonely and isolated. During a very severe spell of zero weather neighbours of the Williams couple happened to

recall that they had not been seen about the place for three or four days, and on a bitter cold Sunday morning two of them walked over to see if anything was wrong. The sight that met them when they entered the unlocked kitchen and living room was horrible beyond description. The old man had been killed with a single blow while sitting at the tea-table, the weapon a heavy boot jack which lay by his side. The old woman had put up a terrible battle in her own defence and had apparently been slain with a potato masher with which she had attempted to defend herself and which had been wrenched from her hand. Both bodies were frozen stiff. From the barn a horse and cutter had been stolen. As it turned out the murderer had, by stealing the horse, sealed his own fate.

Strange as it may seem to some readers, it was in these days much easier to trace any stranger who had been in the vicinity than it would be to-day when the scene of the Middle Road tragedy has become the centre of a populous district. The farm houses were at least a third of a mile apart, and farmers' wives always take note of strangers passing along a road. This means of detection has proved valuable in many cases, notably in that of Reginald Birchall, the celebrated Blenheim Swamp murderer. Enquiry showed that three days previous to the discovery of the bodies, a young man had been seen walking along the Middle Road towards the Williams place, late on a miserable afternoon of sleet and rain. I remember that afternoon well, because I had happened to be at Streetsville a few miles away, investigating the misdoings of a rural swindler. The stranger had even called at a farmhouse to ask the way to the Williams place and in this connection an amusing incident occurred. A day or so after the discovery a party of reporters drove over the route that had been followed by the stranger and called at various houses to get a description of him. One of the party was the late

Arthur Burns, a very spruce and good-looking man who was afterwards a well-known newspaper figure on the Pacific Coast. They called at the farm where the murderer had asked for directions, and the good wife, in reply to questioning, at once pointed to Burns and said "That is the man", assuming that he was a suspect brought along for identification. It was a good joke on the immaculate Arthur, but as it turned out the woman's powers of observation were not half bad, for when the murderer was finally caught it turned out that he did bear a considerable resemblance to Burns and they might pass for each other in the dusk of a murky winter evening.

McWherrell was finally traced through having sold the horse in East Toronto to an eccentric old milk man, for half its value. When the purchaser resold it in Toronto a day or so later he found himself a suspect, but was quickly able to prove an alibi. Inspector William Greer, who had charge of the case for the Attorney-General's department, was himself country reared, and had stuck closely to the trail of the horse, assuming that when it was found the capture of the murderer would be easier. For this reason every horse transaction in the vicinity of Toronto was scrutinized and with the above result, which showed the direction he had taken. After the sale of the animal in East Toronto, McWherrell made his way to a farm in East York, where he had worked in the previous winter, and with the very accurate and complete descriptions that were now available was soon detected and informed on by neighbours. Investigation showed that he had learned in a cheap Toronto lodging-house from a lad who had just left the employ of Williams, that the latter might be willing to employ him. Being almost penniless he had walked there to ask for work. His identity with the author of the crime was shown not only by persons who saw him en route and by the sale of the horse, but by certain small articles in his possession which he had stolen from the house.

McWherrell was a curious character. He had by his own account been a drummer boy at the Battle of Tel el Kebir and later a soldier. His spruce military appearance excited sympathy for him among the military classes. One officer of the militia, who seemed to have forgotten "Danny Deever", assured me with tears in his eyes that a boy who had worn the Queen's uniform could never have committed so brutal a crime. He was a capital hand with horses and had, shortly before the murder, been employed as assistant coachman and groom by the late S. H. Janes, a prominent Toronto capitalist, who built the beautiful residence "Benvenuto", afterwards the home of Sir William Mackenzie. McWherrell's penniless condition was due to the fact that one morning while brushing a valuable horse he had flown into an ungovernable rage and almost killed the animal. Consequently he had been dismissed by Mr. Janes, without a reference, at a period when employment was hard to come by. The constructive theory of the case was that the Williams couple had refused him work or even food and shelter, and ordered him out into a night of freezing rain many miles from a possible lodging. Their reputation in the vicinity of Cooksville indicated that they were quite capable of this. He probably flew into a characteristic rage and struck the old man without intending to kill him, and subsequently killed the old woman in battling with her. The thefts he committed, which were foreign to his record, were useful as a means of escape. At least that is the view that the Minister of Justice took in reprieving him. Last minute reprieves are usually confined to the stage, but his had all the qualities of melodrama, for the scaffold had been built in Brampton jail-yard within sound of his cell,and the hangman was on the spot to perform his duty when the news came that McWherrell's life was to be spared.

Undoubtedly he owed his life to the indefatigable exertions of his counsel, the late T. C. Robinette, K.C.,

whose vast criminal practice largely grew out of this case; and one of several mysteries surrounding him was the large sum of money available for his defence. The name McWherrell was in itself a manufactured one, unknown on the army lists or anywhere else, but I have good reasons for believing that he was the illegitimate son of a Scottish Earl, whose title I withhold. In *The Master of Ballantrae* Robert Louis Stevenson introduces a "trollop" as he calls her, who had a child by the Master. This was a similar case. McWherrell died after several years incarceration in Kingston Penetentiary, and subsequent to his death, my chief on the *Mail and Empire*, Walter Wilkinson, got a tip that instead of being buried in the confines of the institution his body had been released by special permit to a Scottish woman in Hamilton whose name had never figured in connection with his affairs. Wilkinson thought that there lay a clue to his unknown identity.

I went quietly to Hamilton and as ill-luck would have it immediately bumped into some newspaper friends who wanted to know why I was there. I managed to put them off with the tale that I had run up to visit relatives, and commenced a search for the woman who had secured permission to remove McWherrell's body. I found that she was a well-known figure in the underworld of the city, but she happened to be off somewhere on a spree. I saw a good deal of the seamy side of existence in trying to trace her through the low dens wher she was an habituée, but I did not find her. I did, however, find a woman pal with whom she sometimes lived, sadly under the influence of gin. She had evidently been told to keep the secret, but was bursting with its importance, and I had not much difficulty in finding out that the dead murderer was the illegitimate son of this woman of the underworld, noted for her broad Scottish speech and for the fact that she drew a pension from a member of the Scottish nobility, whose name my informant did

not disclose and probably did not know. The Hamilton police were not themselves aware that McWherrell's body had been quietly buried in that city, nor did I inform them of the fact; but I learned through this source that the woman was, as I had been informed, in receipt of a pension from an Earl of very distinguished name now dead long since. I withhold the name of McWherrell's supposed mother also, because she had adopted the nobleman's name as her own surname.

I went to see Mr. Robinette on my return from Hamilton, and the manner in which his eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped, when I told him what I had learned convinced me that I had the facts. He denied all knowledge of McWherrell's aristocratic connections but unconsciously gave himself away by mentioning the name before I had done so. He sternly warned me not to mention the name of the Earl in question, which of course I had no intention of doing—for I had no proofs that would stand in court—but after that interview I had no doubt as to the source of the large sums that were expended in defence of McWherrell.

McWherrell was the only condemned murderer whom I ever heard make a long speech in court when asked the usual question by the presiding judge, "Prisoner, have you anything to say as to why sentence should not be passed upon you?" He talked frantically for two hours, stressing his services in Egypt and making wild accusations against the neighbours of the Williams couple. He would have talked much longer save that he unwittingly gave the judge an opening by shouting: "Go on! Sentence me! sentence an innocent—" Just then the voice of the judge was heard reciting the terrible phrases of the death sentence, and the frantic man was hurried from the court by constables—still protesting.

The grim horror of a death sentence is something that gets on the nerves of everyone who happens to be present no matter how richly it may be deserved, or how

often one has heard it passed. It used to be difficult to settle down to one's work after such an episode, and reporting an execution was an assignment I always refused. I abhor the well-meant practice of certain judges in lecturing a prisoner at length before pronouncing the fatal words. It has always seemed to me needlessly cruel, though I fancy it often arises from the kind-heartedness of the judge himself who talks to steel his own nerves for the most unpleasant task of his judicial lot. A few years ago an incident occurred at Toronto assizes which gave a relief of mordant humour to the fateful moment. A Macedonian labourer, engaged on railroad construction work near the city, had murdered a sleeping comrade in his bunk and stolen his money belt. He was caught without much difficulty, with the belt and the money in his possession, and conviction was a simple matter. The man could not speak English, and though an interpreter was present, his services were hardly necessary, for defence counsel would not take the risk of putting the prisoner in the box. When the moment arrived that sentence must be passed the presiding judge, a learned and kindly man, commenced by discoursing on the subject of the prisoner's Macedonian nationality. He spoke of the glories of Macedonia in ancient times; of the Law-Giver, Philip of Macedon, and of the genius of his son, Alexander the Great, whose achievements he rehearsed. He said it shocked him deeply that a native of Macedonia should disgrace the great historic traditions of his native land by murdering a sleeping comrade for pelf—with more to the same effect, leaving the impression that Alexander the Great would be horribly shocked when he got the news. Finally, having exhausted his fund of classical allusions, he asked the usual question as to whether the prisoner had anything to say as to why sentence should not be passed upon him. The prisoner, who had sat in a daze throughout the speech wondering what it was all about, remained dumb, and

the judge repeated the question. The sheriff sitting beside the jurist quietly interposed with the suggestion that the interpreter be called to put the question. This course was adopted and a short dialogue ensued. Finally the interpreter looked up to the Bench and said, "The prisoner says he would like to know if he may have his hat back." Stern shouts from the tipstaffs quelled the ripple of laughter that arose, and the fateful words were pronounced.

Sometimes the circumstances of a case so fill a judge with horror that he welcomes the opportunity to pronounce the death sentence. I once heard the late Mr. Justice Teetzel of Hamilton tell a circle of friends how deeply it distressed him to sentence men where there was any vestige of extenuating circumstances, but how at times he had sometimes feared that the sentimentality of juries might forestall the necessity in the case of a human monster. One case he mentioned was of a man in a village north of Whitby who had become infatuated with a girl and with much preparation had set fire to his home and burned his wife and young children to death. The evidence, though absolutely convincing, was circumstantial, and the judge feared that fallacious pleas based on the latter ground might lead to an acquittal. He was greatly relieved when the verdict proved to be "Guilty" and he was able to mete out to the murderer the punishment he deserved. This same murderer was a snivelling hypocrite. Before his execution he professed religion and issued a pious exhortation to young men attributing the crime for which he had arranged weeks beforehand, to his having drunk two glasses of beer on the evening of the crime.

Mr. Justice Teetzel had to deal with another brute that he would have liked to send to the gallows had the law permitted. This creature, a filthy fellow who never washed and slept by preference in livery stables, assaulted and murdered a little girl on the railway tracks near

Brantford, Ontario. He was arrested later and identified as having been in the vicinity just before the crime. When he was stripped it was found that he, who had never been known to bathe, had washed certain patches of the coating of dirt which covered his body to clear away bloodstains. But he was acquitted on the evidence of a man who swore that at the time of the murder the accused was in the reading room of the Y.M.C.A. at Brantford. On this alibi he was acquitted and disappeared. The alibi witness did not get all the money he had expected for his testimony and "squealed", with the result that on his own admissions he was given a stiff term for perjury. A year or so later a woman living on the eastern outskirts of Toronto employed a casual applicant for work to dig a well; at mid-day he entered her house and tried to assault her. Her cries brought assistance and her assailant was caught. On the detective force at that time was a Scotsman, James Forrest, a wonderfully shrewd and observing officer, now Claims Agent of the Toronto Transportation Commission. Forrest looked the prisoner over and after a little thought became convinced that he was the Brantford murderer. He had never seen him, but the description was embedded in his mind. He sent for the Chief of Police of Brantford and Forrest's surmise proved to be right. The brute could not be tried again for murder, but he could be arraigned for criminal assault and this course was pursued. There was no possibility of an alibi this time and he was convicted. Justice Teetzel, as in the case of Jeffreys when he sentenced the villainous Titus Oates, expressed regret that he could not sentence him to death, but said he would try to administer a punishment almost as salutary. He sentenced him to life imprisonment and many lashings repeated at frequent intervals. It was probably the stiffest sentence of the kind ever imposed in a Canadian court-room. The effect was of the best for that night the prisoner strangled

himself in his cell, and thus saved the country the expense of maintaining him. It is a singular fact that the type of criminal who indulges in the vilest cruelties most fears pain himself.

The attitude of judges towards the lash varies, though with the increase of crimes of violence it is now admitted that, short of death, it is the punishment most feared by violent types of criminal. The late Chief-Justice Armour, though in his day regarded as the sternest man on the Ontario Bench, always refused to inflict the lash on the ground that it was mediaeval and embodied the principle of torture. But he knew how to hold juries up to their duty, and when Chief-Justice of Queen's Bench, before his elevation to the Court of Appeals, had the habit of tossing aside technicality and pinning everyone down to facts which facilitated the course of justice. At the same time he was so contemptuous of learned brothers, more friendly to technical arguments than he, that they lost few opportunities of reversing his decisions. There is a splendid portrait of him by Berthon in Osgoode Hall which reveals his strong and independent temperament. The story is told that one day when he and the late Mr. Justice Burton, a very sweet and gracious old gentleman, were walking through the Hall together, the latter said: "Armour, I know what you are saying in that picture; you are saying 'I don't give a damn for the Court of Appeal'." Also he despised the flummery so dear to many public men. During the last illness of Sir Oliver Mowat it fell to his lot, as Chief-Justice of Ontario, to act as Administrator in place of the Lieutenant Governor and to prorogue the Ontario Legislature. He made a strong protest when told he would be attended by a military guard of honour and accorded a salute of twenty-one guns. But the then Attorney-General, Sir John Gibson, who was a strict believer in legal ceremonial, was insistent, and the Chief-Justice had to yield. However, he found a compensating pleasure in refusing to don his

silken robes, and dug out from some cupboard the oldest and greenest morning coat he could find to wear as a picturesque contrast to the scarlet and gold with which he was surrounded.

Those who read the intimate accounts of the career of the brilliant English actor and writer, Henry B. Irving, elder son of Sir Henry, Irving, are aware of the intense interest he took in criminal records; not through any morbid delight in horrors but because of the psychological and intellectual problems involved. Weighing evidence *pro* and *con* was his hobby, and the curious instances of coincidence and fortuitous circumstance which arise in the unravelling of any mystery, excited his imagination. If he could have conquered his incurable passion for the stage, he would undoubtedly have become eminent at the bar of England, for which he was trained, and in the end probably a very able judge. He wrote a brilliant monograph on the trial of Eugene Aram, the eighteenth century *cause célèbre* which, partly through Hood's poem on the subject, has done more than any other episode in British jurisprudence to support the fallacious proverb: "Murder will out". His book *The Real Judge Jeffreys* is incidentally a supremely good text book on rules of evidence. The chief recreation of his leisure was to discuss at infinite length the intricate details of some major crime and weigh one circumstance against another. He came to America about twenty years ago to present two plays made famous by his father which dealt with these very problems: "The Bells", founded on "The Polish Jew", an Alsatian tale of Erckmann-Chatrian; and "The Lyons Mail", founded on the most extraordinary case of mistaken identity in French legal annals. At that time I had the pleasure of meeting him, and after we had become really acquainted he said "I like to meet experienced newspapermen because of a hobby of mine. You must at one time or another have worked on some

extraordinary criminal cases. Think of one and tell me about it."

I replied that I had worked on several and chose one which was then of comparatively recent interest, which proved so absorbing to him that we spent nearly three hours over it. To go over the many phases that we took up would exhaust much space, but it was a case of extraordinary interest, entirely apart from the mere crime around which it centered. It was that of Mrs. Henry Sternaman, native of a small village in Haldimand county on the north shore of Lake Erie, a woman once convicted of murder but on a second trial acquitted. It was a case which before its conclusion took on an international complexion. In that part of Canada many of the younger generation used to seek employment at Buffalo, N.Y., and the woman in question had as a young girl married a mechanic named Chipman residing in that city. After two or three years of married life Chipman died of what was assumed to be an obscure malady, Addison's Disease, and this cause was stated in the death certificate. A small insurance policy of less than a thousand dollars (if I remember rightly) was paid and nothing more was thought of the matter. Some time later the widow married another young mechanic from her native county named Henry Sternaman. A year or two later he was seized with some mysterious wasting ailment, and received free treatment from a young doctor connected with one of the benevolent institutions of Buffalo. His wife cared for him with apparent devotion and he was so attached to her that he wished no one else by his side.

The physician in charge of the case was so baffled by Sternaman's lack of progress that he called in another junior colleague who thought the patient's condition consistent with arsenical poisoning. This was a very serious charge to make, and before going any further they decided to call in Dr. Roswell Park of Buffalo, a

very eminent physician. He visited the poverty-stricken home and decided that there was something mysterious about Sternaman's illness which needed clearing up and suggested that the patient be removed to a hospital where he would be under observation. This suggestion was firmly rejected by Sternaman himself, who desired only the nursing of his wife. The attending physician became insistent and one summer morning when he went to see his patient, found that the Sternamans had vanished. It subsequently transpired that Sternaman had died in the village of Fisherville, a village in Haldimand county, Canada, from which both he and his wife had originally come. He had been moved a distance of thirty miles or so, on a baggage-car, because he was too prostrated by illness to travel in any other way. He was in a dying condition when he reached his mother's home at Fisherville, and the local physician was sent for. This man, a very experienced country doctor, at once suspected something mysterious in his condition, but decided that he would consult a physician of more learning than himself. At the nearby village of Selkirk there resided Dr. Harrison, widely known as the "Nestor of the Canadian Medical Association", a man thoroughly up to date on all developments relating to his profession but who had elected to shun the life of the big cities, and practise in the country. Dr. Harrison was brought over to see Sternaman, and quite unaware that the same belief was already afloat in the medical circles of Buffalo, pronounced it a case of arsenical poisoning, but proofs were too scanty to lay a definite charge. A few hours later Sternaman died, and the only malady which would explain his condition was Addison's Disease, and because it was necessary, owing to the intense summer heat, to bury a dead man as soon as possible, the Fisherville physician decided to give a death certificate naming that disease, and pursue subsequent investigations as to the previous history of Sternaman's illness. In giving

the certificate he told the local undertaker not to embalm the body; and later the question of whether the latter obeyed instructions had an important bearing on the issue. At the first trial he denied having done so; at the second he said he might have squirted some embalming fluid into the body, but had not performed a complete operation.

Thus we have an initial coincidence that two independent groups of physicians, one in Buffalo and the other in Haldimand, had, entirely unknown to each other, or to Mrs. Sternaman, reached the same conclusion but were reluctant to reveal their views without more definite proofs. This was overshadowed by a much more sensational coincidence presently revealed. Like Chipman, Sternaman had a small insurance policy on his life, and when the application for payment was presented by Mrs. Sternaman on her return to Buffalo, with Addison's Disease named as the cause of death, somebody recalled the similar death certificate in the case of her first husband —Chipman. Since Addison's Disease is one of the rarest of maladies, the fact that a young woman in humble circumstances should have had two husbands die of it aroused curiosity. The insurance company made enquiries of the doctors both in Buffalo and Canada and set on foot proceedings for the exhumation of Sternaman's body. Post mortem examination by the Provincial Analyst, Professor Ellis of the University of Toronto, revealed the presence of a considerable quantity of arsenic in the viscera of the deceased; and the progress of the illness was consistent with the theory of poisoning. A charge of murder was laid against the wife, who after some delays was extradited to Canada and committed for trial at Cayuga, the very picturesque judicial centre of Haldimand county. It turned out that the prisoner had wealthy friends in Buffalo for whom she had worked and who, convinced of her innocence, provided ample funds for her defence. During the extradition proceedings

in that city she was represented by two or three of the ablest attorneys at the local bar; and after she was sent back to Canada, her interests were placed in charge of William Manley German, K.C., of Welland, the leading lawyer of the Niagara peninsula and widely known in political circles. When the case came to trial Mr. German had against him on behalf of the Crown the great counsel Britton B. Osler, K.C., who as a young lawyer had also practised throughout that district. Mr. Osler was coached on the scientific factors in the case by his brother, Sir William Osler, then residing in Baltimore, and there was a formidable array of expert witnesses on both sides. The Crown had at its disposal five doctors who at one time or another had examined Sternaman, and suspected poisoning. The chief of the experts for the Crown was the late Arthur Jukes Johnson, M.D., of Toronto, long adviser to the Attorney-General on questions of medical jurisprudence, and the defence group was headed by Dr. John Ferguson of Toronto, with a similarly long experience as a defence adviser. Both Dr. Johnson and Dr. Ferguson had some years previously been pitted against each other in the Hyams case, and both took a delight in scoring off each other in court. On the bench was the ablest judge in criminal cases since the days of Sir Adam Wilson—Hon. John Douglas Armour, K.C.

It was a battle royal but there were nevertheless weak spots in the Crown's case. First of all the question of motive; in the case of neither Chipman or Sternaman was the insurance on their lives sufficient to support a theory of murder for gain, because the comparatively small sums obtainable would hardly compensate for the expense of their long illnesses and loss of earning power. There was no evidence that the accused had formed any outside attachments which would make her desire to be free. She had lived happily with both her mates, and in each instance they had died with expressions of affection for her. Nor did a very extended enquiry both in Buffalo

and Canada reveal that she had ever obtained arsenic from any source. The most damaging direct evidence against her was the testimony of a trainman who had been in the baggage car on the day when she brought the dying Sternaman from Buffalo to Fisherville, and who swore that he had seen her administer a white powder to him just as the train was in the middle of the Niagara River, passing over the imaginary line known as the international boundary. Those who believed her capable of a deliberate and long-premeditated murder, argued that she chose this method in order to draw a herring across the trail in case of prosecution, by causing a dispute as to which country the crime had been committed in. Had Sternaman died at that moment this question would have proved difficult; but inasmuch as he lived for a day thereafter it was assumed that Canada had a right to claim the accused and place her on trial. Much hung upon the testimony of the undertaker who at the first trial swore he had not embalmed the body. The contention of the defence that arsenic had entered the remains by this means was therefore nullified.

In spite of the fact that the Crown was obliged to rely on the contention that the murder, if murder had been committed, was based on some inexplicable motive, some Neronic mania for inflicting suffering on others, the jury deemed the circumstances sufficiently incriminating to justify a conviction; and Mrs. Sternaman was sentenced to be hanged.

As the date set for her execution approached a great clamour for clemency arose. Her wealthy friends in Buffalo left no stone unturned to assist this end. A young lawyer named Thaver, who had been one of her attorneys in the extradition proceedings, was almost fanatical on the subject. Mr. German exercised all the great political influence that it was his to command, but matters drifted along until the hangman arrived and the woman, sitting in her cell, with its windows shadowed

by oak trees and a lovely vista of the valley of the Grand River before her eyes, actually heard the carpenters at work constructing her scaffold. Local opinion, which had been strongly against her at first, had swerved around. Sentiment against hanging a woman is always strong, and in this case it was strengthened by the fact that never in its history had the good name of Haldimand county been besmirched by a hanging. It was held that it would be a blot on its white escutcheon if an execution should occur within its borders. The local Crown officials, appalled at the duty which lay before them, were eager to escape it, and they were men of strong influence. Finally, one of the local doctors who had assisted in the post mortem thought of certain details which had been overlooked and which he held to be important enough to justify a new trial. He made an affidavit to this effect and the Ministry of Justice, glad of something which would legitimately meet popular appeals, ordered a new trial.

At the second trial there were new faces on the bench and at the bar. Chancellor Sir John Boyd, a brilliant legal technician though inexperienced in criminal practice, was assigned to try the case. Although Mr. German had been most indefatigable in securing a respite and new trial, the Buffalo attorneys retained by Mrs. Sternaman's friends decided to dispense with his services and employ the leading defence lawyer of Ontario, E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., of Toronto who had worsted the great Osler in the Hyams case, the Clara Ford case, and other notable trials. I have never seen the constructive talent of Mr. Johnston as a defence counsel more ably employed, for it was his task not only to give a new colouring to testimony in behalf of the Crown but also to that of several of his own witnesses, whose evidence at the first trial was a matter of record. When answers conflicted with those given a few months previously they asserted they would have made matters clearer if they had been

questioned in the proper way. His subtlest move was to call the undertaker and induce him to refresh his memory to the extent of admitting that he might have squirted a little embalming fluid into the body. The next step was easy but effective—to produce a formula for the fluid containing a considerable percentage of arsenic, and which the undertaker said he might have used. He rode over Crown experts rough shod, and fought a drawn battle with Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson and Dr. Harrison of Selkirk, unbreakable witnesses who had amazed the Buffalo doctors by their adroitness in the witness box and their knowledge of their subject. The outcome was a verdict of "Not Guilty", but Mr. Johnston was not there to hear it. He had made his fight, and taken his train, leaving subsequent formalities to others.

There was cheering in the court room which the sheriff had difficulty in suppressing, and the judge's brief words directing that the prisoner be set free were hardly heard. The jail adjoined the court house, and I shall never forget the beauty of the scene as I stood in the stone doorway of that institution and interviewed Mrs. Sternaman just before she departed with her relatives. It was about nine o'clock on a lovely spring evening, and as we talked a strange melodramatic incident occurred. The moon rose above the trees across the river and as it emerged I noted that by some atmospheric freak it was blood red—one of the very rare occasions when I have witnessed such a phenomenon. But I cannot regard this manifestation of Nature as evidence. This woman, who had been through so much, left rather a bad impression on me for she asked the reporters to censure Mr. German, her counsel at the first trial, who she said had never believed in her innocence, and was responsible for her conviction. She was most heatedly rebuked by her jailer, a Mr. Murphy, who said that he must remind her that if it had not been for Mr. German's exertions on her behalf she would inevitably have been hanged.

Some years later I asked a politician, who at that time represented Haldimand in the Legislature, what had

become of Mrs. Sternaman and he told me a rather amusing story. After her second trial she did not return to Buffalo, but married a third husband in the neighbourhood of her girlhood home. She proved a good wife, but one day her husband had a severe attack of cramps. It was a paltry matter but he made the nonsensical accusation that she was trying to poison him. He was alleged to have said that if he ever had another attack of the kind he would not wait for the end but kill her on the instant. Not being able to control the forces of Nature sufficiently to guarantee him against an occasional attack of cramps she decided that the course of safety lay in leaving him, and whether she ever returned to him I cannot say.

Epidemics of lesser forms of crime that infect whole communities occasionally occur in rural districts. In 1927, in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe, with the little town of Beeton as the centre of activity, a whole countryside seemed to have become infected with a burglary and cattle-stealing mania in which everything from calves and pigs to women's clothing and kitchen clocks were purloined by unsuspected neighbours. Such epidemics invariably arise under the leadership of two or three rustic criminals, tired of trying to earn an honest living under difficult circumstances. The most extraordinary rural epidemic of the kind which came within my personal experience as a newspaper reporter was an incendiary wave known as the Melancthon township firebug conspiracy. The region named after that famous philosopher and theologian lies in the heart of Dufferin county in Central Ontario, populated in the main by small farmers who have not the slightest idea of who the Wittenberg thinker was, and what he stood for in the sixteenth century. Certainly the social atmosphere of the community at the time of which I write reflected small credit on his name. For three or four years a fire wave, emanating from Melancthon and extending into adjoining

townships on all sides, had been in progress. Scores of barn burnings had occurred, but whenever the insurance inspectors went to investigate, the beneficiary could show a clean slate, usually a complete alibi for himself and his family. Usually they had been absent at a church social or a "Bee" of some kind, or visiting in Shelburne, Dundalk, and Corbetton, the chief villages of the fire area. Sometimes a farmer who was not so heavily insured as to guarantee him against loss would complain of incendiarism and whisper that he knew who did it; but none had the courage to face the risk of further reprisals by speaking out loud. At last the day of exposure came through a tragic occurrence in connection with one of these conflagrations.

It was suddenly disclosed that the whole conspiracy was headed by three farmers who employed a considerable corps of assistants, and had created a most elaborate system for robbing fire insurance companies and terrorizing neighbours who would not join with them. Two of these farmers were mulattos, David and James Ballard, and the third was a white man, Alonzo Smith, a good-looking chap of wild antecedents. The two Ballards were sons of an ex-slave of gigantic physique who had escaped to Canada by the "underground railway" prior to the American Civil War, and settled in Dufferin county where he found a robust white woman born in Ireland, and recently bereaved, willing to take a black mate. The two sons of this union, though alike in colour, differed in physique and intelligence. David was a handsome and rather clever man of slight build, a genuinely enterprising criminal. His brother Jim was a colossal black of repulsive appearance and a brute of reckless and lawless disposition. The careers of both furnished a strong argument against miscegenation, though they had white men associated with them who were little better. Alonzo Smith was a good-looking,

adventurous type, a popular figure at rural dances and a hard drinker from youth, given to wild escapades.

Of the trio, David Ballard was the brains. He was an adherent of the Methodist Church and generous in his donations thereto, which his partners certainly were not. The plan he devised was this: that of burning barns previously well-insured, for a heavy commission derived from the insurance money. His fires usually took place in the autumn and winter months when the barns would supposedly be full and the machinery under cover, and the *modus operandi* was elaborate. He would make a contract with a farmer to burn his barn on a certain date. On the night previous a band of Ballard's lieutenants would arrive on the scene and carry off the grain, machinery, and cattle to a pre-arranged hiding place. Fragments of old machinery which did service in many conflagrations would be tossed about the floor and bags of scorched chaff would be scattered. After this preliminary work was accomplished, the farmer who was to be the beneficiary would go to the prayer meeting of the church he attended, or perhaps to the Orange lodge in a nearby village. Often a Sunday night was chosen in order that the family might with plausible excuse be absent at a religious service. When they returned they would find that the barn had been burned. This task was usually performed by Jim Ballard or Lon Smith, who were experts in starting an effective blaze with speed and secrecy. When the insurance adjuster arrived, the remains of the destroyed machinery and the scorched chaff would be shown as evidence. The beneficiary could furnish ample proof of his absence from the scene, and the insurance company perforce paid up. If, on collecting the insurance money, any farmer tried to "double cross" the Ballard gang, he had an interview with the colossal Jim Ballard that left him in fear of his life. Of course the whole countryside was not composed of crooks, and occasionally a farmer would be approached who refused

to countenance such frauds; but if he threatened to expose them his barn, and perhaps his house, would be burned anyway, without precautions against loss. Dave Ballard had, half a score of lieutenants willing to do his bidding, and the victim would be unable to discover which one had used the torch. Thus the whole community was terrorized. It is unquestionable that Dave Ballard had also secret agents in the nearby towns. The insurance business was not so well organized as it is to-day, and certain rural agents welcomed incendiarism because re-insurance after fires increased their commissions. The most unscrupulous of these agents was a dour Scotsman named John Hamilton, living in the village of Shelburne, where he had accumulated some means as an insurance agent, usurer, and implement dealer. He was so substantial a person that the government had made him a Justice of the Peace. He wielded considerable political influence and was reputed to have gotten "his bit" out a good many fires by one channel or another.

The end of this widely ramified conspiracy came one winter night when a highly respected, and indeed much beloved, young farmer named Scott, living near Shelburne, was burned to death in trying to rescue his cattle after the Ballard gang had fired his barn in reprisal for his threats to clean up the community. After Scott's death a feeling of horror spread over the community which had been willing in some instances to profit by lawless acts or to keep silent about them. But this was murder! There was in Toronto a fire insurance inspector who had long been trying to run down the culprits, and knew the community well. When he saw a short paragraph in the newspaper about the tragic death of Scott he was able to make a shrewd guess as to what had really happened and took the first train to the scene. He found certain farmers, to whom he had paid money under protest, in a remorseful mood and in a brief morning's work had obtained several confessions implicating the

three ring-leaders. Inspector William Greer of the Attorney-General's department was sent for and it was decided that the Ballards and Lon Smith should be immediately arrested. But when it came to getting a magistrate or justice of the peace to sign the necessary warrants they were for the time being up against a stone wall. In fear of reprisals several refused, until only John Hamilton of Shelburne, suspected of complicity, remained. Fearful of his own fate and naturally a man who literally thought he "could get away with murder", as the saying goes, he signed the warrants for the arrest of his pals and presided at the subsequent preliminary proceedings at Shelburne. I still have in my mind the picture of a young lawyer from Markdale who had been engaged for the defence, rising briskly at each session of the magistrate's court and suggesting that the presiding official step down from the bench and take his seat among the prisoners. Hamilton took the jibes in silence. The young lawyer was destined a decade or so later to become Attorney-General of Ontario, and one of the most gifted speakers in the Legislature, Hon. Isaac B. Lucas, K.C. But young Lucas had no illusions as to the innocence of his clients.

I was on the scene within a few hours after the decision to make arrests was made, for the insurance company, anxious for an exposure of a long-standing grievance, had given me a preliminary "scoop" on the main outlines of the story. During the next few days I scoured the countryside for stories, which were abounding, in company with that brilliant reporter and writer, Harry Gadsby, and the insight we got into the seamy side of that corrupted district was extraordinary.

There was one young man in Shelburne who was exceedingly friendly and helpful. He was delighted to have the company of city newspapermen and in pure good-will drove us all over the fire area, and displayed an astonishing knowledge of various events involved in the

conspiracy. One blizzardy night we came back into Shelburne for supper and said good-bye to our friend. While we were eating it an alarm of fire occurred and everyone rushed out to find a store a short distance from the hotel smartly burning with no chance of extinction, for the wind was blowing forty miles an hour. Next morning everybody in the village was discussing the latest fire, although such events were no novelty, and declaring that the blaze was incendiary. We ventured to ask who did it. "Why so and so of course. But they won't get him. He's too cute for them." The person named was the young man who had been of so much assistance to us in ascertaining particulars of other fires.

An attempt was made at the inquest on Scott to formulate a case of manslaughter against Jim Ballard, because he was known to have made threats to "get" the dead man, but it was unsuccessful. However, Scott died in a good cause, for the reaction produced by his tragic end led to a very mania for confessions in the district. The Crown had not the slightest difficulty in framing a very lengthy indictment against the Ballards and Lon Smith, or in laying by the heels half a dozen of their henchmen. In the subsequent trial at Orangeville Assizes, the defence counsel, Mr. Lucas, listened to the case for the Crown on one count, evidence on which lasted until the noon recess. Then he called me over and whispered: "After lunch, I am going to make this bunch plead guilty. They will get life imprisonment if I don't. You can have a scoop on that if you like." The bulletin was in Toronto in fifteen minutes and it was my second stroke of newspaper luck in the case. Mr. Justice Ferguson sentenced the three ring-leaders to twelve years in Kingston penitentiary and their henchmen, to the number of six or seven, varying terms of from two to eight years.

There was an interesting sequel with regard to Magistrate Hamilton of Shelburne, who had as I have

intimated, been the "whited sepulchre" of the tale. About a year of so after the incendiaries were safely bestowed in the penitentiary, a poor washerwoman, with a small property of her own in Shelburne, borrowed four dollars from him and gave him her note. Three months later Hamilton produced her note for $400 and sued her for this sum and got judgment. She swore that she had given a note for but $4, but he put several hangers-on around his office into the witness box to swear that they had seen her receive the $400 and sign the note for the latter amount. It was a most distressful case, but Hamilton in his greed had over-reached himself. He had promised his gang of perjurers more money than he could make up his mind to part with. They were creatures without shame as to what they had done and went about the village denouncing Hamilton for having "gypped" them. The Crown Attorney at Orangeville soon heard of it and promptly had them arrested on charges of perjury and they obtained some leniency by testifying against Hamilton. I forget what judge tried him, but the verbal castigation he administered in sentencing him to five years in Kingston penitentiary was as drastic as could be conceived. When this despoiler of poor widows and all-round hypocrite reached the penitentiary, he almost on his knees implored the warden not to put him anywhere where Jim Ballard could get near him. He was satisfied that the big mulatto would kill him at the first opportunity, and the warden, who did not wish anything like that to happen, took the necessary precautions. After the expiration of his sentence I used to see Hamilton shuffling around Toronto with a hangdog look on his face. Obviously he was afraid to go back to the scene of his struggles and triumphs.

The idea that the coloured man is necessarily more stupid than the white was belied in Dave Ballard who, as the author of this conspiracy, showed a generalship and capacity for detail worthy of a better cause. It has

also been exemplified in more desirable ways within my experience. Few men so able as Alderman W. P. Hubbard, a coloured man of wealth, have sat in Toronto City Council. His ability in matters of finance and knowledge of municipal affairs brought about his election by large pluralities year after year. Though white blood used to be imputed to him, it was evident only in the excellence of his features, and his unfailing dignity and good humour won him the respect of everyone. On occasions he served as Acting Mayor in the absence of the Chief Magistrate and once, when he was fulfilling that function, a most amusing incident occurred. A large delegation of newspaper editors from the Southern States was touring the North in company with their wives, and on reaching Niagara Falls decided to cross Lake Ontario and see Toronto. During their tour of the city in sightseeing coaches they naturally decided to alight and look over the City Hall. The acting Mayor was apprised of their presence and they were asked to assemble in the main entrance to listen to a few words of welcome. Judge of their astonishment when the gentleman who came forth to tender the hospitality of Toronto proved to be a coloured man. They had seen no negroes on the streets and had noted the difference in comparison with their own cities. The look of amazement on their faces aroused the risibilities of the reporters, but the visitors, whatever their sentiments at home, maintained the traditions of Southern good manners, though their wives seemed annoyed. Mr. Hubbard faced the situation with a dignity which removed all sense of affront, though it was learned afterward that some of the editors were at first under the impression that a practical joke had been played upon them.

The late Mahlon K. Cowan, K.C., as a young man practised on the Essex peninsula, with headquarters at Windsor, and throughout that section are many negro descendants of runaway slaves. The slaves who had the enterprise to run away were of course men and women

of a superior type to the average and many of them made good farmers. Mr. Cowan told many stories of them and liked them well, as indeed do most Canadians of that section. His best tale, a chapter from his own legal experience, related to a very intelligent though self-educated negro known as Rev. Mr. Mingo.

A civil case was in progress at Sandwich assizes involving some very valuable lands of which the title was in dispute. So much was involved, that distinguished counsel had been brought from a distance, including the mighty B. B. Osler. Rev. Mr. Mingo, an old resident of the district in which the dispute had arisen, was called, and his testimony was very damaging to the side represented by Mr. Osler. But the famous counsel had something up his sleeve which he thought might discredit this witness. He began his cross examination very suavely:

"Were you born in this country, Mr. Mingo?"

"No, sah, I was born in slavery."

"You came here after you were emancipated?"

"No, sah, I escaped here before my people were emancipated"

"What did you do after you came here?"

"I went up there (naming the township involved) and I worked for a farmer, and then I took a farm myself and I was a good farmer, and with the Lord's help prospered."

"Well and good, but you call yourself 'Rev.' Mr. Mingo. How did that come about?"

"Well, Mr. Osler, when I went there, I found my people were losing their religion just because they had no place to go to church. So I started a little congregation to pray and sing and read the gospel on Sunday. And by and by I got a little church started. And twelve years after I come there, we had a nice little church without a cent of debt on it. I done all that, Mr. Osler. I made my people decent, God-fearing people."

"Good and now tell me, are you still attached to that church?"

"No sah, I left; I gave up my charge a few years ago."

"Did you leave voluntarily?"

This was a poser for Rev. Mr. Mingo and he seemed puzzled for a moment.

"What do you mean by volunt— whatever you call it, Mr. Osler?"

"Did you leave your charge of your own free will?"

"Oh ! Now I know what you mean, Mr. Osler. No, sah, I did not leave of my own free will. I was defunctuated out of that charge by a calamity with a lady."

There was a gale of laughter in Court but Mr. Osler dropped his attempt to shake the witnesses' evidence on the main point at issue. He had heard of the "calamity with a lady" and assumed that the witness would deny it and thereby produce an impression of untruthfulness. The absolute candour of the negro in at once confessing to his "defunctuation" made him realize, as he told Mr. Cowan, that any attempt on his part to shake his evidence would only result in driving home the points he had made for the other side. One of the greatest secrets of the successful cross-examiner is to know when to drop a witness. Many inferior counsel, by harrying a man who has told the truth and making him repeat it, simply double the force of his testimony.

CHAPTER XV

THE AMBROSE SMALL MYSTERY

THE most extraordinary unsolved mystery of my time and one seldom paralleled at any time, has been the disappearance in December, 1919, of the millionaire theatrical manager of Toronto, Ambrose J. Small. If he was murdered (and no other explanation seems to fit in with the known facts) it is but another demonstration of the fallacy of the old proverb "Murder will out", but the case is much more extraordinary than those of various obscure victims whom I have mentioned; not only because by nature of his business associations he was one of the most widely known of all Canadians but because no trace of him has, after nearly nine years, been discovered. The *corpus delicti* is supposed to be an essential in the establishment of the crime of murder, even if it consists merely of a few bones, as in the case of the victim of Eugene Aram, but investigation has brought forth no such mute testimony as to where and how Small may have met his end. The Canadian courts have been obliged to assume him dead, and under the known facts with regard to himself no other assumption save that of murder is logically possible. There the matter stands. I certainly have no light to throw upon the problem although I knew Small more or less intimately for more then a quarter of a century, and was also very well acquainted with the immediate circle surrounding him in connection with his theatrical activities.

Small was to me always a perplexing character, and the enigma involved in his disappearance is in a measure typical of the man. His end was the culmination of a life successfully devoted to the acquisition of money, and came swiftly and mysteriously on the very day when

his dreams of the irresponsible possession of a vast fortune had at last been completely realized. In early middle age he had attained a position where all the care he need have for the future was to collect the income on liquid assets of value approaching two million dollars, and likely to be augmented by natural increase without any effort on his own part during the rest of his days. I doubt whether Ambrose Small would have been content with such affluence. Had he lived he would have probably gone about the business of increasing this great fortune, as coolly, craftily, and successfully as in the past. But in the day of consolidation—of his biggest "clean up"—everything was snatched away. There must be more than one person—two or three perhaps—who know how Small met his end, but they have kept their secret well, and in all probability will continue to do so. Those most in his confidence—although no one was completely so—were lavish in their surmises, but could never produce anything beyond hypothetical conclusions to support their theories. One of the most singular facts about his case is that he had long lived in fear of a death by violence and had taken precautions to avert it, which in the end proved unavailing. He had ample reason to take such precautions because if I heard once, I heard a score of times the ominous words: "Somebody will get Amby some day." Despite his ability and despite his wealth he seemed to take a positive pleasure in petty acts of meanness and villainy that left incurable wounds. Some of his actions seemed as motiveless in proportion to the possible consequences as those of the villains of Elizabethan tragedy. My own view of his death is, that whoever compassed it was a person convinced that Small had equally deadly intentions, and had, not without reason, cherished plans of revenge for persecutions that had become intolerable.

A unique fact about Small's career was that he had accumulated his wealth by ignoring every business

precept that is inculcated in young men. He seldom answered letters, he ignored telegrams and appointments, he never kept faith unless it suited his whim; his bond was little better than his word because the bond was frequently manipulated to the disadvantage of the other party to the contract. And he carried off all his breaches of faith with a nonchalant and genial air which in his younger days had made him popular. If he had been less cruel and less unscrupulous it would have been less easy for those who destroyed him to cover their tracks. The guilty were undoubtedly aided by the complete indifference of the vast majority of his wide acquaintanceship as to whether he was alive or dead. The mere fact that a man had once trusted him and assumed that he was a friend seemed to give him all the more relish in accomplishing his undoing, especially if the victim were helpless. But it cannot be charged against him that he was a sycophant to anybody. He went his own sweet way, and never seemed disturbed when the most violent reproaches were hurled at him. I doubt whether he ever seriously lost his temper, save perhaps when a carefully planned betting *coup* went wrong, which it seldom did. In addition to his theatrical business he was one of the largest betting operators on the race tracks of America, and it was popularly understood that he was one of a small international ring which usually had a race "fixed" before they ventured their money on it. Though he had the reputation of being a confirmed gambler, he was the kind of gambler who never took a chance if he could avoid it.

His heartiest laughs were reserved for occasions when he had worsted somebody. I remember that on one occasion an elderly relative of his entrusted him with a sum of money to bet on a "long shot" at the Woodbine race track in Toronto. The horse won, and the old gentleman was jubilant at the thought that he was richer by several hundreds of dollars. When he went to Ambrose

to collect his winnings the latter grinned and said he had been unable to put up the money. The story was of course false; the bet had been placed, but having collected the winnings Ambrose Small was physically incapable of parting with the money in his pocket. And he was quite indifferent as to whether anyone believed him or not.

My contacts with Small began when I was very young. In earlier *Chronicles* I have related that when I began my newspaper career as a lad of eighteen on the staff of *Saturday Night*, it was housed in the old Grand Opera House building on Adelaide St. West, Toronto. In this building and its immediate vicinity the entire business life of Small was spent, and some to-day believe that he died within its walls. When he was a boy his father kept a small hotel at the corner of Grand Opera House lane. After he left school he worked for a time as bartender for his father, but had never been a dissipated youth. He was clean-cut and ambitious, and in no sense ignorant. He wrote a graceful hand, and at times when he was acting as his own press agent his paragraphs were in better then average English. He disliked saloon associations, and presently began to augment his income by acting as an usher in the balcony of the Grand Opera House next door, of which every employee knew him well. He told me several years before he had achieved that aim that it had always been his ambition to own that theatre. At the time he became a theatrical usher, the Grand Opera House was owned by Alexander Manning, a wealthy capitalist with varied interests. It was under the partial management of Augustus Pitou, a New Yorker of French extraction, who had at one time been an actor in the company of Edwin Booth. His name appears in a minor role in the gala production of "Hamlet" which signalized the opening of Booth's Theatre in New York sixty years ago—programmes of which have high value among collectors. Pitou's chief aide as house manager and treasurer, was the late Olive Barton Sheppard ("O.B.")

afterwards for many years the leading theatrical manager ofCanada. In passing, it may be said that another of Small's ambitions was to supersede Mr. Sheppard as the leading impresario of first attractions in Toronto, but in this he never succeeded. While he was still an usher, he managed to accumulate a monetary nest egg in a singular way. He was one of the pioneers of matrimonial journalism, and ran a little sheet through which lonely persons of both sexes advertised for mates, and he conducted a bureau in connection therewith. This enterprise either died a natural death or was suppressed by the legal authorities, and presently the lad's ambitions were recognized by Mr.Sheppard who took him into the box office as assistant treasurer. Here the affable and efficient young treasurer made the acquaintance of all the leading theatregoers of Toronto. A violent quarrel with "O.B." ended his incumbency, and he vowed that he would come back to the Grand Opera House as proprietor, which he ultimately did. But contrary to his expectations Mr. Sheppard, ousted from the theatre in which he had risen to prominence, carried off the prestige of the playhouse with him and established it in the Princess Theatre, which had been running along lamely for some years.

When Small left the Grand Opera House an opening awaited him fifty yards away in the Toronto Opera House, devoted to blood-curdling melodrama, and part of a circuit operated by Jacobs and Sparrow, forty years ago a widely known firm of theatrical managers with headquarters in New York and Montreal. The ordinary pabulum of the Toronto Opera House was "ten-twenty-and-thirt" melodrama—the epithet signifying the scale of prices—with such attractions as Frank Losee in "The Romany Rye", Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave", Ada Gray in "East Lynn", Harry Lacy in "The Still Alarm", and similar thrillers. Occasionally the menu of sobs and villainy would be varied by cheap musical productions like the Jennie Kimball Opera Company

and the snappy burlesque shows in which Mrs. Kimball's daughter, "Little Corinne", a jaunty Jewish lass, was the star. Once in a while the Toronto Opera House burst forth in sumptuous productions of grand opera at high prices, presented by Mrs. Thurber's American Opera Company. Mrs. Thurber was the wealthy sponsor of a great Conservatory in New York, of which the subsequently famous critic, James G. Huneker, was secretary. For a time Antonin Dvorak was on her staff, and the conductor of her operatic enterprises was no less a personage than the great Theodore Thomas, a pioneer of good music in America. In this humble abode of cheap melodrama, now a motion picture house, Thomas conducted the first performances in Toronto of Verdi's "Aïda" and Dlibes' "Lakme".

When I first knew Ambrose J. Small in 1891 he had been for a few years its treasurer and was very popular among newspapermen, among whom he cultivated a wide acquaintance. The manager was a very affable and kindly man, J. B. Morris, who had been a friend of one of the lessees, Mr. Jacobs. Morris was not his real name. As Byron H. Cohen he had been an able and rising lawyer in New York, and a friend of Abe Hummel and other well-known men of his profession. But by mischance he had gotten mixed up in a conspiracy with regard to a fabricated will or something of that sort. He resolved to change his name and "run straight", and Mr. Jacobs, who liked him, found him a post as manager of his Toronto theatre. I should add that from the time he came to Canada he kept his resolve to pursue straightforward courses and became well liked and trusted by all who knew him. Between them, Morris and Small achieved for the Toronto Opera House a popularity with the public beyond the merit of its entertainments. The first inkling that Small's amiability was something of a mask came in the mid-nineties when it was suddenly announced that Morris had been deposed from the

management and Small put in his place. Morris told me that his dismissal had been accomplished by slander and backbiting engineered by Small, whom he claimed he had always treated with kindness and generosity. Advantage had been taken of his good nature, he said, and of the cloud which overshadowed his earlier career. I thought at the time that his grievance was typical of the recriminations which invariably follow the numerous quarrels which take place in the theatrical business; but later events convinced me that Morris's version of the quarrel was probably true.

Like all the younger newspapermen I was on friendly, and even intimate terms with the new manager, who made a serious effort to get the best attractions available for the money, although somehow he did not enjoy the trust of the travelling managers who presented attractions in his theatre. Jules Murry, now one of the most powerful men in the theatrical business of America and head of the booking department of the great Shubert syndicate, used at that time to bring cheap attractions to the Toronto Opera House. He would carefully gather up his share of the night's receipts, pack it in a handbag, and carry it to his hotel rather than leave it in the safe until next morning. Small had been wise enough to acquire the services as press agent of probably the most popular newspaper reporter in Toronto, who has since made a signal success in the financial world and whose name is well known from one end of Canada to the other. This young man was my closest personal friend, and as I was constantly in his society I naturally saw a good deal of Small also. Apart from his duties as press agent this young man was also one of the livest reporters on *The Globe* newspaper and managed to do a great amount of work without losing his good temper. One day Small said that he wished him to resign from *The Globe* staff and enter his employ as both treasurer and press agent. My friend, whose ambitions lay in a different direction,

refused. Small told him that he could not continue as press agent unless he consented to become a full time employe, and the reporter replied that that was as it might be—although hard pressed for money he was not going to become a theatrical treasurer. Small then threatened that he would force him to work for him in the end. Obviously he was a man who could brook no interference with his own decisions—and so they parted.

This was about thirty years ago, when I had first become theatrical editor of the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, and for a few weeks, until he found a successor, Small did his own press work, so that I was tolerably familiar with his typewriting and handwriting. One night my pal came to me in a very black mood. Sir John Willison, who was then Editor in Chief of *The Globe*, had called him into the office and said, "You have some enemy who has been writing anonymous letters about you to me. He is evidently a blackguard. I read the first one and destroyed it, but here are two more which I have not read." Sir John, or Mr. J. S. Willison, as he then was, was personally indignant that anyone should think him the kind of a man who would pay attention to anonymous letters about a member of his staff. My friend showed me the letters, which were of a dastardly character. I reached into a pigeon-hole and took out an advance notice written by Small on his own typewriter and amended in his own hand. Paper and typewriting were the same, and the handwriting was hardly disguised. Nor did Small afterward take the trouble to deny his guilt. He had assumed that if he could secure his dismissal from *The Globe*, the reporter would be forced to accept his offer. But he had misjudged Mr. Willison. From that night, though for newspaper reasons I was obliged to maintain civilities, there was no further cordiality between Small and myself.

This was but one of many acts of wanton treachery that came to my attention and which sometimes resulted

in futile threats against his life. One of the most cruel instances was of a most lovable newspaperman, who in earlier years had been his close and loyal friend. He was one of those Bohemians who accumulate nothing, but who are always good company, and who oscillate between the newspaper business and the theatrical business, sometimes settling down for two or three years as reporters or desk men and then, when the *wanderlust* seizes them, going away for a while as advance agents for theatrical companies. This particular chap followed a wandering course until ill health compelled him to settle down, and it was a delight to hear Ed., as I shall call him, tell of his experiences as a "trouper". One of these was while he was heralding a company in which Pete Baker, a once famous singing comedian of "Chris and Lena" fame, was a principal. He related how Baker had taken him aside at Detroit and suggested that he put a paragraph in the newspaper as to the comedian's being a "good dresser on and off", always adorned with a silk hat when not upon the stage. Ed. was for a time manager of Carl A. Haswin, who for years starred in smaller centres in "The Silver King", and had secured a booking from Small in the Toronto Opera House, but when the company arrived in town Small without, notice had decided to put in another attraction, and Haswin's organization, living from hand to mouth, was stranded. However, Ed. was resourceful and on a few hours' notice secured an old place of entertainment, now vanished, known as Shaftesbury Hall, and gave "The Silver King" to very good audiences. Although Ed. had been his staunch friend and had done him many favours as a reporter, Small could not forgive such an act of *lèse majesté*, and when in the following summer the newspaperman went to New York to secure an engagement, he found himself confronted with a letter sent to every possible quarter where it could do him harm, stating that he was a drunkard and a loafer, and of doubtful honesty. He was obliged to write home to Canada for assistance and

arrived in Toronto in a very excited state. When he went to remonstrate with Small he was received with sneering laughter and told to get out of his office. In his distrait state of mind he somehow procured a revolver and said he was going to finish Small for good and all, but his friends got round him, took his weapon away, and talked him into reason.

The incident thoroughly frightened Small, when he heard of it. At considerable expense he fitted up his office with a cage in which he did his business and which rendered him fairly safe from angry intruders. Shortly afterward the Manning estate went on the market, and he had by this time acquired sufficient money through his theatrical and betting activities to acquire the Grand Opera House. When he removed to his new quarters he had an even more elaborate wire protection constructed and in this he locked himself daily. The new office was reached by a little hall half way up the stairway to the first gallery, and the entrance and desks were so arranged as to render it impossible for even a good marksman to get a bead on him. It was a shock to him when he learned that Messrs Klaw and Erlanger, heads of the theatrical syndicate who controlled the booking of nearly all first class attractions, had decided to follow the fortunes of O. B. Sheppard, the ousted manager who had built up the prestige of the Grand Opera House, and intended to withdraw their bookings from the latter institution. When the rival Shubert syndicate rose to power the handsome Royal Alexandra Theatre had come into being, and the Shuberts decided to place their attractions there. Thus the Grand Opera House, for thirty years one of the renowned theatres of America, in which countless famous stars had appeared, lost its ancient glory from the very day Small entered its doors as proprietor, and never recovered it.

This was a bitter pill, but Small became a great power in another way. By degrees he acquired leases and

booking agreements in many lesser cities of Ontario and controlled the situation in Ottawa, London, Hamilton, Kingston and scores of smaller centres, so that no travelling attraction could tour the province except under his auspices. He also made arrangements which secured him a voice in bookings in the Canadian West. By the time of the outbreak of the Great War he was one of the territorial magnates of the theatrical business on this continent. His methods of doing business and refusing to answer letters and telegrams were the despair of travelling managers with large weekly salary bills to pay, but he had the territory locked up and was a Czar in his dealings with others. In his relations with his local managers he was niggardly and on one occasion refused to pay twenty-five cents for sawdust that had been used to protect the public from slipping on an icy patch in front of his Guelph theatre because the manager had neglected to obtain a voucher. There were also grave suspicions among travelling managers as to the honesty of statements with regard to advance sales and like matters.

Twenty years ago one of the most widely known producing managers was John C. Fisher, a Californian who by a stroke of enterprise had secured the American rights to the English success "Floradora" and made a great fortune (which he subsequently lost), and who was for a time owner of the still beautiful and historic home of light opera, the New York Casino. Fisher sent two or three companies through Small's Ontario circuit and reached the conclusion that he was being robbed. Though he had never been in Canada, he decided to jump on a train and come to Toronto to give Small a piece of his mind. Taking a taxi at the station on arrival he asked to be taken to the "theatre", apparently assuming that Small was the exclusive factor in that field. The taxi driver took him to the nearest playhouse which was the Princess Theatre, and Fisher, without further ado, marched

into the office with "Manager" on the door and addressed the gentleman present, who happened to be O. B. Sheppard, as follows:

"Mr. Ambrose J. Small, I have never seen you before, but you will know who I am when I tell you I am John C. Fisher of the New York Casino. And let me tell you, Mr. Ambrose J. Small, that I have come all the way from New York to give myself the pleasure of saying to you that you are a damned liar and a damned thief."

The speech had evidently been carefully rehearsed during the journey but Mr. Sheppard looked up genially, and said:

"Mr. Fisher, I have heard of you and I am glad to meet you. I may be a damned liar and a damned thief, but you insult me, Sir, when you call me Ambrose J. Small."

The unscrupulousness with which Small set himself to injure men who had done him no harm was brought to my attention on another occasion. For some years he had in his employ a young man of excellent character, and a first-rate hand at clerical work, who had admired the organizing ability of his employer very much. But he was honest by nature and one day baulked at a dishonest statement which he was asked to put over on a producing manager. Unaggressive by nature he gave no reasons but resigned. The local passenger agent of one of the great railways, knowing his worth, wished to secure his services, but according to the routine of the corporation references were required, and a questionnaire was sent from the head office in Montreal to Smal as his former employer. I saw the questionnaire afterward, and Small had worded his answer so as to make it appear that the young man was dishonest but that he was too considerate to make a definite accusation. Thus, while avoiding a possible charge of slander, he sought to soil the reputation of a man who had done him no wrong; and the

staff department at Montreal, having no knowledge of the situation, could not pass the application.

In later years one of Small's favourite methods in dealing with touring managers desirous of playing Canadian time was to agree verbally to certain percentages. He was all geniality on such occasions and after taking a memo. would instruct the manager to come back in a few hours and sign the contracts. Unless the manager were an experienced hand who read the contracts carefully, he would almost invariably find after he had signed on the dotted line that "jokers" had been inserted which deprived his company of its agreed percentage. During the signing process Small was always in a hurry and full of genial quips to divert the manager from the text, and if the individual happened to be a stranger, or a man of guileless nature, the ruse usually succeeded. If the deception were detected Small was all indignation and profuse in apologies. He would call in his secretary, John Doughty, and threaten him with dismissal if he made any more "mistakes" of that kind.

One of the best known of English theatrical managers, Percy Burton, was associated with the later American tours of Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and other famous actors. During Forbes-Robertson's farewell tour, Mr. Burton was anxious to present that great star in smaller cities like Ottawa, London, Hamilton, and Kingston, and went to Small, whom he then met for the first time, to arrange terms. Small was exceedingly glad to see him because the receipts were certain to be high, and the appearance of the most distinguished English actor of the day would add to the prestige of his theatres in those cities. Burton explained that owing to the large company and equipment carried, his percentage would necessarily have to be large. Small without parley agreed to this; and said he would be glad to dispense with profits altogether just for the honour of presenting Forbes-Robertson to the Canadian public. Burton

arranged to come back later to sign the contracts. When he returned Small gave him a good cigar and handed over his own fountain pen with the words : "You will find the contract quite all right. Sign there !" He was standing at Burton's elbow slightly behind him and the Englishman was just on the verge of signing when Small's eagerness infected him psychically with something like suspicion. He turned back over the sheets and discovered that Small had given himself a percentage double that agreed upon. When Burton sardonically pointed out the error Doughty was summoned and violently rebuked, and Small explained that he would not have had such an error happen for worlds.

About three months after his disappearance one of those curious inventions which take possession of an entire community spread one afternoon, to the effect that Small's mutilated body had been found in Rosedale ravine. Special editions of the evening papers were issued chronicling the rumour. Shortly after they were issued I happened to meet a little theatrical man of Southern origin who was in town with a travelling company and he joyfully mentioned the news. I told him that it was all a hoax of unknown origin, and tears of anger actually came to this man's eyes when he learned the truth. I asked why he, a kindly chap, should be so blood-thirsty, and then he told me what Small had done to him two years previously. He had been down on his luck when he got an engagement to manage a small musical comedy company through Canada. He came to Toronto, made his contracts with Small, and saw to it that they were according to agreement before he signed. Small was called to the 'phone before signing and said he would mail the contract to the manager. The company came on from New York to open at Lindsay, Ontario, and had very few funds on arrival. There it was confronted by the local manager with a demand that $100 be paid as a guarantee before its trunks were allowed in

the theatre. The local manager produced a telegram from Small giving these orders and saying that they were in the contract. The manager got Small on the long distance phone and protested, but was told that these terms were in the contract to which he had attached his signature. Wherever they went on the series of one night stands they were playing the same demand was made and had to be acceded to because the company was living from hand to mouth. At the week end the manager came to Toronto and demanded his contract. Sure enough, the clause was there. It had been inserted after he had signed, but there it was and he was helpless. The little chap had not much sense and excitedly said that down below the Mason and Dixon line where he was born, they shot men for tricks like that. Small wired to the New York backers of the show that his victim was drunken, abusive, and incompetent, and he was dismissed : first for letting Small overreach him, and secondly for becoming abusive. From that day this theatrical man was of the opinion that murder was too good for Small.

The culmination of Small's business career was when he consolidated and sold out his interests in Ontario to the Trans-Canada Theatre Company of Montreal for two million dollars. Even in this transaction, as subsequent litigation showed, there was deception and overvaluation, and the deal was a sorry one for the shareholders in that ambitious corporation. But it was a sorrier one for Small, for there were those who had decreed that he should not live to enjoy the proceeds of this big deal. It cannot be denied that Small had a way of holding fast to him certain men whom he wanted to hold, and his little circle in the theatre had been promised large sums by way of rewards when he put through the deal. Whether he would have kept his word is at least doubtful. The late James W. Cowan, who managed the Grand Opera House for him after his interests became

extended, was an old newspaper colleague of mine, absolutely square in his dealings, and somehow he had a belief in his chief. It was Cowan who finally persuaded the police to take up the matter after Small had been missing for nearly three weeks, and he suspected foul play from the day after his chief's disappearance.

I have tried many times without success to recall just how it was that I learned within a day or two after the occurrence that Small was mysteriously missing. Some theatrical man who had come to Toronto to see him on business found him absent and his staff puzzled. He called on me and said it seemed very strange to him that anyone so fond of money as Small should run away from town just after depositing over a million and a half of dollars in securities and currency with his bank, leaving important odds and ends of business to be cleared up. To me it looked like a big newspaper story and I called up a morning newspaper with which I enjoyed cordial relations and gave a "tip" on it. The reporter who made enquiries found that Small's immediate household believed him to have gone to a Western city to see an old flame with whom his relations had been a matter of common gossip for some years and a matter of humiliation to his wife, and the explanation looked logical enough on the surface. But Cowan, as he told me afterwards, was convinced from the outset that there had been foul play, because money came first with Small and no affair of the heart was likely to draw him away at the crowning moment of his career.

Finally Cowan resolved to take matters into his own hands and report the disappearance and his suspicions to the police; but those who compassed his death had had ample time and opportunity to make away with the body, wherever the crime had been committed. Small's conversation with his associates in the theatre on the December afternoon when he came back from completing the deal and announced that his wife had signed the

necessary documents was not of a nature to cast any light on the mystery. A little later he visited a barber shop across the Grand Opera lane, and he spoke to a newsboy of his acquaintance a few steps from his theatre as dusk was falling, when he was apparently going home for the night. This newsboy is the last person known to have seen him alive.

The disappearance of his secretary, John Doughty, as soon as Cowan called for police action was an important corollary which for a time fastened suspicion on him. But when subsequently captured while working under an assumed name as a mill hand on the Pacific Coast, he swore that he had run away because he appropriated a large block of Victory bonds belonging to Small and feared the consequences of an investigation. There never was sufficient evidence to fasten a charge of murder on Doughty, although the secretary had every reason to hate the employer who had so often used him as the "goat" in his own deceptions. I have never met anyone familiar with the circumstances, and I have discussed the case with all Small's immediate intimates, who believed that Doughty killed Small single-handed. The widely held opinion that Small was murdered in his own theatre may, I think, be dismissed by anyone who knew the premises. When last seen he was out of doors going in an opposite direction from the theatre. It is true that the Grand Opera House building was a curious old rookery where anything might happen, but the supposition that Small could have been lured into one of its more obscure corners, is, I think, ill founded, for he was always apprehensive of violence. Certainly he was not killed in the office shared by himself and Doughty, the location of which precluded the removal of the body unobserved. A well patronized attraction was playing in the theatre that week ; the box office, well within hearing distance of Small's private office, was open and people were constantly coming in and out. A theatre in the regular

season is a busy place except between midnight and the morning hours. Back stage there are always people about. The part of the city where the Grand Opera House was located is never deserted throughout the entire twenty-four hours, and to have taken the body out unnoticed would have been impossible. To have incinerated it within the building with a completeness that would have escaped detection equally so, for physical reasons. I have always been persuaded that too little attention was paid to the statement of a man who claimed he saw someone resembling Small being driven northward, apparently in an unconscious condition, on Yonge Street two miles and a half away from the theatre. It is quite possible that what he took to be a sick man was a corpse. Somewhere Small was trapped, somewhere he was slain, and somewhere his body was disposed of—but how and where it is quite unlikely will ever be revealed.

Circumstances favoured his destroyers from first to last. The records show that no theory, however remote, can ever be abandoned with impunity in a murder case until it is fully ventilated. Years before, during Small's childhood, a Toronto theatrical manager, who conducted the Royal Lyceum Theatre (long since abandoned) disappeared, leaving no trace. But he was a gambler who left no funds behind. He might have had his own reasons for going elsewhere and taking up a new existence under another name. Nobody seems to have expended much pains in trying to ascertain what had become of him. But in the case of Small it was quite different. Every motive that had ever actuated his life impelled him to stay home and stick by his money. Suicide, at a time when he was congratulating himself on having put over his biggest deal—with less trouble than he looked for—is clearly out of the question. Amnesia, which impels men to wander away and lose their identity, may, I think, be dismissed also. The rewards offered by his

widow, and gradually increased to $50,000, for information as to his whereabouts undoubtedly sharpened the eyes of millions of people on this continent who hoped they might in this way reap a small fortune, and resulted in a number of false identifications. Moreover, there were few men anywhere who might less easily escape identification than Small. The racing men he knew and the hundreds of theatrical men he had had dealings with were of a class who are constantly travelling all over this continent. Were he alive some one of them would long since have found him. Beyond doubt he was murdered, and his case stands to date as the most sensational refutation of the theory that "Murder will out" in the annals of this country.

Incidentally, it revealed for the first time in jurisprudence the curious legal difficulties involved in the unexplained disappearance of a man who leaves behind so large a property as two million dollars—because no precisely parallel case had ever occurred since the statutes of Britain were first recorded and codified.

CHAPTER XVI

MEMORIES OF THE CIRCUS

WHEN I was younger one of the delights of my life was the circus, especially the menagerie end of it, and through friends who in winter time heralded stars of the theatrical firmament and in summer followed the fortunes of the sawdust ring, I managed to pick up a good deal of inside experience. The best way to obtain a sense of circus life is to get on the inside of one of the greater "plants" on a Sunday, when nearly everyone, including the animals, is resting, and a few attendants are leisurely getting things ready for the show on the following day. Many a pleasant afternoon I have spent in such surroundings at times when it was the custom of most shows appearing in Ontario to rest over Sunday in Toronto as a strategic point from which to depart easterly or westerly during the ensuing week. The faculty of organization displayed in vast mobile institutions like the Ringling Brothers' Circus and Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth", now amalgamated, is phenomenal. It used to be the custom of the United States War Department (and may still be) to send young officers along with these circuses to gain a mastery of the problems of commissariat. Feeding and moving so vast an assemblage of performers, mechanics, properties, horses, and wild animals, and following a fixed schedule really demand a very high order of executive ability. The minor item of book-keeping alone which the public never thinks of, is a heavy one. So efficient is the machine that failures to arrive and open according to announcement are almost exclusively due to unforeseen causes like railway accidents.

There is an element of romance not merely in the circus itself but in the careers of the men who have become the magnates of the business, most of whom have risen from humble beginnings by sheer organizing ability and knowledge of the manifold details of their calling. The circus and menagerie business is of course a very old one in Great Britain and Europe where most of the sensational performers come from. In England, where trick equestrianism is an ancient sport, it goes back at least two hundred years, and the importation of wild beasts to Europe dates back to a very remote past. It is in America, however, that colossal results have been achieved, and difficult problems of transportation have had to be solved. Thirty or forty years ago there used to be a considerable number of circuses and tent shows of importance in addition to that of the great P. T. Barnum, but gradually, through the effluxion of time, they passed into the hands of a group of remarkable men, the Ringling Brothers of Barraboo, Wisconsin, who had started as boys with a little wagon show of their own. Most of them are dead, although John Ringling, a man of magnificent appearance, who had, if I mistake not, originally been a circus rider, still lives and is the greatest living magnate of the circus business. The circuses which fell into the hands of Ringling Brothers within my newspaper experience were the Barnum and Bailey show, the Adam Forepaugh Show, the Sells Brothers show, the Buffalo Bill Wild West show, not to mention a few smaller plants absorbed earlier by all these enterprises.

Of course the father in America of the circus business in the larger sense was P. T. Barnum, although men of eighty remember the Dan Rice circus with delight—Dan Rice having been a famous clown as well as a smart showman. I well remember as a boy seeing the great P. T. Barnum driving in his buggy ahead of his own circus parade. He was a benevolent-looking old person with curly grey hair and a jolly countenance. His

reputation for kindliness was not, I believe, exaggerated, and though he was known as the "Prince of Humbugs", his success was in reality due to the fact that he gave the public more for their money in the way of entertainment than any showman previously known. He had his practical jokes like "the sacred white elephant" produced with the aid of a white wash brush; and the "cherry coloured cat" which was just a black cat; but there was no denying the fact that General Tom Thumb was a real dwarf, and as a child I had the privilege of shaking hands with him. And "Barnum's Woolly Horse" was not fabricated but an actual freak of nature—a pony with a coat like a llama. I saw this beast frequently in its posthumous state, for after it died Barnum had the body stuffed and presented to Alderman Harry L. Piper of Toronto, who conducted a zoo on the corner of York and Front Streets. After the zoo was disbanded the woolly horse was transferred to Hanlan's Point across Toronto Bay where it became very dilapidated. In Toronto, during my boyhood, were two retired circus men who were old friends of Barnum. One was a citizen of some wealth named Bernard who lived a very retired life, and the other was Noah L. Piper, whose knowledge of transportation gained in circus management led him to enter the railway supplies business, after the era of railway expansion began in this country. Harry L. Piper, of whom I speak, was his son, and one of his other exhibits in addition to the woolly horse was a great whale which had been washed ashore down in Nova Scotia, and which, despite varnish and chloride of lime, became a very malodorous object. I have a theory that it was the smell of the whale which broke up the zoo.

After the great showman had become a hero of romance he was impersonated by the late comedian, Thomas A. Wise, in two plays, "Mr. Barnum" by Harrison Rhodes, and "The Nightingale", a musical comedy. Mr. Wise bore a striking resemblance to him

as he was in old age. He told me that once when he was a poor English lad in California he found himself without sufficient funds to get in to see the Barnum circus. He had not known that the price was quite so high, and Barnum himself, who happened to be at the entrance, seeing his predicament, laughingly passed him in with a kindly pat on the shoulder. The showman could not have conceived that one day he would be a stage character and that this boy would become his magnetic impersonator.

Among the circus men I knew it was generally admitted that Barnum owed a good deal of his financial success to the care with which his partner, James A. Bailey, watched the pennies. Bailey had the reputation of being as close-fisted a man as ever lived and was an effective foil to his free-handed partner.

One of my earliest circus recollections is of seeing the famous Adam Forepaugh, Barnum's chief rival, sitting at the entrance of his show, a grey-haired old man of very sedate and almost puritanical appearance. He was easily recognizable from his posters, but from what I have been told by men who had been brought up in the circus business, his highly respectable appearance was somewhat deceptive. The story went that he valued more ten cents made crookedly, than a dollar earned honestly through the excellence of his circus and menagerie. The curse of the circus business has always been the hordes of criminal camp followers which follow a tent show around the country—burglars who rob houses while the folks are absent (a small town is usually deserted on circus day), pickpockets, passers of counterfeit money, three-shell men, candy butchers who short-change customers, confidence men, and so on. Of late years the police authorities in the United States and Canada have kept a very close watch on travelling circuses and lock up suspects, but in the old days it was charged that Adam

Forepaugh stood in with these gentry and was consequently a very bad influence.

Adam Forepaugh owned a pair of the few African elephants in captivity, and they are probably still alive, for these beasts live to a very advanced age. The last I heard of them they had been loaned to a zoological garden in Brooklyn. Nearly all the elephants which are a feature of every circus come from India or Indo-China. The Asiatic variety are much more valuable for circus purposes because they are more teachable and tractable. Their brain development is considerably larger than that of the African elephant, which is an altogether coarser beast, in hide, conformation, and shape of the ears, and somewhat larger than his Indian cousin. Because of their rarity in captivity, Forepaugh's pair of African elephants, though useless for ring performances, were a curiosity because of their huge stature. I made their acquaintance one Sunday afternoon after the Forepaugh show had been amalgamated with Sells Brothers Circus, and saw a famous legend dissipated. I was going through the menagerie tents with the late Jim DeWolfe, a most popular circus man, and he was carrying a box of choice Havana cigars under his arm. When we came to these elephants he said: "You have, I know, heard the story of the man who gave an elephant tobacco and was struck dead with a blow of his trunk by the enraged beast."

I admitted that I had heard this tale and supposed it to be true. "Well," said Jim, "I am now going to take my life in my hands." Opening his cigar box he handed the largest of the Africans a fragrant Havana. The beast reached for it, swiftly stuffed it into his mouth and munched it with relish. The other elephant reached for one also, and before Jim could get out of reach of their trunks they had raided his cigar box of more than half its contents. But I suppose people will go on believing the legend about the elephant's antipathy to tobacco until the end of time.

James Jay Brady, another noted circus and theatrical man who first "put over" the Ringling Brothers show with Eastern audiences when they decided to expand their once exclusively Western territory, specialized in elephant stories for the press. He used to laugh heartily over an experience of his in Montreal. At that time the Montreal *Witness* was in existence and famous as a custodian of Canadian morals. Its religious principles would not permit it to accept circus advertising or circus stories. Brady was a great friend of the late Major John Lewis of the Montreal *Star* and one day made a bet with the latter that he would "plant" a story with the *Witness*, a feat which Lewis said was impossible. Brady had a pleasant and engaging manner which placed him on friendly terms with anybody, and when he called at the *Witness* office it almost pained the editor, Mr. John Dougall, to tell his visitor that he could not accept his advertising or publish news of the circus. Brady was quite affable about it and then mildly suggested that he had a little true story suitable to the Children's Page about the affection of one of their elephants for a little mongrel dog. Once, when the little dog was being almost throttled by a larger cur, this elephant had picked him up with his trunk and put him out of harm's way on his back. Ever since, he said, the dog had been the inseparable and devoted companion of the big beast. Mr. Dougall could see no objection to using a humanitarian tale like that and sent for the editor of the Children's Page who took it and published it and even had a drawing made illustrating the episode.

When the story appeared Brady jubilantly collected his bet from John Lewis and was applauded as the smartest press agent on record for having got past the moral defences of the *Witness*. But his victory had a sequel not so comfortable. He had asked the editor of the Children's Page to come and see the show, and on the latter hesitating because circuses with ladies in tights were not exactly moral, suggested that he might bring

his little boy to see the animals anyway. The invitation was accepted. When they arrived the first thing they asked to see was the little dog, and all Brady could do was to say that the terrier had strayed away somewhere for the time being. "Good Lord," he said in telling me the incident, "I did not think there was a newspaper man on earth who would accept that bit of hokum as true."

The part that the elephants play in a circus is not wholly spectacular. They are often very useful, and they are instinctively sensible. I remember my father relating that when he was a small boy, in the vicinity of Port Hope seventy years ago, it was customary for all the youngsters to get up before daybreak to watch for the arrival of Dan Rice's circus. As the elephants came to the bridge over Smith's Creek they would try its strength with their front feet and the heavier ones would turn about and wade through the water rather than take the risk of its breaking. To-day elephants travel in railroad cars, but they must be very heavily built before the wise brutes can be persuaded to enter them.

When a circus happens to camp in a rough or miry field the elephants are very useful in shoving the cages in the menagerie tent into position. One Sunday I was going through the Ringling circus when some of the attendants happened to push a big cage full of tigers upon a concealed and unforeseen soft spot in the ground. One of the wheels sank to the hub, tilting the cage at a dangerous angle. Though it was boarded up for travel the tigers inside voiced their anger in no uncertain tones. After a fruitless struggle to right the cage a foreman shouted down the tent to the elephant corral, "Send Sue up here." Presently a benevolent lady elephant came ambling up in charge of a little Cingalee attendant. On a word or two from him she placed her forehead in precisely the right position to raise the cage out of the mire and in a minute had it rectified.

A circus, when obliged to retrench, can abandon almost anything except the elephants. They are a *sine qua non* from the standpoint of the spectator. James Jay Brady, fully understood the psychology of the public, and especially of children, on this point. Some years ago when the Ringling Brothers opened their season in the early spring at Madison Square Garden, New York, attendance at the opening matinee exceeded all anticipations and the big arena was sold out long before the hour set for the performance. After the "Sold Out" sign was put up mothers and children from the Bronx, Flatbush, Staten Island, and the suburban towns over in New Jersey, continued to arrive in hundreds; and the air in the vicinity of Madison Square Garden was rent by the howling of disappointed children. It was a tragedy for them, and for their mothers too. Suddenly Brady had a happy thought, and ordered out the elephants. For fifteen minutes or more the big beasts were paraded around the block and the children ceased their lamentations in the fascination of the spectacle. They had seen what was for most of them the most important part of the circus.

The Sells Brothers, who had absorbed the circus of Adam Forepaugh and whose plant was in turn sold to Ringling Brothers, were not in the least like the circus proprietors that the public sees on the screen in such film plays as the picture version of "He Who Gets Slapped" and Charlie Chaplin's amusing piece "The Circus". I had Sunday dinner with them once in their cook tent—and I may say that, perhaps because of the novelty of the surroundings, a circus meal tastes extraordinarily good. They were two little Ohians with grey spike beards, and would have been adjudged rural store-keepers by anyone who met them on the lot without knowing who they were. Practically all the circus magnates of America have been of rustic origin, retaining something of the homely village ways in which they had been reared. At

various times I met all the five Ringling Brothers, who conducted their business like a great industrial organization, each a vice-president in charge of his special department. The two younger ones had the bearing of city men, but the elder ones still suggested the pioneer farm where they had been born. What first impressed Easterners who saw their circus after they had brought it to large dimensions west of the Mississippi and decided to challenge the great Barnum and Bailey Show on the latter's own ground, was the beautiful sleekness of their animals. The most ordinary beast in the menagerie seemed carefully groomed and healthy, and the horses, both those used for draught purposes and those trained to the ring, were a magnificent sight. The stable tents were a model for any horse show in cleanliness and neatness. The most impressive equestrian act I have ever seen under the "big top", was the eldest Ringling, who died more than a decade ago and who was a great horseman, directing an ensemble of one hundred and twenty beautiful horses simultaneously in a series of intricate manoeuvres. With increasing costs this great spectacle had to be curtailed. Once one of the other brothers, who had made a scientific study of publicity and employed the best press agents he could procure, came to see me to discuss a little difficulty that had arisen in his department, and I found that, though as a youth he had spent half his time travelling and sleeping in the wagons of the little show with which they had started, he had picked up quite an astonishing grasp of the newspaper business and the problems of publicity. I learned from him that a good deal of actuarial calculation enters into the business. In preparing the annual budget, for instance, losses through bad weather, estimated from meteorological returns covering a period of years, are discounted in advance. If the number of rainy days is not so large as estimated the surplus of fine weather is thus so much to the good.

The tall and handsome John Ringling was and is an expert authority on all railway and transport problems. When the great war broke out the Ringlings had already acquired the Barnum and Bailey enterprises, and after the United States entered the conflict transport problems became so great that it was necessary to amalgamate the two great shows. It was his intention that after the war was over the two plants, each sufficient in itself to provide a world of entertainment, should be disentangled; but the task proved so great that John Ringling never got the time to attend to it. He had in the meantime become majority owner of a railroad in the Southern States, and his labours in connection with reorganizing it and putting it on its feet were so great that he dare not attempt the onerous problems involved in dividing the two circuses, especially since his brothers had passed away. Thus the Barnum-Ringling show suffered for several summers from an embarrassment of riches, almost too unwieldy to handle. It was the vastness of the show that led to the abandonment of one of the joys of all children and many grown-ups—the morning street parade. It became impossible to get the big show properly set after arrival in the early morning, and give a great street parade also, and an inferior one would have been a bad advertisement. To-day we see marvels of speed and efficiency performed in building construction, but to me the most marvellous sight is to witness the team work carried on in semi-darkness, as a great circus is broken up during and after an evening performance. It is a case of every man at his post with his own task to perform, working in perfect rhythm.

One of the great losses to the modern field of entertainment was the dispersal of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Congress of Riders of All Nations, for a quarter of a century or more one of the most enthralling of tent shows, which was ultimately sold to the Ringlings. It was not at the time of its acquisition their intention to

disband it, but it too fell a victim to the war. Perhaps, too, the retirement and death of Buffalo Bill (Hon. W. F. Cody) was fatal, for his name and fame stood for a great deal in connection with it. To-day in the annual stampede at Calgary the public of the West on both sides of the international boundary enjoys a similar show on a scale far too vast to travel, and experience in sending stampedes and "rodeos" on tour as independent exhibitions has shown the impossibility of reviving the glamour which attended Buffalo Bill's Wild West. One of the most vivid memories of my childhood was that of seeing the street parade of this show during the first year of its existence, with its long cavalcade of horsemen riding in single file. The figure that held most interest was the famous Sioux warrior, Chief Sitting Bull, who had been released from captivity, and had in old age consented to become an attraction for his old enemy the Indian fighter, Cody. I can still see his grim, squat figure and impassive countenance, surmounted by the great head-dress of turkey feathers which marked his rank, as he rode by on his lean pinto. Every child had heard of Sitting Bill at that time, and his name had even been used to terrify youngsters.

As for Col. Cody, the great buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, scout, and marksman, with his slouch hat and long black locks, it would be impossible to imagine a more romantic figure. But I thought him still more romantic when, fifteen or sixteen years ago, I took my own children to see him and his locks had turned a beautiful lustrous silver. The debonair grace with which Buffalo Bill would pull up his horse and wave his hat in acknowledgment of applause after some wonderful stunt was indescribably fascinating. Pawnee Bill, at one time his rival, and later his partner, could not approach him in grace and magnetism. It was a thrilling sight to see Buffalo Bill shoot from the saddle riding at full speed and never miss the shells that the horseman riding ahead of him tossed rapidly into the air. But an even finer

marksman perhaps was the homely little cowgirl, Annie Oakley, who performed phenomenal feats with her rifle.

Sensational marksmanship and horsemanship were so popular with the public in the old days that they invaded the theatre, and a form of Western melodrama known to the profession as "horse opera" came into being. James H. Wallack, hero of a popular play, "The Cattle King", acted nearly all his scenes on horseback and performed seemingly remarkable feats on small stages. He was always pouncing down on the villains from the wings and it was strange that somebody was not hurt at times. Then there was "Doc" Carver, a great rifle shot, who used to do actual damage with his bullets in a way which would have endangered life if anything went wrong. The motion pictures have absorbed a great deal of skill and energy that used to go into cheap melodrama of the quasi-circus order. There was Minnie Oscar Gray and her trained dogs, in which the canine auxiliaries used to circumvent villainy with great gusto. A sad catastrophe spoiled the illusion on one occasion when this lady and her dogs were appearing at the old home of cheap melodrama, the Toronto Opera House. In one scene the villain tied her to a railway track in front of the back drop, on which the "fast express" was approaching. It was the duty of the dogs to rush on and apparently untie her so that she could rise and jump aside as the "fast express" sped by. The precision of the dogs' performance was ensured in this wise; the villain, in making a show of tying the heroine to the tracks, left a piece of meat beside her fainting form. The dogs, unleashed in the wings, made straight for the meat and gave the illusion of tearing away the rope. One night, in the preliminary struggle with the heroine, the villain accidentally dropped the meat down by the footlights and the dogs rushed for that point, so that Miss Gray had to jump up and walk off, grazed by the mechanism of the supposed railroad train.

On the "Rialto", in the New York of the nineties, which lay far south of its present location at Times Square, there used to be many jokes about Minnie Oscar Gray and her trained dogs. After the retirement of John Drew from Daly's Theatre, then the leading playhouse of America, there was much speculation as to who would be his successor, and as a matter of fact none equal to him in skill, popularity, and personality was ever found. One actor was said to have boasted that he had been engaged to succeed Drew, together with his wife and child, at the largest joint salary ever paid by Augustin Daly. This was a palpable lie because Daly would not have married couples in his company. Some weeks later an acquaintance was said to have met this actor and asked when he was going to open at Daly's. "Oh, I have done with that fellow" was the response. "At the very first rehearsal he had the audacity to criticise my 'reading' of a line. I said to him, 'Mister Daly, if you do not like my Art, you may take this part and stick it—anywhere you please, I'm through. I pulled out my wife and I pulled out my child. We go with Minnie Oscar Gray and we take the wife's dog, and I may add at the largest joint salary ever paid in America."

I have spoken of elephants and other circus factors, and the narrative would not be complete without some reference to lions. From personal contact I am persuaded that a lion is a bluff. Whatever he may be in the jungle, the lion of the circus is a manageable beast. Attendants may take more risks with him than with tigers or leopards —the latter very nasty beasts, or even a bad-tempered zebra. Occasionally a zebra will grow so vicious that he must be caged like the carnivora. In Toronto there used to be an Eden Musée of which a very young reporter, who has since become a widely-known business man, was press agent. One week the special attraction booked was "Colonel Boone and his marvellous trained lion fresh from the African jungle". On the day that Colonel

Boone arrived, the poor, dejected old beast developed a swelling in his jaw from a bad tooth and could not eat. A veterinary was sent for and in administering chloroform neglected to allow for the animal's feebleness, so that it keeled over and died. What was to be done? The Eden Musée was without a special attraction. The young press agent was equal to the occasion. On his suggestion Colonel Boone fired a couple of shots into the carcass in a way that would not spoil the hide, and the press agent then phoned to the newspapers that the lion had made a terrible attack on the Colonel, who had been compelled to shoot him without a second's delay in order to save his life. The dead lion was sufficient proof of the tale for the reporters and it made a sensational front page story. All week the patrons of the Eden Musée crowded in to see the corpse of the ferocious beast and hear Colonel Boone's graphic narrative of how he had escaped a terrible death.

One year when I was covering the Canadian National Exhibition, the "midway" attractions included a trained lion named Samson, and the canvas poster outside showed Samson plunging against the bars as his trainer left the cage, with gaping jaws and flashing eyes. Samson was actually trained to give a fine exhibition of rage and produce the illusion that he intended to eat his trainer if he could get a chance. His performance was quite thrilling and convinced unsophisticated spectators that the lion tamer's life was in danger. One morning, idling about the grounds with a fellow reporter, I strolled into Samson's little tent to have a look at him off duty. His trainer was in the cage kneeling down and grooming him with a brush and curry-comb. Samson whined as the comb was pulled through the knots in his mane—and whenever he showed an inclination to snap was smartly rapped on the snout with the brush. When the ordeal was over he promptly rolled over and went to sleep and his trainer left the cage without danger.

It therefore did not require any great degree of courage on my part when I once accepted an invitation to eat dinner in a lion's cage. Having a liking for unique experiences, I was, in fact, glad of the opportunity. A good many years ago an attempt was made to establish the Order of Elks in Toronto, and to further its aims a street carnival, of a kind widely known in some parts of the United States, was arranged on the waterfront. The chairman was a young Toronto military man, now widely known as Col. A. E. Kirkpatrick, and he asked me, in company with two or three others, to have dinner in the great cage where the lions performed their tricks, in company with two fine beasts, named after heroes of the Spanish American war, Admiral Dewey and Admiral Schley. Dewey was supposed to be the largest lion in captivity, and I found him a much more animated beast than his companion Schley. The table was laid in the centre of the cage and the dinner was in courses. The trainer explained that he could not serve us with any red meat and we would have to be content with chicken. The reason was that lions would not give you a thank you for chicken, but would be liable to reach up and grab a piece of meat off anybody's plate if it were served. They would mean no harm, but if by chance their claws side-swiped your leg or your arm the wound might be sanguinary, to say nothing of the consequences to clothing. When I saw Dewey stretch out his paw and expose his claws, as a cat will do, I was satisfied with the arrangement, for some of them were as large as my little finger and ominously sharp.

The waiter, we were informed, had never been in a lion's cage before, but I think this was a deception. I fancy he was their keeper. If not he was certainly the most nonchalant waiter on record, for on two or three occasions he mildly kicked the lions out of his way in making his rounds of the table. Dewey took quite a fancy to me, and as I was sitting at one corner of the

table once or twice placed his head on my knee. I never realized how large a lion's head might be, until I noted this mass lying on my leg—about eighteen inches deep I should say. And I discovered that even the friendly intentions of lions are rather disconcerting to the novice. They like to smell persons who have gained their affection, and the sound of Dewey snuffing along my ribs from arm-pit to hip, and occasionally licking his whiskers, gave the meal all the novelty I desired. Altogether my friends and myself spent about three quarters of an hour in the company of the lions, and it was a pleasant experience to tell about afterwards. Two or three years later I encountered Dewey again, this time in the menagerie of a small circus, but he was very sleepy and did not recognize his quondam friend.

The "midways" and "street carnivals", which for many years past have utilized many forms of entertainment formerly exclusively identified with the circus, all date from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893. The memory of that wondrously beautiful and widely diversified event has lately been revived in Florenz Zeigfeld's sumptuous stage version of Edna Ferber's delightful novel "Show Boat"; and perhaps from that entertainment many young people learned the origin of the word "Midway", now an essential feature of fairs great and small. At Chicago there was devised in the heart of the Fair Grounds a great central Midway Pleasance a mile long, to which small shows of every land, mainly of the circus order, were invited. It was the *entrée* to America of Oriental entertainment, and the "Hoochie-Coochie" dance, in which young ladies undulated athletic hips to a curiously droning tune played on the Turkish pipe, became a sensation of the day. I was at the World's Fair during the last three days of its existence, and saw the riotous scenes of the closing night, October 31st, 1893, when the wild youths of Chicago broke loose, kidnapped the frightened hoochie-coochie girls, and bore

them on their shoulders up and down the Pleasance. Finally proceedings became so rough that the great Midway was cleared by a company of Illinois National Guardsmen, and a friend and I were glad to slip out of the way between two of the concessions.

That three days in Chicago was assuredly an exciting experience. Two nights previously, coming down from the top gallery of the great Columbia Theatre after my first sight of Ellen Terry in "Nance Oldfield" and Henry Irving in "The Bells", half hypnotized by the latter's enthralling performance of the remorseful murderer Matthias, I found the streets of Chicago throbbing with intense excitement. Two hours earlier Carter Harrison, the Mayor of the city, had been assassinated. For years an idol of the populace, he had for six months been the host of celebrities from many lands, including the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. He had become internationally famous by virtue of his impressive personality and good humour, with the possibility of the Presidency of the United States looming before him. Like most assassinations it was the work of a simpleton without a tangible grievance, seeking a mark that would ensure him publicity. It was a tragic ending for the most festal event ever known in America before or since. The psychological effect of this tragedy on a vast city crowded with visitors from every part of the continent was so subtle and so haunting that I cannot put it in words; and the frantic scenes in the Midway Pleasance two nights later were a sort of wild reaction from the tension it created.

CHAPTER XVII

NEGRO MINSTRELS AND OTHER COMEDIANS

THE present generation can scarcely realize the quondam vogue of negro minstrelsy. I am told that there are still negro minstrel companies travelling in the Southern States, where conservatism survives, but the old-fashioned burnt cork show with its circle of principals, its interlocutor, its chorus who could "double in brass", its wheezes, local hits, verbal ingenuities, olio, and last but not least its street parade of clean shaven men in garish silk hats and long ulsters has vanished from our Northern cities. The rise of the vaudeville theatre and of the spectacular "revue" gradually absorbed the talent that went to the making of these ingenuous entertainments. To-day a man clever enough to have been a recognized end-man or singer in one of the old minstrel shows can earn a great deal more money as a "head liner" in vaudeville or as a star of a girl and music show. The colossal rise in the remuneration of comedians would have destroyed minstrelsy, even if the changing taste of the public had not decreed its elimination.

There used to be a standing joke about the "bald-headed row" at "leg shows", but as a matter of fact you could see more bald heads at a minstrel show than at any other form of entertainment. It was a man's show, although I never heard anything approaching a smutty joke by an old time black face comedian, which is more than can be said for the modern variety. I could never discover much enthusiasm for minstrel shows among the women. It was the kind of entertainment which prompted the middle-aged business man to call up some pal of his youth and say "Let's take a

night off and go down and see Lew Dockstader's show"; and try to relate the jokes to a rather bored and impassive wife next morning at breakfast. Consequently the stars of minstrelsy were beloved of their own sex in a sense that no comedian is to-day.

In the Lambs' Club, New York, there can be seen on any evening, sitting quietly in a corner, a very old actor who makes his home there—a man with a striking countenance and a head of bushy grey hair which has defied the ravages of time, and when he goes out for an airing he is one of the stateliest figures on Broadway. There is nothing about him to suggest the negro or even the actor, but he is Willis P. Sweatman, the last survivor of the palmy days of minstrelsy, and the most humorous negro impersonator who ever lived, with the possible exception of the late Reuben Fax, a native of Brantford, Canada, who was never identified with minstrelsy, but was a character actor in Palmer's Stock Company. One night within this present year (1928) I induced Mr. Sweatman to recite passages from his old monologues for the noted English stage director, J. Clifford Brooke, who was fascinated by the ease and fancy that marked the old comedian's rambling narratives of "Aunt Till's party" and the rat which annoyed a hardware merchant by eating nails. Willis Sweatman had ceased to be an end-man before I saw him on the stage. Fifty years ago he conducted a minstrel theatre of his own in San Francisco and later, as end man of Lew Dockstader's Minstrel Theatre in New York, was famous all over the continent. He was a great pal of the famous Canadian oarsman, Edward Hanlan, and their reunions were joyous. He was one of the first of his group to see the beginning of the end and go in for straight acting. Those who witnessed his characterization of an Indiana negro politician in George Ade's cleverest play, "The County Chairman", and later his inimitable impersonation of a genial negro porter in the farce "Excuse Me", will understand why he

is honoured as a really distinguished artist by the older members of the acting profession.

The very oldest negro minstrel I ever saw, and indirectly the most potential who ever lived, was Dan Emmett, who, in 1859, wrote the words and composed the music of "Dixie Land", and used it as a "walk around" in Dan Bryant's Minstrel Theatre on Broadway, New York. Emmett was not a southerner, but a native of Ohio, born in 1815. By accident "Dixie" became the rallying song of Lee's armies during the American Civil War, and is known all over the world. Emmett was eighty when J. H. Haverley discovered that he was still alive, in a quiet village, and induced him to come on tour with his minstrel company. His singing days were over, but I shall never forget the aged, bent figure, waving his arms and leading the company in "Dixie" in the finale of the "First Part", which was the distinctive portion of all minstrel shows.

There was another old time minstrel who took to acting before minstrelsy disappeared. He was Will H. Bray who, with Tim Murphy, made the fame of Charles H. Hoyt's cleverest piece, "A Texas Steer". This was a political satire in which Bray played a negro politician who had rounded up the coloured vote for a Texas statesman and had been promised the post of Minister to Dahomey. He even gave a suggestion of pathos to the picture of the wanderer from home hanging about Washington, half-starved in pursuit of his dream. But there were other old favourites who stuck to the game until the end, or who passed out before it had disappeared. Canada in the last century gave two celebrities to minstrelsy. One of them was the famous Cool (Colin) Burgess, a very popular figure both in England and America in the seventies and eighties, but who, by 1890, had retired and settled down in his native Toronto, where he became a large property owner. It is strange to record that one of the sons of Cool Burgess, whose jests and

songs were a household word fifty years ago, should have elected to become one of the country's most fashionable undertakers. Another Canadian celebrity was George Primrose, who had been a bell-boy in the old Tecumseh House at London, Ontario, where in off moments he picked up the art of step dancing, of which there has been a widespread revival in the large musical spectacles of late years. Step dancing, in which he possessed unique, rhythmical intuition, drew him to the minstrel field, and as part proprietor of the Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrel Show he amassed a large fortune. Even in old age his easy grace in leading a dancing ensemble was fascinating. His partner, West, was a handsome man who excelled in the immobility of his style as interlocutor. The job of interlocutor was not so easy as it seemed, for it was his function to accept all the jibes and wheezes of the end men with gravity, and feed them, so to speak. George Thatcher was one of the smoothest and most amusing of end men, who kept himself well up to the minute on all topics of interest in the cities he visited and managed to make countless local hits. He was a master of what used to be indispensable features in the "olio", the burlesque stump speech, and the ramblings of the darky preacher. It was in the Thatcher, Primrose and West Show that I saw in his declining years a very unctuous old comedian, with a most engaging chuckle, Hughey Dougherty. Hughey Dougherty's daughter went upon the stage and became one of the most refined and distinguished comediennes, no less a person than Grace George.

Later, George Primrose was partner in the last of the great minstrel shows, that of Primrose and Dockstader. The fact that all comedians of this school bore, because of their covering of burnt cork, an almost uniform appearance made the intensive development of a vivid personality and individual tricks of speech necessary to their success; and Lew Dockstader had a unique mastery of

pause and accent which gave humour to everything he said. He had in a rare degree Will Rogers' faculty of keeping up to date on everything of local interest, and devising pungent comments thereon. He was a convivial soul with countless friends in every city, and on one occasion, at an opening in Toronto, he somehow lost track of where he was and assumed that he was in Buffalo, so that most of his audience were amazed and puzzled at gags which were meaningless in Canada. But before he was through he was back in Toronto, firing off local hits very smartly. Dockstader, in addition to being a great monologist, was a very shrewd organizer and anxious to surround himself with the best talent. He had two associates of the first order, Carroll Johnson and Neil O'Brien. Carroll Johnson was a rhythmical delight, and though well on in years when he joined forces with Dockstader, danced the lively refrains of his songs with his whole body in perfect attune to the music. In fact he was more skilled in that respect than most "classical" dancers, and there was charm and distinction about everything he did, for he had a most agreeable voice. Good vocalization and enunciation, even though the songs were of a tawdry sentimental order were essential to the old time minstrelsy. Chauncey Olcott, who graduated to comic opera and at last to the Irish lyric drama, began in that way, and there were two famous tenors for whom burnt cork did not disguise the sweetness of their tones, Banks Winter and Billy Emerson, the latter of whom always received a very large salary. In the old Thatcher show there was a basso named H. W. Frillman, who in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" could go down to abysmal depths below the ordinary bass clef and still preserve pitch. He was one of a quartet in which the high voice was a famous counter tenor—Richard Jose. It is a singular fact that most men with high sweet voices are prodigious eaters and usually ruin their tone production that way. I once

overheard Jose complain at breakfast in a restaurant that he was not feeling hungry, and then order four boiled eggs, with the usual embellishments of toast and pancakes. If I mistake not, Joseph Sheehan, who afterwards became the leading tenor of the Henry W. Savage Grand Opera Company, and was the original of Pinkerton in "Madame Butterfly" in America, began as a negro minstrel tenor. At his best he had a voice like molten gold, and he too destroyed it by over-eating.

Neil O'Brien, who until recently headed, and perhaps still heads, a minstrel show of his own, was one of Dockstader's standbys, and was a genuine impersonator of negro character, not merely a comedian in burnt cork. He was not only versatile but infinitely amusing whether playing an old or young part, and it was in the Dockstader show I first saw a young comedian with a phenomenal gift for whistling and a very good voice, named Al. Jolson, whose earnings have since outstripped those of all the comedians in any field who ever lived.

As I have said, negro minstrelsy died of the excessive prosperity awaiting men clever enough to make a success of it. There was, for instance, the team of McIntyre and Heath, who fifty years ago were with minstrel shows so small that in most places they appeared in tents, but in our time they have become famous stars, especially in "The Ham Tree". Haverley's Minstrels, which brought to the fore many of the more celebrated exponents of this form of comedy, was already in the decline thirty years ago, but I think that McIntyre and Heath had once been its bright particular lights. There was another interesting minstrel man, Milt G. Barlow, who had had a company of his own and who later showed his capacity for pathos in a revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Of the bright particular stars who have sprung from burnt cork I think the cleverest and most amusing was Fred Stone. In 1900, when Shea's Family Theatre of Toronto, like most vaudeville houses in America, was a novelty,

I one day saw a black-face team known as Montgomery and Stone. They were not even "headliners" but they were so perfect in their dialogue, make-up, and dancing that everyone in the audience assumed that they were actually negroes. This was particularly true of a tall double-jointed young man who did an amazing buck dance. It was only after they had taken off their wigs in acknowledging a whirlwind of applause that anyone realized that they were white. The shorter man was Dave Montgomery, who had been trained in the Haverley minstrel show, but his partner, Fred Stone, had originally been a circus performer, whom Montgomery had engaged as a partner because of his ability to dance. Montgomery was at that time the senior partner, but in a few seasons the position was reversed. The pair took their black-face act to the London Music Halls, and there the remarkably plastic Stone picked up the ways of Dan Leno and the other famous clowns of London pantomime. Next year they were back in America doing a typical London music hall sketch. They had forsaken burnt cork forever, and presently were the leading stars of musical extravaganza. Commencing with "The Wizard of Oz", in which Stone gave a remarkable impersonation of the animated scarecrow, they went on from triumph to truimph, until Montgomery, who had long since been overshadowed by the versatility of the eccentric dancer he had discovered, passed away. I doubt if there were many men on the stage who could do so many things of a sensational order as Fred Stone. Tight-rope walking, knife-throwing, and "roping" with the lasso seem to come as easily to him as dancing and comic singing. Using the word clown in its legitimate and not its invidious sense, I fancy that he has been unsurpassed in the history of the theatre for all-round ability.

I use the word "vaudeville", or "vodevill" as the more ardent patrons of this agreeable form of entertainment used to call it, with full knowledge that it is a misapplication of a French word signifying something very like

what we term a "musical comedy". In the mid-nineties the word was chosen as a polite gloss from what was in a general sense variety, because variety shows, though seldom seen in the secondary cities, had won for themselves rather a bad name in New York and Chicago. One man, Tony Pastor, had in his Variety Theatre on Fourteenth St., New York, hard by Tammany Hall, endeavoured to make it respectable, an entertainment for women and children, and sometimes sent his company on tour, so that in the early nineties most of one's knowledge of such entertainments was gained therefrom. There were also many companies playing entertainments known by a name which was a curious mouthful, "farce-comedy", and which were really variety programmes strung together around a very tenuous plot. Most of the stars of these entertainments, like the negro minstrels, later became headliners in vaudeville. There were also, in rivalry with Tony Pastor, entertainments like that of Russell's Comedians, in which individual stunts were varied by ensemble sketches satirizing the current drama —a precursor of the modern revue, but much less ornate.

It was with Russell's Comedians that I first saw David Warfield, in the days before he had become known as a serious actor, with a genius for sentimental character roles. The star of the organization was a most exquisite dancer, Amelia Glover, whose husband was the impresario of the company. This must have been in the season of 1893-4. In the American theatre of to-day there are at least 300 times as many good dancers as there were at that time. It would have been impossible in the nineties to present the rhythmical enchantments of the modern well-directed girl and music show, for the simple reason that the raw materials did not exist. Chorus girls, though they often had good voices and sumptuous lower extremities, were seldom graceful, and would have been aghast had they been asked to dance through any entire evening as the modern chorus girl does. The principal

in comic opera who could dance really well was almost unknown, and *premières danseuses* of outstanding ability were very few indeed. Consequently a woman like Amelia Glover, who could dance with exquisite grace and who was a mistress of the classic art of toe-dancing, had a niche all her own. Her chief support in the variety show of which she was the head was a youngish burlesquer with a strangely wrinkled countenance, David Warfield, whose humour was none the less potent because of the extreme solemnity of his countenance. I recall him especially in a burlesque of an American war play, "The Girl I left Behind Me" by Franklin Fyles, critic of the New York *Sun*. It was a steal from an early play based on the siege of Delhi by Dion Boucicault, which introduced the famous episode of the dying Scottish girl who by a manifestation of telepathy heard the pipers of Gen. Sir Colin Campbell's relief force playing "The Campbells are Coming" while they were still many miles from Delhi, and cried in her delirium "Dinna ye hear the Slogan?" The episode was adapted to the Indian wars of the Western States with, of course, a different tune. Warfield's performance of the role of the villain in the burlesque of this scene, bandy-legged and wearing a Stetson hat far too large for him, was excruciatingly funny. Better still was his impersonation of the romantic French lover, Armand Duval, in a burlesque of "Camille". Armand Duval was a favourite role with all the handsome and dapper leading men of that period. Warfield played him in a red wig and with evening clothes made for a man of much larger physique. Of course any amateur can get himself up in ludicrous garb of that kind, but he cannot produce the triple-distilled intensity with which Warfield satirized the passions of young Duval. Old playgoers will remember the scene where Duval, deserted by Camille, encounters her at a ball in Paris accompanied by her new lover, the Compte de Varville, and having won heavily at the gaming table repays the money she

had once expended on him by throwing it in her face. Warfield's rendering of the speech beginning "Unlucky in love; lucky at cards" was grotesquely tragical. Then the scene went on:

Duval: "You see this woman?"
Guests: "No!"
Duval: "You know what she has done?"
Guests: "Yes!"
Duval: "Then I will tell you."

A stupendous pause followed this announcement. He went on to recite how Camille had sold her jewels for his sake, winding up with, "But I call on you all to witness that I have paid her-r-r-r; paid her-r-r-r-r in good stage money." Then he tossed great handfuls of the currency into the face of Camille and there was a general scramble of the guests to grab as much as they could themselves. Crude and obvious enough perhaps, but the verve and humour Warfield gave to it makes it still graphic in recollection.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between Warfield the burlesque comedian, and Warfield the character actor who a few years later touched everyone's hearts by his impersonation of the desolate old musician in "The Music Master". That play was much better than most dramas dealing with the recovery of a long-lost daughter because its author, the late Charles Klein, who was drowned on the Lusitania, knew his type. He came of an English musical family and his elder brother, Hermann Klein, was for many years a singing-teacher and critic in London and was the biographer of Patti. His younger brother, Manuel Klein, was a very gifted composer; so that in devising the role of the old musician for Warfield he knew how to build up a character which carried conviction with those of us who have spent much of our lives in contact with musicians. I remember another play, "The Broken Melody", with a somewhat similar plot written by the noted violincellist,

August von Biene. It was very bad, although, because of the air that ran through it, he made considerable money out of it in the British provinces. Von Biene, who was about as unprepossessing a man as the stage has known, imagined himself very attractive to women, and in the role he wrote for himself emphasized this delusion in a way that bordered on the ludicrous. Touching and memorable as was Warfield's characterization in "The Music Master", the finest acting of his whole career was as the disembodied spirit in "The Return of Peter Grimm". Most plays dealing with the supernatural, and with the crude materialism of "spiritualistic" beliefs, of which there have been many, are tedious. But Warfield by his genius managed to carry conviction in the most subtle and beautiful way.

David Warfield was unquestionably the finest artist of either sex who ever graduated from the variety stage. Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre launched few celebrities in the higher ranks of the stars. Lillian Russell was its most distinguished alumna. But Pastor did number some very hearty and amusing performers in his company. His bright particular star was the robust "Irish Queen", Maggie Cline. With her red hair, Amazonian physique, rich brogue, and bright green evening frock, Maggie Cline was a memorable figure. To hear her sing "Throw him Down McClusky" with action that suited the words was to realize that it would be quite unsafe for even the huskiest ruffian to insult her on the street. She was, I believe, originally a product of the East Side of New York and a woman of fine personal character, reared in a hard school and able to take care of herself. With a little training she would have made a first-rate strong woman in a circus, had she not developed a gift for singing Irish songs with wonderful unction.

I once saw a strong woman of Maggie's build, who somewhat resembled her, appearing in a free open air show at Hanlan's Point on Toronto Bay. The "barker"

at these shows was a famous character, J. C. (nicknamed Julius Caesar) Connor. Connor, who was very glib, was extolling the strength of the "little lady" as he called her. (The "little lady" weighed at least 350 pounds and in green tights and tunic was a portentous figure.) Some one called out, "Can she lift a horse?" "She can" was the reply. "I'll take you up on that. To-morrow afternoon at 3.30 precisely, the little lady *will* lift a horse." Some of us crossed the bay next day to see if the promise would be kept, and she actually did lift a horse, slightly larger than herself.

After Maggie Cline, Tony Pastor's most popular "act" was that of Ward and Vokes, tramp comedians with frowsy heads who posed as English Lords. "Happy", or Hap, Ward was a comedian of much unction, who had the gift of making everything he said funny without the slightest suggestion of over-emphasis; and Vokes was an excellent feeder to him though not nearly so amusing. After Tony Pastor retired from management they became stars of "farce comedy" on their own account, and Hap Ward's broad humour was irresistible. Their company was a family affair, for they had married two clever sisters of the renowned Daly family. Ward's wife, Lucy Daly, was a charming little dancer of remarkable *esprit*, and Margaret Daly Vokes had a personality of winsome, quasi-pathetic appeal. She would have made a first-rate actress had she chosen a different field. Their fame was overshadowed by that of their brother, the elongated Dan Daly, the gloomiest and yet most amusing of comedians. He and Edna May were jointly responsible for the success of "The Belle of New York" which made a fortune for its producers. Daly was in reality a consumptive, though the public did not know it, and his cadaverous face and very lean body were perhaps due to this cause. At the time when "mother songs" were the craze he sang a most bitter satire on them with the

refrain, "I love to see my dear old mother work." I recall a few lines from it:

"You should hear her puff and blow
As she shovels off the snow
How I love to see my dear old mother work!

You should hear the dear old soul
As she carries up the coal
How I love to see my dear old mother work!"

Hap Ward, his brother-in-law, subsequently became a prosperous real estate owner in Boston. The last time I saw him was in 1924 in the Lambs' Club, where he used to stay during his visits to New York. He was sitting in an arm chair in the grill room, and two later celebrities were leaning over on each side of his chair and exchanging quips with him. One was Will H. Rogers, greatest of impromptu "wise-crackers" and the other Gene Buck, song writer in ordinary to the Ziegfeld Follies. I longed for a camera, to snap the animated faces of the three entertainers.

The quiet geniality of Hap Ward made a fortune for him, but in the days of his fame the public for the most part preferred comedians of the solemn and quasi-eccentric order, like Dan Daly. When I published the first series of *Candid Chronicles* three years ago several elderly gentlemen reproached me because I had made no mention of a great popular favourite, Sol Smith Russell, much beloved by playgoers of the last generation. Russell had originally been a variety comedian but had risen to more serious endeavours by the time I became a theatre-goer. I fancy that the generation which idolized Russell had not been so well fed in their youth as the children of to-day, so that his depictions of hunger and his songs about food made an appeal which would be

lost on a modern audience. In his earlier days, when he was a comic singer with the Swiss Bell Ringers, he made a great hit with a song about "Goose with Sage and Onions" that used to ravish the hearts of his hearers. He was tall and hungry looking with very thin legs, and in his most famous role, that of the starving inventor in "A Poor Relation", the suggestion he gave of actual hunger was very realistic. But he used to spoil the impersonation by exaggerating the weakness of his legs, because he could not resist the music of the guffaws which rewarded the eccentric movements of his knees. Yet there was something very gentle and sweet about the personality of Russell, and he loved to act with children. Thus, in "A Poor Relation", the inventor's privations were increased because he was taking care of a couple of orphans and it was from this play I am sure that Charlie Chaplin got the inspiration for certain scenes in "The Kid". It was fascinating to hear him sing ditties for children, and in the play mentioned he used to put a little boy in a barrel while he mended his trousers and troll this ditty—

"Injun puddin' and punkin pie
The yellow cat scratched out the grey cat's eye."

Joseph Jefferson thought there were the makings of a serious actor in Sol Smith Russell, and gave him the costumes and taught him the business of two of his most famous roles in old comedy, Bob Acres in "The Rivals" and Dr. Pangloss, the Grub Street literary hack, in "The Heir at Law". Russell engaged capital and well-trained actors for these revivals and himself gave most meritorious replicas of two of Jefferson's most brilliant achievements; but he was not the Sol Smith Russell that his admirers, few of whom were interested in eighteenth century comedy, had idolized; and he had

to go back to the homely American types in which he had won popularity. I do not suppose any of us will see "The Heir-at-Law" again, but the character of Dr. Pangloss was very suggestive of the days of Johnson and Goldsmith, and it is the subject of Jefferson's finest picture in character, which hangs in the Players' Club, New York. This portrait is much more vivid and interesting to modern eyes than his likenesses in the role of Rip Van Winkle. The part was a favourite one with a very celebrated American actor, John E. Owens, and in those days Jefferson used to act Zekial Homespun, an English bumpkin role subsequently played by William J. Florence to Jefferson's Pangloss. Thus, though Jefferson's experiment in turning Sol Smith Russell into an interpreter of eighteenth century comedy was a failure from a popular standpoint, I was personally thankful for an opportunity to see a fascinating dramatic relic.

Within the past two or three years I have received letters asking me why I had not written about William J. Florence, a most accomplished and versatile comedian who was an immense favourite in Canada forty years ago; but as Florence died in 1891 it was never my good fortune to see him, although I have heard my father and many other playgoers of an elder day speak with enthusiasm and affection of his acting in such contrasted roles as Cap'n Cuttle in "Dombey and Son" and the American politician, Hon. Bardwell Slote, in "The Almighty Dollar", and he is supposed to have been the most fascinating Sir Lucius O'Trigger of his time. When I was a young reporter memories of Florence, who was a great practical joker and hail-fellow-well-met everywhere, were still fresh in Toronto's Bohemia—which I may add was a real Bohemia, more delightful than anything to be found to-day. During his lifetime Florence's greatest Canadian pal was a scholarly young lawyer and patron of the drama who afterwards became Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Chief-Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench.

Sir Glenholme was a very fine critic of acting. Another of his cronies had been John Edward McCullough, the famous Shakespearian actor, and he gave much encouragement to the youthful aspirations of Margaret Anglin, a family connection. But Florence had less scholarly friends than Falconbridge. A large autographed photograph of him hung for many years over the bar of Mike McConnell's saloon on King St. East, Toronto, and McConnell had many stories to tell of the joyous hours Florence and his friends had spent there.

CHAPTER XVIII

VARIETY AND VAUDEVILLE

THE two obvious things to note concerning variety shows or vaudeville are that their vogue has markedly increased with the growth of population and prosperity in Canada and the United States, and that they have absorbed much of the talent which formerly gravitated towards the drama. When celebrated artists of the Cafés Chantants of Paris or the Music Halls of London, like Yvette Guilbert or Albert Chevalier crossed the ocean, it was necessary, in routing them through the legitimate theatres, to put variety shows around them in order to exploit them properly. The public of to-day or of the immediate yesterday knows Yvette Guilbert as an exquisite interpreter of folk song and of the mediaeval music of Europe; but when she became a world celebrity in the nineties it was as the interpreter of songs illustrating the most sordid side of Parisian life. She was the chanteuse of the "decadence" of which we used to hear so much in what was known as the "*fin de siècle*" period—the period of *The Yellow Book* and Aubrey Beardsley in London and of Mallarmé in Paris. It was common legend that the famous drama "Zaza", so exquisitely presented by Gabrielle Rejane was suggested by Guilbert's early life, and at the outset of her career in Paris her songs were frankly indecent. But France has never produced anyone since her time with so great a genius for song interpretation in whatever she might choose to attempt; and her book on this subject is wonderfully informative. The Yvette Guilbert that I first saw three decades ago was very tall and slender, almost rawboned in appearance. She had a mop of rich red hair, and a curiously memorable countenance of the *mignon*

type, and her skin had the creaminess that often goes with red hair. She indeed suggested an Irish girl (she was known to be of Celtic origin), and there was a subtle fascination in her greenish eyes. This was long before the days of short skirts and she usually wore a bright yellow sheath gown with black gloves that reached to her arm pits, and always a corsage bouquet of violets. The liqueur known as "Yvette", which was violet in hue, was named after her, and the fashion of wearing violets, which was created by her, has never quite died out. Her voice had a few pleasant notes, though in the main, rather harsh; but there was within her a core of flame, a potent effluence that enabled her to impart the most extraordinary significance to whatever she sang.

There was something classic in the manner in which Yvette Guilbert sang of the sins and griefs of the underworld. One of her most wonderful and most horrible songs was "La Glu", or, as it was sometimes known, 'The Mother's Heart". The text was, I believe, written by Catulle Mendes, and was the story of a poor woman who tore her heart from her breast to give it to a son who kicked it aside and went on in pursuit of his mistress. Another was "La Soularde" which she sometimes sang after she had become renowned as an interpreter of the rare, forgotten far-off things of music. It described the degradation of a woman drunkard in an indescribably poignant manner. When she first came to America, a negro ditty, "I Want You, Ma Honey !" was the popular song of the day. It had been sung by countless young women but remained commonplace until Yvette Guilbert rendered it with the emotional insight of a poet and the mimetic power of a great actress; then it became universal in its expression of profound longing and tenderness. Of course Guilbert made the company of performers with which she was surrounded on her first tour seem tame, but I remember one of them, a young baritone singer named Winfred Goff, whose abilities

impressed me very much and who was destined to become the art director of Henry W. Savage's Grand Opera Company, one of the most notable artistic experiments that has been known on this continent. Goff, who was a superb artist, especially fine as Wotan in "Walkure", died early and his death was a loss to the theatre.

Two or three successful London seasons brought Albert Chevalier's fame as an interpreter of coster ditties to such a height that he was the subject of much magazine comment in America, and a visit to this continent became assured. Chevalier had originally been an actor in polite comedies, like those of Pinero in his first phase. A few years ago I met an actress named Daisy Atherton, a daughter of the once-renowned London comedian, Willy Edouin, who told me that it was her father who had induced Chevalier to give the public the benefit of the coster songs and character studies which he used to present for the amusement of his friends, and which were composed for him chiefly by his brother and by a gifted young pianist named Will H. West. There was little spontaneity in the singing of Chevalier; everything to the smallest item of make-up seemed to be carefully studied, but the finished result was perfect. His songs were not only charming expressions of natural emotion, but as he rendered them had a vivid background of characterization. His love song "Mrs. Henry Hawkins"; his song illustrating cockney affluence, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"; his representation of paternal pride in "The Little Nipper"; the youthful buoyancy of his waltz song "Flo", and above all the picture of life-long devotion involved in "My Dear Old Dutch" were marvellously graphic and unforgettable, and he had mastered to a nicety the peculiar plaintiveness of cockney accents even when most truculent. The creation of the feeble but loving old man in "The Dear Old Dutch" was his finest achievement, but his talents were not confined to coster speech, for his ballad in Wessex dialect,

"They can't take a rise out of I", was masterly also. In the variety company with which Chevalier was surrounded when he first toured America, was a man of equal standing in his own particular field, that brilliant master of legerdemain, Charles Bertram. He had appeared before many crowned heads who have since suffered death or misfortune, and was a most skilled and fascinating performer. When, in later years, Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier joined forces on the concert platform they made a remarkably interesting combination—both unique artists whose work was in perfect contrast.

The vogue of Guilbert in America led to an influx of performers from the *cafés chantants* of Paris. Most of them were failures, but one or two succeeded in winning popularity. Among them was "La Fougère", a brunette who was the embodiment of *diablerie* and "pep" in a day when the latter element was rare in the theatre. There was a deviltry in her wicked face and a speed in her movements that were intriguing. Another French performer who was a fad for a season and had many imitators was a lanky double-jointed girl known as "L'Eccentrique". Personally I do not like to see women make themselves unnecessarily hideous and grotesque, but there was a good deal of vim in her antics. The rage for Parisians, was typified in a popular song of the day a few lines of which I recall;

"Mam'zelle Fougère
She is très vulgare
As she walks along, as she walks along!
And L'Eccentrique
She have no chic
As she walks along, as she walks along!
But Mam'zelle Guilbert
Has a different air
As she walks along, as she walks along!"

It is admitted by all London observers that Albert Chevalier had a great influence for good in the London Music Halls in showing the way to real characterization in popular songs. He paved the way for Sir Harry Lauder, whose careful characterizations of many types of Scottish character as a background for his songs, are a direct application of the Chevalier method to a different *locale*. Lauder, I am bound to say, has, or had, a much finer voice then Chevalier and radiates more humour and a fuller sense of spontaneity. The coster interpreter also paved the way for the very able characterizations of Willie Bard, and for the artistry of Marie Lloyd, a truly delightful and wholesome artiste. To hear Marie Lloyd sing

"Never introduce your bloke to your lydy friend
Because you may depend
You'll lose 'im in the end
For that's 'ow I lost 'Arry down at beautiful Southend.
So never introduce your bloke to your lydy friend."

was to obtain a real picture of a cockney girl disturbed in her emotions.

Before Marie Lloyd became a notability, two English music hall singers who used occasionally to cross the Atlantic to sing in Tony Pastor's shows were extremely popular. One was the comely Bessy Bonehill and the other was Eunice Vance. Neither went in for characterization but both were jolly, fresh English types, who took their audiences to their hearts, so to speak, and sang not very subtle ditties with true comic spirit. I have never seen a more charming pair of legs than Bessie Bonehill's, but Eunice Vance kept hers carefully concealed. Both of them used to single out some member of the orchestra to make love to, and Eunice Vance was particularly amusing in a song

"I can't resist you, sir, when your instrument you play
With your riddle-diddle-diddle
On your funny little fiddle
You have charmed my little heart away."

Of the same order was Cissy Fitzgerald with her famous wink, and Lottie Collins who introduced "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" accompanied by the "Kangaroo" dance, in which she almost used to hit the stage with her hips on the syllable "boom", and the song, rendered in many variations, decent and otherwise, went around the world.

It was plain from the popularity of these performers and their minor associates in the smaller cities of America, that the time was ripe for family vaudeville, and in the closing years of the nineteenth century theatres devoted to this form of entertainment sprang up as though by magic everywhere. The movement was largely due to two very far-seeing managers and booking agents, Messrs Keith and Proctor, under whose inspiration rowdy places, with variety acts thrown in to stimulate drinking, became clean and well-managed theatres, and cities where varieties had been confined to ill-smelling "Eden Musées", suddenly found innocuous and stimulating permanent entertainment at moderate prices, in the days before motion pictures were heard of. The vitality of the movement is shown in the fact that, though the movies have taken the paramount place in popular entertainment, it is still found necessary to combine vaudeville features with them to hold the public, for pictures vary in interest, whereas vaudeville bills maintain a fair weekly average.

I was in New York in the summer of 1894 when Keith's family vaudeville theatre on Madison Square had recently opened, and dropped in to see the new enterprise, with its combination of musical acts, slap stick comedians, acrobats, trained animals, and other circus stunts, and it was plain to me that a theatrical

movement of tremendous potentialities had been inaugurated, for the house was full of women and children, and an appeal was being made to an entirely different public than that which Tony Pastor had been able to reach. Within five years, through the co-operation with Keith and Proctor of Michael Shea of Buffalo, Toronto and other Canadian cities were in line with the new movement. It destroyed the "farce comedies". Teams like Baker and Farren, Donnelly and Girard, Hallen and Hart, Barry and Fay, Conroy and Fox, and individual stars like Bobby Gaylor, John T. Kelly and Mark Murphy, who had headed shows of their own, as well as the famous negro minstrels, soon found in the new field ample livelihood for themselves without the risks of management. Most of these, it will be noted, were Irish comedians and very rich and humorous ones at that, with distinctive individualities, and nothing of the tedious "broth of a bhoy" about them. They had soft easy accents capable of giving a most humorous twist to anything they related. Gaylor, a little bright-eyed man, had especially winning ways with him, and his catch phrase "Well, to resoom", became proverbial. There was a noted headliner named James Richmond Glenroy, "The Man with the Green Gloves", who used to make a habit of strolling into bar-rooms all over town—a resort alongside the Toronto cattle market was a favourite of his—and listening to what the *habitués* were talking about. What he heard would be interwoven into his monologue later; and he had a rare gift for making up epitaphs on local celebrities. Many of these men were amusing and modest companions off the stage, and I don't think I have ever laughed more heartily than at hearing Conroy, of Conroy and Fox, privately relate the circumstances that arose when Donald Dinnie, the famous Scottish athlete and dancer, got "tight" with the Irish Giant on St. Patrick's Day. In the joy of the occasion Donald forgot to put on the "trews" which for the sake of seemliness

went with his kilt, and was amazed at the storms of applause and insistent recalls which greeted his dancing. "I'm making a heet; I'm making a heet" he would cry as he mopped his face after each return from the stage. The uproar went on until the manager came out of his office to discover the cause of so much hilarity and, ascertaining it, rushed back to ring down the curtain. Poor Donald, who was a good Presbyterian, was terribly humiliated when he learned the truth, and was in mortal fear lest news of his oversight be carried back to Scotland and reach his mother, to whom he was devoted.

Best of all the early vaudeville group, I think, was the monologist, George Fuller Golden, who used no make-up and wore a well-fitting frock coat, but was the most engaging story-teller to whom I ever listened. His stories of his friend Casey were internationally famous, especially one in which he told of sitting on a London bus, and rhapsodizing over the music of Bow Bells, only to be interrupted by Casey's interjection, "Jarge, I can't hear a word you're sayin' with the noise of them damn bells."

Among the popular "acts" which used to appear twice a season when vaudeville was more or less of a novelty, was a pleasant domestic sketch by the "Three Cohans"—a most attractive middle-aged couple with a very pretty daughter Josephine. One season the team became "The Four Cohans" and a new figure was added to the group, playing a "Rah, Rah!" college boy, bounding across the stage, and dancing and singing with feverish excitement in contrast to the quiet humours of his relatives. This lad was none other than George Michael Cohan destined to become one of the most noted figures of the American theatre. Presently the quality of feverish excitement—the college boy spirit—which marked his initial vaudeville appearance was being transferred to musical plays, and he had made a great hit with a tuneful affair called "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway"

in which he had the assistance of Fay Templeton, a singer thoroughly trained in the traditions of legitimate comic opera. He had accelerated the era of "pep" which has never died out, and has permanently affected the trend of all musical entertainment on this continent. I used to know intimately a most versatile man, Freddy Solomon, a brother of Edward Solomon, the composer of "Billie Taylor". Fred was a capital low comedian, a musician who could play any instrument, and a capable conductor of light opera. One day, about twenty years ago, Fred Solomon came to see me. At that time he was holding down a dual job, engaging conductors and keeping an eye on the musical end of the various Klaw and Erlanger theatres and productions. For a recreation he had taken a holiday on the road conducting a Cohan musical show. I asked him what he thought of Cohan's one-finger music, so much in contrast with that of "Erminie", "Dorothy", and "Girofle-Girofla" and other light operas with which he had been identified, and he told me that Cohan realized that he was written out as a composer, with only a tune or two in his system, but added, "Mark my words, he is one of the cleverest laddies, in his sense of the theatre and of the public, that ever was born. He'll be in the public eye as long as you or I live." Solomon's prescience was amply justified, for George M. Cohan's instinctive knowledge of how to take the crudest theatrical material and devise the special technique necessary to put it over is almost uncanny. There is no longer a distinctive Cohan method as there was at the outset; there is a new formula suited to each new play he chooses to sponsor. He was supposed to be wedded to speed or "pep" at all costs, until he produced the satirical mystery play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate". The slowness and deliberation in the first act or two of this play almost got on one's nerves until one suddenly found that the producer had created an enthralling illusion. A unique example of Cohan's ability to approach

a play with an open mind was shown in one of his more recent productions "The Tavern". This, when it came to his hands, was a serious romantic melodrama written by a well-meaning lady to whom Providence had denied a sense of humour in bestowing on her a weird imagination. At first reading it seemed the veriest tosh imaginable, but on thinking it over Cohan realized that with a little pains it could be made into a broadly ironical burlesque of old-fashioned romantic drama. He made a contract with the authoress specifying most generous terms if she would permit him to handle the play in his own way. It is said that the lady saw nothing more of her literary child until she was invited to attend the dress rehearsal. What she saw was quite different from anything she had dreamed of, but she retained her aplomb sufficiently to say, "I thank you, Mr. Cohan, for having retained at least one of my lines." She may have been chagrined, but she might deem herself fortunate, in that what had originally been valueless and turgid rubbish had been turned into something delightfully entertaining.

The public knows nothing and the aspiring playwright is perhaps equally ignorant of what good stage directors and intelligent actors do to give life and interest to manuscripts that would otherwise be stillborn. The novelist, for instance, who thinks he knows more than an experienced stage director as to how a play should be done is doomed to failure. The only authors who are able to produce their own plays properly or judge of their dramatic values are men like Pinero and Bernard Shaw who had intimate experience of the theatre before they began to write plays, and even such men are glad to receive the advice of actors and stage managers. The inexperienced playwright who conceives the idea that his text is sacred is seeking disaster. I remember an instance in the case of a noted Canadian fiction writer, the late Sarah Jeannette Duncan. She had written a serial for

the *Saturday Evening Post*, based on the theme of an imaginary marriage of a British Heir Apparent to an American girl. The story had such elements of popular interest in the United States, where every girl with a wealthy father is well aware that she is a Princess, that Annie Russell, a really gifted artist, secured the right to produce a dramatic version. Miss Duncan thought that with her long experience as a fiction writer she was fully competent to write a play and stipulated that she should make her own dramatization. When the script was put into rehearsal it was found to be almost hopeless, bristling with lost opportunities to evoke dramatic interest and full of useless padding. But Miss Duncan insisted that it must remain unaltered, and though urged by experienced people like Miss Russell and the stage director, Eugene Presbrey, who knew immensely more about the theatre than herself, she refused all advice. The play was of course a "flop" even when produced in friendly Canadian cities, and Miss Duncan thought she was an injured person. In reality the injury was to Annie Russell, who had expended a large sum of money on the production in anticipation of being permitted to put an interesting story into something like presentable dramatic form.

Novelists are almost invariably bad judges of what constitutes a really vital play and what does not. Even so brilliant a woman as Gertrude Atherton miscalculated her abilities in this way. Some years ago she wrote a novel "Julia France" dealing with the feminist movement, and located in the picturesque background of the Island of Martinique. On account of the general interest of the tale Mr. and Mrs. Fiske made a contract to produce a dramatic version and assumed that a play from the pen of Mrs. Atherton would arouse much attention. But the manuscript failed to justify the hopes aroused, and it was resolved to give it a trial at Toronto before going into lavish expenditure on a

production. It proved to be an event of one night only, and the poor authoress, who had come prepared to respond to the cries for "Author" at the end of the performance, had the sad experience of seeing the audience growing more and more restless and moody, despite the efforts of an admirable company. I was present at the "inquest" afterward, and in discussing the various shortcomings of the play everybody forgot Mrs. Atherton. We subsequently realized that she had been sitting outside on a packing case listening to all the dread details about her failure as a playwright. But she was a brick about it. She told Mrs. Fiske that the criticisms had been perfectly just and asked her not to think of producing "Julia France" again.

For a man with long experience of the theatre, probably the most unreasonable individual with regard to his plays, and in refusing to consider the public, was the late Israel Zangwill. Zangwill had a real genius for the short story, and several of his tales, notably the pretty trifle, "Merely Mary Ann", had been turned by others into charming comedies. But in his own attempts at drama it was apparent that he had mistaken his *métier*. Years ago George Tyler presented "The Children of the Ghetto" and "The Melting Pot" in America, but the net result was to win fame for that fine interpreter of Jewish roles, Walker Whiteside, and to give a new phrase, in description of the United States, to the vocabulary of mankind. Mr. Tyler decided that he would never produce a Zangwill drama again, but a few seasons ago decided to take a chance once more on a new play—a satire on the follies of the younger generation, the scenario of which seemed to offer excellent opportunities to Helen Hayes, a young actress then under his management, who had already won widespread fame as the dream child in Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus". Mr. Tyler engaged as producer that most gifted stage director, Harrison Grey Fiske, and it was arranged that the first

production should be in Chicago. When Mr. Zangwill brought his completed play from London it was found to be inordinately long, but Zangwill stood to the letter of his contract and refused to make any cuts. As is customary, the whole manuscript was put into rehearsal in the belief that as it worked out in hearing after hearing, the author would himself see the advisability of eliminating certain speeches and episodes and thus intensifying the interest. The final week or two of rehearsals took place in Chicago, and Mr. Fiske almost went on his knees to the great man to induce him to make cuts, pointing out that the play as it stood would run until far after midnight and no public would endure that.

"I am a man of genius" said Zangwill. "It is the duty of the public to accept what I have to say, and to listen until I am through. This is a play with a serious purpose; a corrective of the evils of our time."

"But" said Fiske, "A great many of the playgoers in Chicago live in the suburbs. They are commuters. They cannot be expected to miss their home-going trains in order to listen to your message."

"We shall see," said the dramatist, "I refuse to cut a line."

The play ran until 1 a.m., and long before it was over the theatre was more than half empty. Nevertheless Zangwill was equally obdurate and firm in his attitude as to the respect both managers and public owed to genius. Fortunately he was under engagement to leave Chicago next morning to visit Lincoln's Tomb at Springfield, Illinois, and make a speech there. Fiske already had his own cuts prepared and wired his principal, Mr. Tyler, to come to Chicago at once, as a "show-down" was essential. While Zangwill was away at Springfield the company was rehearsed in an abridged version, and when he arrived back in Chicago about eleven the same evening he went straight to the theatre expecting to witness the last two acts of his play. To his surprise he found

the audience leaving in a much better mood than on the previous night, and discovered that violent hands had been laid on the child of his genius. He said he would not endure it, but Mr. Tyler arrived on the scene next morning and author, stage director, and manager went into executive session. What Mr. Tyler said to him was briefly this: "Zangwill, I lost a good deal of money with your plays in days gone by. I vowed I would never produce another. But when I met you last summer you said you were hard-up and wanted to make a little money. You said nothing about the message you had prepared for mankind, or of what was due to you from the public. Just that you wanted to make some money! So did I! And I have lost a good deal through this enterprise already. If you think you are going to force the playgoers of Chicago or any other city to sit in the theatre for five hours to hear your message and then stay up the rest of the night digesting it, you are very much mistaken. The cuts stand or the show closes."

So Zangwill consented, but the play, which was flimsy and flashy, was not a success. Zangwill went on a lecture tour and damned the philistinism of theatrical managers and the American public as well. His speech before the Canadian Club at Toronto was especially venomous and when I was in New York shortly afterward I found some of my Jewish friends indignant. "Some of our people are always getting us in wrong" was what they said.

The loss of a sense of values in a man so sparkling as Zangwill was indeed a tragedy, for even in his disgruntled state of mind he was a witty and interesting companion. One of his brightest remarks during the speech above alluded to was when he said, "I was not aware that Canada was under Prohibition until two gentlemen offered me bottles of whiskey within fifteen minutes of my arrival here."

He also made one of the most profound remarks with regard to radio that I have heard: "Radio is a great and wonderful invention. But now that we have it what use are we making of it? Radio is not so important after all as what comes through by it." It was a reminder of the manner in which radio was being vulgarized by the stupidity of those in charge of the earlier radio stations.

Zangwill improved very much in personal appearance in his later years. At one time he had a plan to revive Jewish agriculture and plant a large colony of his people in Northern Ontario as farmers. Sir James Whitney listened to the proposals amiably and told me afterwards that he thought Zangwill at once the most interesting and the most "homely" man he had ever met. But in the latter years of his life, with an aura of silvery hair, and the refining effect of a life devoted to intellectual pursuits, Zangwill's features came to possess a distinction much rarer and more attractive than mere good looks. I once sat near him in full view of his profile and for a long time was haunted by his resemblance to someone I had known in the past. And then it suddenly dawned on me that the image I had in mind was Sir Henry Irving, who wore his hair in just the same manner, and whose brow and eyes were distinctly like those of Zangwill. Later I told the latter so and he replied, "That is most singular, but there must be something in it. Some years ago I was leaving the British Museum when a stranger whom I had never seen to my knowledge, hurried up to me and pressed a book into my hand, with profuse apologies for not having returned it before. In a moment he was gone, leaving me no chance to explain that he had made a mistake. I opened the book and found on the fly leaf the name of Sir Henry's son, H. B. Irving, who bore a close resemblance to his father."

While I have spoken of the folly of inexperienced playwrights who refuse to accept counsel as to the revision of their manuscripts, I by no means subscribe

to the doctrine that actors and managers have the right to butcher a man or woman's original work as they please. It is all right when an intuitive expert like George Cohan essays the task, but what the motion picture producers habitually do to good plays when they try to "filmize" them is an abomination unto the Lord. What Zangwill said about the misuse of radio is equally true of that marvellous invention, the motion picture. It was in same summer that I first visited a vaudeville theatre in New York that I first saw motion pictures. It was in what was termed a "nickelodeon" near Fourteenth Street, and for five cents I saw a moving peep-show of two prize-fighters pummelling each other. The invention, if I mistake not, was called a "kinematograph", and the pictures were less than a foot square. Ere long they had been brought up to life size, but the chief use of the invention in the minds of those who got hold of it seemed to be to record prize fights. Thus the first picture show on a large scale which went through America was a representation of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight at Carson City, Nevada. A great deal of money was made out of these pictures, poor in quality though they were in comparison with modern standards, not only because of the novelty of the invention but the general interest in that contest. The Canadian interests which sent the pictures through this country employed as lecturer to recite the various incidents—to act as ringside reporter so to speak—a well-known singer and entertainer W. E. Ramsay, who enlivened proceedings during the waits involved in readjusting the different sections of the film, and discoursed learnedly on the fight itself. Towards the end of the season, the film became worn and torn, and Ramsay, in order to cover this defect, used to say in his opening speech describing the meeting at Carson, "Later in the day it began to snow." At Halifax he was somewhat upset when a man in the gallery who recalled the weather conditions shouted "You're a damn liar".

The motion picture business has always suffered from the fact that at the outset its possibilities were not fully realized and it got into the hands of the more ignorant and vulgar elements of the community, who took a chance on it because they had nothing to lose and got rich in spite of themselves. A stream cannot rise higher than its source, and the motion pictures got off to a very bad start. Anything that has been done in America to elevate the quality of the movies has been the result of the efforts of two or three ambitious actors. The real artistic possibilities of the new craft were developed in Europe where the industry got under way unhandicapped by the vulgar and "low-browed" associations which have monopolized it in America. The great success of celebrities like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin has been due to their intensive study of the mechanical conditions of the art, and a knowledge of their own capacities and limitations combined with a desire to give the best that was in them. The rewards they have enjoyed have therefore been well deserved.

So far as Charlie Chaplin is concerned, every good actor of the spoken stage takes his hat off to him, figuratively speaking, as a truly great artist in the field of pantomime. He was that indeed before he ever went into motion pictures in 1914. I saw him first in Shea's Vaudeville Theatre in Toronto ten years previously in Karno's "Night in an English Music Hall", but the performance of his that remains most vivid in my mind was in the last act of "The Merry Widow", where the scene is laid in Maxim's, Paris. Chaplin played the role of a silent and intoxicated man, gotten up in accordance with the continental caricatures of Englishmen at that period, in a fore-and-aft cap. His wanderings from table to table endeavouring to make friends with visitors who insisted on snubbing him were excruciatingly funny. He was also most amusing as a sea-sick sailor in the yacht scene of Marie Dressler's famous extravaganza

"Tillie's Nightmare", in the climax of which both he and the ebullient Marie fell overboard.

When I first met Chaplin at one of the famous "pipe-nights" of the Players' Club in March, 1927, he was the principal guest of the occasion, and all the more distinguished members of the theatrical profession had decided to do him honour because he was known to be suffering from melancholia due to the false charges that had been made against him in connection with a certain matrimonial litigation. He was surprisingly unlike the Chaplin of the screen—a very dapper little man with straight iron-grey hair neatly brushed, small bright eyes, and very neat feet and hands. The only thing that suggested the Chaplin of "The Kid" and "The Gold Rush" was his walk, for it was noticeable that he took short quick steps in crossing a room—force of habit no doubt. That night, with "Uncle John" Drew leading the cheering, was of a nature to put heart into any man, and for the benefit of his hosts Chaplin gave one of the most delightful comic sketches I have ever witnessed. I was not previously aware that in addition to being a pantomimist of the first water he is a first-rate monologist. He said he would give an imitation of a Spaniard telling a story, and that the point of it was that he knew hardly a word of Spanish. For nearly fifteen minutes he kept up a vivacious flow of lingo that sounded like Spanish, and from his gestures, facial expression, and movements one soon learned what the story was about. The Spaniard was describing a bull-fight—the picadors stirring up the bull, the chulos fixing the rosettes, the girls flirting with the toreador, the majestic toreador himself, and finally the bull, roused to the occasion, catching the toreador unawares and tossing him over the parapet—all indescribably vivid, and in its speed and vivacity even more entertaining than his best efforts on the screen.

CHAPTER XIX

MEMORIES OF SONG BIRDS

ALMOST from boyhood I have had a passion for grand opera, or music drama as certain composers prefer to call it, and have small patience with those purists and poseurs who affect to be prejudiced against it because as they put it it is a "hybrid" art. Everything related to the theatre is in some degree hybrid, and for its enjoyment calls for an exercise of the imagination, and concessions to certain conventions on the part of the spectators. Lovers of realistic drama who have no taste for music are prone to term opera ridiculous because the characters soliloquize in brilliant chromatic scale passages, and sing their lines to each other instead of speaking them. But if criticism is to proceed on those lines, it is equally ridiculous to watch persons go through the most tragic emotions in human experience with the fourth wall of the room missing, as in all drama, and the action leaping not merely over a period of twenty-four hours (the condition of Aristotle's unities) but over months and years, and sometimes projecting into heaven or hell in the course of a single evening. Realism in its fullest sense is as unattainable as it is undesirable in the theatre—the basis of whose appeal must always be illusion, the element which carries us completely out of ourselves, and for the time being inhibits the routine of daily life for us. Illusion is more difficult to create under the conditions of ordinary opera than in most other theatrical forms, but music is always a powerful aid to the imagination. When I find people who affect to despise grand opera, it merely signifies to me that they have come to dislike singers and singing, and have become antipathetic towards the atmosphere of the

theatre. They are quite justified in following their own tastes in matters of this kind, but it becomes irritating when they assume an intellectual superiority because of their own limitations.

Musicians themselves are apt to regard their own prejudices or predilections, temporary or permanent, with a sense of finality—as embodying something which should become part of the artistic creed of others. Certain races have a much greater natural gift of melody than others; but generally speaking, among composers of all origins the men who possess fresh and intuitive melodic inspiration are outnumbered twenty to one by the composers who lack it, and who try to make up for the lack by science and harmonic ingenuity. Unquestionably their works often possess a profound intellectual interest, but can never exercise the emotional appeal that attends spontaneous melodic inspiration. One of the best commentaries on this subject was made to me by Viggo Kihl, a Danish pianist, who has been resident in Canada for a number of years. Another musician, a composer of some reputation for whom I had great liking and respect, had denounced Italian operatic music to me as though the mere enjoyment of it were a sin against the Holy Ghost, and I happened to mention the matter to Kihl.

"Ah!" he said in his delightful Scandinavian accents, "the harmonists can never get over the fact that the Italians can create beauty merely with the use of the tonic and the dominant. It is like this: the virtuous woman says 'I may not be beautiful but I am virtuous.' But the beautiful woman says: 'I am beautiful and I do not need to be virtuous.' So, the harmonist says, 'I have not melody but I have science.' And the melodist says, 'I have melody and I do not need science.' " There we have it, everyone trying to claim superiority because of his limitations.

Some of my friends have become surfeited with choral music, and so they say "I hate choral music", as though it were a mark of distinction, and gave them a critical superiority over those who do not. And one encounters parallel instances of prejudice masquerading as fastidiousness throughout the whole field of musical art. It is that sort of thing which becomes tedious to the musical journalist who, if he has a conscience at all, must try to do justice to all forms of musical expression.

Consequently all attempts to awaken an inferiority complex in me because I like opera are wasted effort. If a man does not like opera I don't mind his saying so provided he is willing to extend a like tolerance to me. There is, for instance, that most charming and delightful of men, Walter Damrosch. He once had a passion for opera, and was for a time an impresario who brought to America several very fine artists, including the beautiful German prima donna, Madame Gadski. But a few years ago, at one of Dr. Vogt's ever-to-be-remembered musical parties, I heard him speak of opera as detestable—unworthy of the attention of serious musicians. Temporarily he had forgotten that he himself had composed a grand opera which was at least respectable from an artistic standpoint, "The Scarlet Letter". But gradually he had concentrated on orchestral music, and apparently his past association with opera had become like a bad dream to him.

Grand opera, as I first experienced it as a lad, was no doubt a scrambled affair, but I recall many a happy hour listening to it from the "gods". Thirty or forty years ago traveling companies of this type were more numerous than now, and in those days, when singers and orchestral performers were content with smaller rewards, the musical quality was often excellent. The most prosperous was the Emma Abbott Grand Opera Company. Emma Abbott had, by the time I saw her, become very plump, but her soprano voice had a good deal of charm and she was an

especial favourite in Flotow's tuneful old work, "Martha", which gave her an opportunity to sing "The Last Rose of Summer". In her company I heard the once famous tenor, William Castle, who possessed a really beautiful voice and was a good romantic actor. I recall hearing him in the tenor role of Auber's "Fra Diavolo". Another of the singers in the Abbott company was a baritone named Hutchison Clarke who hailed from Hamilton, Ont., and who had a noble voice and an imposing presence. The Abbott company had a famous advance agent named Jimmy Morrisey, whom I was destined to meet in after years. He had at one time been a press agent for Barnum and had learned the art of spilling language profusely with reference to his stars. After Emma Abbott retired, Morrissey continued for a decade or more as a musical press agent, and I was told of an occasion in New York when he did a young pianist he was exploiting a disservice by affronting the pundits of New York musical criticism, who valued their dignity very highly. During the intermission he saw a group of them talking in the lobby of old Steinway Hall, and bustling up to them said, "Well, you can see for yourselves that the boy is a great artist,—give him a good send-off." The critical junta were so incensed at this attempt to influence them that they decided it was their duty to slate the young artist of the evening.

I once introduced Morrissey, radiant in red necktie and striped collar, to Elliott Haslam, in the old Chop House, on King Street, Toronto. The latter happened to remark casually that he had once been associated with the Opéra Comique in Paris. Morrissey at once said "Oh, I know Paris, I speak French like a native." Haslam, who was in an impish mood, at once commenced to speak French volubly to Morrisey. The latter tried to look as though he understood and put in an occasional "Wee, Wee", but before long he hung out signals of distress and said he was getting rusty in his French.

Twenty-five years ago he was brought out of retirement for the farewell tour of Adelina Patti. The veteran international agent, Marcus R. Mayer, who had charge of the tour, resolved to "circus" the prima donna, and gave his agents licence to use every legitimate publicity device in their repertoire. Morrissey took more than full scope of his instructions. He arranged for the delivery of a carload of peanuts to be sold in connection with her visit to Toronto,—one of the duties of the old-time circus agent—and otherwise behaved so eccentrically that Mayer had to come to Canada himself to straighten out embarrassing contracts he had made.

Another of the well-known travelling grand opera companies of my boyhood days was the Clara Louise Kellogg organization, which in varied personnel was much superior to the Emma Abbott Company. Miss Kellogg was by repute a very charming singer, but as she only appeared two or three times a week I never chanced to hear her, although I witnessed several of the productions of her company. For a time the famous German tenor, Leonard Labatt, was connected with her organization. My very first hearing of "Carmen" was a performance by the Kellogg company, and I was very much impressed with the rendering of the title role by a German mezzo named Meislinger,—a splendid actress with a voice of fine dramatic quality. Some years later Meislinger won wide-spread fame by her impersonation of the Witch in the first performance in America of Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The role of the Toreador was sung by an American baritone named Lee, who had been very famous in New York at an earlier day, and who was heralded as the chief figure of the cast. I have heard countless performances of "Carmen" since, but can never forget the ringing mellow tones of Lee in that, my very first hearing of the now universally known Toreador song.

Another distinguished organization was the Boston Ideal Opera Company, which started off in a rather

impressive way by singing grand opera in English with singers of fine quality. Among them were Zelie De Lussan, afterwards a favourite Carmen in England, and Pauline L'Allemand who had been the "Lakme" of a sumptuous representation of Delibes' best opera under the auspices of Mrs. Thurber and Theodore Thomas. Her voice was very pure and flexible and she was an attractive brunette. I heard her in "Martha", which gives great scope to the lyric soprano. The Nancy of the cast was a young Canadian singer, Attalie Clare, who had been a pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington. Her real name was Etta Smith, although she was no relation to another Miss Smith (Mary Pickford) who has shed glory on her native Toronto. Her father was a sewing machine agent, and like Mary Pickford she owed a great deal to an aggressive and ambitious mother, who had planned a brilliant future for her daughter. Attalie Clare was an extremely pretty girl, with large effective eyes, and her voice was of attractive quality, though hardly big enough for grand opera. After the disbandment of the Boston Ideal Company she and her mother went to London ,where the daughter attained almost immediate recognition in light opera. It was rumoured for a time that she was to marry one of the sons of the Marquis of Salisbury, but nothing came of this, and she presently came back to America to join the forces of Lillian Russell, then at the head of the most extensive and expensive company of its kind in America. Presently differences arose between Miss Russell and her associate which developed into a newspaper sensation. Miss Clare was dismissed, and the story went all over America that the lovely Lillian was jealous of the young Canadian. This was not precisely true. A very wealthy young New Yorker, then a student at Harvard, had fallen in love with Attalie Clare and had attempted to have enormous floral tributes handed to her over the footlights. This could not of course be tolerated by the management, for business necessity demands

that the prestige of the star be maintained as a first consideration, and the quarrel terminated in Miss Clare's "martyrdom". Subsequently she filled some concert engagements, but was not a success for she had not the artistic weight or experience to rank as a first-rate concert interpreter. But the young millionaire for whose sake she had suffered married her and she retired from the stage. The value of her mother's guidance was apparent in the fact that the marriage was a success so long as Mrs. Smith was alive, but when after a few years she was accidentally killed differences arose and the young couple parted. Thus the girl who in a very few years had won fame and success on the stage, followed by great wealth and a home in one of the most fashionable districts of New York, sank into poverty before she was thirty and was forgotten. Mrs. Smith was indeed the typical stage "mommer". As a cub reporter I had occasion to interview mother and daughter shortly after the rumpus at Boston with Lillian Russell. Attalie Clare's success in London had indeed been decisive, and jewels had been lavished on her in those golden days when the British aristocracy had more money than it knew how to spend. The mother took care of the jewels, and during the interview turned her back, whipped up her skirt, and from some private hiding-place produced a chamois bag, out of which she emptied the "sparklers". The daughter said: "Oh, Mamma, why did you do that?" and then proceeded to tell me who had given them to her. As she was doing so the mother whispered to me impressively, "And not one breath of scandal has ever smirched her name!" which I am glad to say was literally true.

Out of the ashes of the Boston Ideal Opera Company there arose another and much more successful enterprise, the Bostonians, which for years continued as the finest organization of its kind in America, until its celebrated principals dropped out and no one arose to take their places. Wisely enough its founders decided to confine

their efforts to legitimate light opera, although all of them had been trained for grand opera. I saw them in their first season in a delightful romantic French operetta, "The Musketeers", by a composer whose name I forget. The prima donna was Carlotta Maconda, but she did not remain in the forces for more than a season or two. Great good fortune came to them when, in the early nineties, they secured a work by two young critics on the Chicago press, Reginald DeKoven, (a Mus. Doc. of Oxford), and Harry B. Smith. This was "Robin Hood", the best and most permanently successful of all American operatic works. The principal tenor was Tom Karl, a very fine artist, and the principal soprano was a slender and charming singer, Josephine Bartlett. Jessie Bartlett Davis, her sister, was a most magnetic contralto though very nonchalant in her acting, and the chief comedian, Henry Clay Barnabee, was a most distinguished and venerable figure, who played the Sheriff of Nottingham in a really courtly manner. Eugene Cowles, a Canadian, was a noble basso, but to me the finest of the group was the principal baritone, William H. Macdonald, a man of great height and graceful bearing, a finished singer, and a splendid romantic actor. His Little John, which included the solo "Brown October Ale", was a most memorable creation. The whole aggregation was picturesque by nature. Not only DeKoven, but Victor Herbert obtained his first serious recognition as a composer through the Bostonians with his early and very excellent work "Prince Ananias". Through their central company and the secondary ones they sent on tour in "Robin Hood", the Bostonians trained a number of very fine singers, and raised the artistic level of light opera production on this continent. Among the many who owed their beginnings to them was Alice Neilsen, possessor of a lovely lyric soprano voice, and a young tenor, Kelley Cole, who became a very distinguished recital artist.

The effect of the success of the Bostonians was to rouse the ambitions of other managers, so that the presentation of light opera attained an excellence and beauty of expression in the early years of this century that has never since been equalled. Among the pioneers of the movement was Fred. C. Whitney, whose productions of such works as "The Fencing Master" and "Rob Roy" by Reginald DeKoven and "Dolly Varden" by Julian Edwards are exquisite memories. Henry E. Abbey, the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House at that period also formed a splendid organization headed by Lillian, Russell. Among the men who were brought to America at the height of this movement was a young and handsome romantic tenor, Richie Ling, who was imported by the New York Casino and was popular for many years. His last tenor role was Ali Baba in Chu Chin Chow. After his singing voice gave out, Ling, like many another able operatic artist, became an actor of the spoken drama and within the past two years his creation of the role of Quintus Fabius Maximus in Robert E. Sherwood's satire on Hannibal's war in Italy, "The Road to Rome", has shown his mastery of his craft. Richie Ling once said to me that the reason so many of the operatic singers of thirty years ago are such excellent actors in venerable roles is that they had to act impressively and build up characterizations in order to make plausible the text they had to deal with, which in most cases was very commonplace and wretched. His life experience, both in the field of music and the theatre, has been most exceptional. As a child he was one of the Chapel Royal choristers at St. James' Palace. Frequently these highly-trained youngsters were loaned to the Bach Choir conducted by Otto Goldschmidt for such works as the "Matthew" Passion. One day at rehearsal, when he was about ten years old, a handsome silver-haired lady came and sat down beside him, sharing his music with him. She showed him the expression points and discussed tone production

with him in a motherly way. Afterward someone asked him if he knew who his companion was. He replied that he did not, but that she was a very nice old lady. "Well you have had a very great honour conferred on you", he was told. "That lady was Jenny Lind." The great prima donna was the wife of the conductor. To illustrate the training that some of the noted light opera tenors had enjoyed, I may say that Richie Ling once came into my home in Toronto in the summer of 1917 when a young pianist who had worked as an operatic coach happened to be present. Together they took up a score of Gounod's "Faust", and Richie Ling sang with faultless pitch every masculine role in that opera, Faust, Mephisto, Valentine and Wagner,—as well as all the choruses.

Fred Whitney's greatest financial success was "The Chocolate Soldier", by the young Viennese composer Oscar Straus, of which he, by a happy stroke, had picked up the rights both for England and America. Bernard Shaw still cherishes a grudge against America because of the phenominal success of this musical version of his early play, "Arms and the Man", which in its original state hardly yielded a dollar to him. So ambitious did Whitney become as a result of the success of "The Chocolate Soldier" that he secured the rights in advance for Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier", in a musical sense the most glorious of all comic operas with the possible exception of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger". It was Whitney's intention to send the work on tour as he had earlier and less formidable productions, but when he got the score and discovered that it could not be produced adequately without a minimum salary expenditure for orchestral musicians and singers of $15,000 weekly, to say nothing of royalties, travelling expenses, theatre percentages, advertising, and overhead on costumes and scenery he realized that he had bought a pig in a poke. As an operatic composer Richard Strauss is indeed a luxury, more so than Wagner even.

To return to my earlier memories of grand opera, I think many of us in the smaller cities owed a debt of gratitude to a forgotten manager named Charles E. Locke, who nearly forty years ago fathered two very notable enterprises,—one the Emma Juch Grand Opera Company, and the other the DeWolf Hopper Opera Bouffe Company. DeWolf Hopper was a baritone, originally trained for grand opera, who lost his voice but developed a most distinguished gift as a comedian, and for many years sought to give the public the very best, old and new, in the realm of light music that theatrical conditions in America would permit him to present. I think that of the countless roles in which I have seen him, his best was the Lord Chancellor in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe". The Emma Juch Grand Opera Company did not live for more than a few seasons, but at the outset its productions, were of a high order. Emma Juch herself was a blond German prima donna, of placid, rotund beauty, and her voice was smooth, flexible and luscious. As Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" she was admirable. In the season when I heard her in this work the title role was sung by an American tenor, Chevalier Scovel, physically the most picturesque representative of Faust I have ever seen. He seemed to have walked out of a picture by Albrecht Dürer. The family tradition has been carried on by his niece, Katherine Cornell, one of the most gifted actresses of the present day. The Mephisto of the cast was a singer named Frank Vetta, a good actor and the possessor of a superb voice, who had risen from the ranks of negro minstrelsy. But the honours of the occasion were carried off by the Valentine, Signor Tagliapietra. Both he and his brother had had the honour of being included in the quartet of husbands acquired by the great Venezuelan pianiste, Teresa Carreno. The fire and passion of his singing in Valentine's death scene overshadowed every other member of the cast. Another of Emma Juch's notable productions was that of Wagner's

"Lohengrin". She was herself an ideal Elsa in every sense and she was supported by an excellent exponent of the title role in Charles Hedmondt, originally a Montreal singer, who subsequently went to England and became a leading figure in the Carl Rosa Opera Company. For aught I know he is still living in London, where he became a singing teacher after his retirement from the stage. But the most impressive performance was that of Ortrud by the Viennese artist, Georgine van Januschowsky. She lacked beauty, an element not demanded in the role of this rather objectionable sorceress, but vocally she was superb and as an actress she was remarkably gifted. In Wagnerian singing her classic dignity of style was most impressive, and the tradition she represented has been carried on in the art of her pupil, the great contralto, Margaret Matzenauer. Admirable as was Emma Juch in roles which required simplicity or dignity of bearing, she seemed merely a school-girlish hoyden when she attempted Carmen, missing all the subtleties that underlay the diablerie of the gypsy, whose talent for love was, alas, too versatile. Subsequently I also saw Georgine von Januschowsky in the role, and though in acting and vocal expression she was much finer than Emma Juch, she was deficient in the grace and beauty necessary to make the siren interesting. Perhaps the most notable figure in the Emma Juch organization was the chief conductor, Adolf Neuendorff, who was the husband of Van Januschowsky, though two decades her senior. Neuendorff enjoys permanent fame in the musical annals of America as the first man to conduct the works of Wagner on this continent. This was in 1871 when he produced "Lohengrin" and "Die Walküre" at the old Academy of Music in New York. Four years previously he had come out to the Germanic city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but found it too immature for his talents. In the nineties he fell upon evil days. I once met him when an opera company of his, of which his wife was the

principal singer, had "gone broke" in Toronto, and found him a very philosophic old gentleman.

After the retirement of Emma Juch on her marriage to the famous lawyer, Francis L. Wellman, he was associated with the opera company of a once famous German singer, Marie Tavary, an admirable vocalist whose youthful charm had departed. She had several very able artists in her company in addition to the conductor's wife. Among them was Emil Steger who had been, a very few years previously, the Iago of the first production in Germany of Verdi's "Otello", but who was given to over-acting. He had a brother named Julius Steger, also a singer, who, after he came to America, entered the field of light opera, and caused a sensation by the passion of the kisses he bestowed on Marie Tempest in some forgotten musical comedy. I subsequently saw Julius Steger in a musical extravaganza in which a young girl named Cissie Loftus, who had recently sprung into international fame as a mimic, was featured. Steger, who was tall and handsome, had a peculiar way of standing,—as though he had two left legs. When the quiet and ingenuous Miss Loftus commenced her part of the entertainment the orchestra played the music of Steger's chief lyric, and as the audience saw her set her feet precisely like the vocalist, who was immensely larger than herself, a whirlwind of applause swept over the house before she had uttered a note. She then proceeded to reproduce his every vocal mannerism in mellow masculine tones. Cissie Loftus was always so gentle and unique that no artist minded being ridiculed by her. At that time her imitation of Sarah Bernhardt was so perfect that had both been heard in darkness it would have been hard to distinguish one from the other. Cissie Loftus's mastery of nuances of speech—of what is academically known as phonetics—has never been equalled in our time, and she is still a capital actress. Within three weeks of writing this chapter I have seen her in an all-star revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy",

and her impersonation of the elderly Marquise de Rio Zares outshone the acting of a coterie of celebrate associates.

Among the artists whom Neuendorff assembled for the Marie Tavary organization was a young Austrian girl named Irene Pevny who had but recently captured the chief award for acting at the Vienna Conservatoire. Her promise was remarkable, and her singing of the bravura role of Leonora in "Il Trovatore" was splendidly temperamental. She had a sister named Olga Pevny, equally gifted. Once, when a production of "Tannhaüser" was announced for the Metropolitan Opera House, it was discovered late in the afternoon that every prima donna who knew the music of Elizabeth had been laid low with influenza. Suddenly someone thought of Olga, whose application for admission to the ranks of the company had been passed over. She was found in her boarding house at seven in the evening, rushed to the theatre, went over the leads of the role for fifteen minutes with the conductor, went on at 8.30, and made a decisive hit. But within a year or two both sisters had passed away (from tuberculosis if I remember rightly) and the stage suffered a great loss.

In the days when cities like Montreal and Toronto enjoyed but a fraction of their present population they perhaps saw and heard more of operatic celebrities than they do to-day. When the famous band conductor, Patrick Sarsfield Gillmore, took his organization on tour, he used to bring with him for special engagements singers like Italo Campanini, the greatest tenor of his time with the possible exceptions of Tamagno, and Signor Del Puente, a Spanish baritone of delightful quality. Campanini had an exquisitely smooth and even voice and sang with rare distinction. The public life of a tenor is not of very long duration, and though to a boy he seemed an old man, he was not in reality much more than forty

when I first heard him. He had none of the ranting quality which oppresses me in routine Italian tenors, but could sing at need with deep fervour. In the early nineties when Mascagni's, "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the rage and even Queen Victoria was infatuated with the warmth of its Sicilian airs, I heard it sung in concert form (the chorus lacking) by perhaps as fine a cast as ever sang it anywhere. The scene was in the old Horticultural Pavilion in Allan Gardens, Toronto. The Santuzza was the lovely young singer Lillian Nordica; the Lola, a famous contralto, Sofia Schalchi; Turridu, Campanini; Alfio, Del Puente. In point of physical beauty I doubt if the stage has ever known a woman lovelier than Nordica, a girl from the state of Maine whose grandfather had been a famous travelling evangelist, John Norton. In passing, it may be said that famous singers sometimes spring from unique stock. One of the innumerable grandchildren of the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, became the famous coloratura singer, Lucy Gates. There was something romantic in the thought that the granddaughter of the camp-meeting pietist Norton should have become one of the famous Isoldes and Brunhildes of her time. Not only was Nordica notable for the compass and beauty of her voice, but the magnetism of her personality was supreme. Like some noted singers she was not musical by instinct—it is said that her Isolde was the outcome of one thousand private rehearsals. Everything she did was an arduously learned lesson, but the result was often captivating, though one noticed at once the difference between her art and that of genuinely musical singers like her contemporary, Marcella Semrich, and the later Frieda Hempel. Sofia Schalchi never really learned to sing artistically at all, her voice was always uneven and uncontrollable, but her good notes were memorably lovely and velvety. Campanini was vocally wonderful, although physically he had become rather obese for

Turridu, but Del Puente was always a finished and gracious baritone. The same concert company included Emil Fischer, the greatest Hans Sachs of his time, and the sonority of his tones and his taste in matters of expression were flawless.

No composer who ever lived leaped to widespread fame in so brief a space of time as did Pietro Mascagni after the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana", but like many he was destined to endure subsequent bitterness, for when he came to America ten years or so later with a large orchestra and a considerable company of principals and chorus singers to present his own works in concert form he was assailed by constant misfortune. I was present on an occasion in Massey Hall twenty-five years ago when his manager, Richard Heard, of Boston, came before the curtain and announced that "Cavalleria Rusticana" could not be given because the two leading principals, artists of some reputation in Italy, had taken their departure. The trouble had started with the orchestra,—ninety odd men who had discovered that the salaries they had contracted to accept would not keep them in America. Mascagni had organized a company of 150 without the slightest knowledge of the difference in the cost of living between Italy and the United States, or of the expense of transportation in a country where large cities do not lie so closely together as in Europe. On the night in question Mr. Heard aroused sympathy by telling of Mascagni's worries, after his arrival in America. He had twice been arrested at Boston on perjured depositions. His leading tenor had been arrested at Springfield, Massachusetts, on a false complaint. At Lawrence, Massachusetts, there had been an attachment of scenery, at another town an injunction against the company's appearance. In another city warrants had been issued against two other members of the company, who had sufficient warning to enable them to disappear. Two

days previous to his arrival in Toronto the manager himself had been arrested at Scranton. Both Mascagni and his manager expressed relief at being on the free soil of Canada where such indignities were impossible. I think that the Musical Union was more or less at the back of these difficulties, but the tour was predestined to failure. Mascagni, unaware of the high quality of orchestral performance to which audiences on this continent were accustomed, had brought from Italy an aggregation of veritable blacksmiths. Twenty-five really competent musicians engaged in New York could have give him a better tone than his band of ninety-five. But he proved himself a most remarkable conductor in the matter of fire and expression. Lame as his forces were, the playing of his men in a suite of incidental music he had composed for Hall Caine's drama, "The Eternal City", and the singing of his choristers in "Hymn to the Sun", from his finest work, the Japanese opera, "Iris", were emotionally impressive.

American managers have found Italian composers difficult persons to deal with. A decade later the well known New York producing manager, George Tyler, through a representative, Ralph Edmunds, contracted with Mascagni to produce in America an opera founded on the story of Lady Godiva. After Mr. Tyler had expended about $75,000 in advance royalties, costumes, and scenery, Mascagni tore up his contract and declined to go on with the work. This was perhaps good fortune in disguise, for Bessie Abbott, a brilliant young singer who was to have been starred in the leading role, fell into ill health shortly afterwards. But the composer's indifference to all that his failure to keep his contract had cost Mr. Tyler was rather appalling. At that time I was connected in a business way with the Montreal Opera Company, and perhaps the most interesting person in the organization was a little Italian named Bassi, who was odd-job man. He engaged the Italian choristers, met visiting

prima donnas at the train, handled the pay envelopes, looked after the royalties, and sold the librettos in the lobby. He knew every Italian opera backward, and nearly everyone connected with the Italian theatre. Aware that Bassi came from Livorno (Leghorn) and had known Mascagni at the time when the composer was a bandmaster there, I said one day, "Bassi, that was a pretty rotten trick that your friend Mascagni played on Tyler, when he refused to finish his opera "Godiva".

"Oh, Pietro's all right," he said. "He's just a damn fool. It is his wife. She is a devil. Just a scrub you know,—fit to scrub the stage,—that's all. He should kick her out and then everything would be all right."

"Well," I said, "You Italians seem unfortunate in that way. I see that Puccini has been unable to finish an opera owing to trouble with his wife." (This was "La Rondine" if I remember rightly.)

"Oh, Puccini, he'll be all right" said Bassi. "Puccini knows when to give-a de poonch—de poonch, that's the thing for women."

As he spoke he brought his right fist smack into the palm of his left hand, and I came to the conclusion that the ancient methods of domestic discipline were still favoured in Italian musical circles.

Tyler's way out illustrates the resources of the modern theatrical producer. When Mascagni broke his contract and left him with valuable costumes and scenery on his hands he induced Louis N. Parker to write the historical play "The Lady of Coventry", and got some of his investment back by using them for that production.

Earlier I have mentioned Patti's last tour of America in the season of 1903-4 when she was sixty years old. By that time her voice had faded, and in the endeavour to preserve a youthful appearance she had made up her face to excess. Under the shaded lights of the operatic stage that would not have been so noticeable. Few aging prima donnas seem to realize that a different

method of make-up is necessary for the glare of the concert platform. This famous woman, who had faced more vast audiences than any person in the world, seemed timid before the throng which surrounded her almost to her very skirt in Massey Hall. Patti's last impressive tour on this continent began when she had just turned fifty,—in 1893 that is to say. Her Toronto appearance was in the old Grand Opera House and in that environment she still looked youthful and charming. Apart from its flexibility and sweetness, the unique quality of Patti's voice lay in a singular sincerity and pathos, which made the tears spring to one's eyes before one was conscious of an emotional urge. I have realized such power to touch the well-springs of emotion by pure vocal tone in the case of but one other singer—the German prima donna Elizabeth Rethberg. Two or three winters ago I heard Rethberg sing her famous role of Agatha in Weber's "Der Freischutz", and in the "Prayer" aria found tears springing to my eyes. It is an emotional phase that all lovers of music experience, but usually as a result of the beauty of some orchestral passage. For instance the funeral music of Siegfried in Wagner's "Götterdammerung", as interpreted by Arthur Bodanzky, invariably affects me in that way, and I experienced the same emotional exaltation quite recently in witnessing the beautiful acting of Gertrude Kappel as Isolde, after she has drunk the potion, and in the sudden glorification of new-born love drifts into Tristan's arms. But here again it was the enunciation of the love theme in the orchestra which was the real stimulus. Patti could produce the same catharsis by much simpler means.

On her tour in 1893 Patti gave the second act of "Martha", which abounds in vocal opportunities, with the Scottish tenor Durward Lely as Lionel, Guiseppe Campanari as Plunket, and (I think) Tilly Bauermesister as Nancy. Perhaps the most striking figure was the conductor, the famous Italian song composer Luigi

Arditi, very gorgeous in evening attire, with the lustrous white gloves that modern conductors have abandoned. Patti refused to travel in later years without Arditi as her conductor, and to hear him direct Rossini's "Un a Voce Poco Fa" and his own famous song "Il Bacio" (composed for Patti) was a rhythmical delight. Durward Lely was famous as the original Nanki Pooh of "The Mikado" and had a very beautiful lyric voice and finished style of singing. But he steadily declined in favour after a few years and confined himself to giving recitals of the songs of his native Scotland which he rendered with very little sentiment or vivacity.

The old-school courtliness of Arditi's dress and bearing recalls to mind another famous conductor who used to come occasionally to America, Eduard Strauss. He was a brother of the composer of "Blue Danube", and had been court conductor to Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. He carried a small orchestra of mediocre quality, but with his jewelled baton he could create enchantment when interpreting the valse music of his brother and other Viennese composers.

CHAPTER XX

MORE ABOUT VOCALISTS

TWENTY-FIVE years ago critics the world over were in agreement that the greatest living singer was the German artist Madame Lilli Lehmann, who retired from the stage at an early age, in comparison with such later careers as those of Melba and Ernestine Schumann-Heink. She still lives, and the evidence of her activity as an instructor was shown quite recently in the way she had moulded Geraldine Farrar, who gave up opera at a similarly early age, into a song interpreter of exquisite and enchanting quality. Personally I did not hear Lehmann until she made her last tour of America in 1902. Her famous raven tresses had turned to a bright aureole of silver, but the personal appearance was perhaps more classical in beauty than it had ever been. She was remarkable for the repose and nobility of her style in a time when many aging prima donnas practised kittenish allurements; but despite her repose her singing was in no sense cold. It had the authority of an artist who had mastered all technical problems and her voice was still of lovely and velvety quality,—smooth, expressive, and infused with dramatic warmth. Very few singers impress one with a sense of a fine governing intelligence, but one felt it in every phrase that Lilli Lehmann sang. At the recital of which I speak she used a system that I could wish were more widely followed for the education of concert-goers. She sang the chief soprano numbers from "Tristan and Isolde", and her accompanist, Reinhold Herrman, elucidated them with an admirable explanatory discourse. A glorious example of her declamatory style was her rendering of Elizabeth's aria

"Dich Theure Halle" from "Tannhaüser". Most memorable also was her interpretation of Schubert's "Erl King", especially in the mystic sweetness of the tones she gave the spirit who woos the dying child into the beyond.

Lilli Lehmann had the reputation of being a great tragedienne as well as singer, but there was another famous prima donna, not so magnificently endowed in a dramatic sense, but who was nevertheless regarded as a flawless artist despite the fact that she never reaped the vast rewards that came to some of her musical contemporaries. This was Marcella Sembrich, the Galician prima donna. She was an all-round musician, accomplished both as a pianist and violinist. It was understood that somewhere about 1880, while studying the violin with the aim of becoming a virtuoso, the exceptional flexibility and silvery *timbre* of her voice were discovered, and she was persuaded to take up singing instead. She was very happily married to the man who had been her teacher, a bearded old gentleman named Stengel, not unlike a refined edition of Du Maurier's Svengali. At her recitals her husband would sit in the front row and smilingly encourage her. In the nineties the novel "Trilby" was fresh in everybody's mind, and the story got abroad that Du Maurier had obtained the suggestion of a singer hypnotically influenced by her teacher from Sembrich and her husband. This idea was stimulated by the fact that Sembrich's loveliest achievement was her rendering of Schumann's "Nussbaum", of which Svengali speaks ecstatically. But though the suggestion may have come to Du Maurier in this way, it is quite certain that Sembrich, unlike Trilby, was a very gifted musician on her own account, and she continued to sing beautifully after her husband's death. Her singing had the effect of a beautifully rendered violin solo, and I have never heard a voice of such fine and delicate quality which had equal carrying power. The last occasion on which I heard her was in 1913, at a musical festival in the vast

Toronto Arena, and each grace note was clearly heard in the remotest part of the auditorium. I suppose that every critic who ever wrote about her likened her trills to a string of pearls,—it seemed the obvious thing to say,—and no one I ever listened to sang the lovely rococo ornaments of Gluck and Handel in so beautiful a manner,—save perhaps Frieda Hempel.

In the early years of this century the Metropolitan Opera House used to send some of the leading artists of its company on tour with a part of its chorus and orchestra, and Sembrich and Emma Calve were usually the bright particular stars of these itineraries. During one of these tours I heard a very notable presentation of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" conducted by the famous Mancinelli, with Sembrich as Rosina. She was not very gifted as an actress but the role of this jolly coquette suited her to a nicety, and her rendering of "Una Voce Poco Fa" was enthralling. This particular cast included Guiseppe Campanari, the most famous Figaro of his time, and the French tenor Salignac, who was lyrically charming as Count Almaviva. The Basilio was the great baritone Edouard de Reszke, who afterwards died in his native Poland from the privations he suffered during the Great War. The mellow thunder of his voice and the ease of his style were unforgettable, though in an acting sense he did not get as much out of the role as does Chaliapin with his pungent and bizarre comic methods. I am one of the comparatively few music lovers who can boast of having heard Sembrich sing Elsa in "Lohengrin",—a role I do not think she ever attempted except at a single performance at Toronto in October, 1901. Walter Damrosch was conducting, and was so nervous that in one passage he let the orchestra get away from him altogether. She was not impressive in a dramatic sense but was vocally lovely. The occasion was also my first hearing of a young singer destined to fame, for the Ortrud was the

beautiful Louise Homer, then at the beginning of a notable career.

Wagnerian singing is supposed to be an art apart and distinct from the lyric style as understood in non-Germanic countries. Undoubtedly there are certain traditions of interpretation which are best understood in Germany. Nevertheless singers whose training is purely Italian have succeeded in Wagner, and it is a fact not generally known that the very first interpreter of Elsa and several other Wagernian roles in London was the Canadian singer, Emma Albani. As fine an Elsa as I ever listened to was an Irish-American singer, Anna Fitziu, or Fitzhugh, as she was known when she was in "The Wizard of Oz" with Montgomery and Stone. This was in the travelling organization known as the San Carlo Opera company, from which many have stepped up to the Metropolitan Opera House and its rival, the Chicago Grand Opera. But Miss Fitziu had the advantage of the coaching of a very gifted German conductor, Ernest Knock. When I first saw Knock, who conducts any type of opera well, sitting at his desk wielding his baton, I was struck by his remarkable resemblance to the portraits of Richard Wagner. A night or two later I was talking to Boris Hambourg, the violoncellist, who in his boyhood knew most of the musicians in Europe, and he said to me, "Who is that conductor? I never heard of him but he looks very like Seigfried Wagner". A day or so later I was introduced to Knoch and told him what Boris had said, and he remarked, "Oh that is a mistake. I know Seigfried, in fact we have had our pictures taken together and when we are side by side we do not resemble each other at all." Subsequently I mentioned Knoch's mysterious resemblance to the Wagners, father and son, to a friend who had travelled much in Germany. He laughed and said: "That's not difficult to understand, it is generally known in Bayreuth that Knoch is Wagner's

son, and it has been one of his difficulties in life that he is a better conductor than Siegfried."

The era of 1900 was the greatest in a vocal sense that the Metropolitan Opera House or Covent Garden, to which the same group of singers gravitated in the spring for the "London Season", has known. I have mentioned Sembrick, Nordica, and Edouard de Reszke, but there was also Jean de Reszke, whom by mischance I never heard, and who was one of the most distinguished of romantic actors as well as a supremely fine vocal artist. The greatest compliment ever paid the Canadian tenor Edward Johnson was that his art recalled that of Jean de Reszke. It was said of Jean that his artistry was never so apparent as when he was in bad voice, and he still remains the ideal Tristan in the minds of the elder generation. Other famous singers of that wonderful group were the French basso Pol Plançon, the sopranos, Nellie Melba, Emma Calve, and Emma Eames, and the great contralto, Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Because of his physical graces and dignity of bearing Plançon was more imposing on the concert platform than on the stage. His singing of the "Calf of Gold" *canzone* in Gounod's "Faust" was enthralling in a sinister way and in concert two songs he invariably rendered and which the public had come to expect, were Faure's "Palms", which he sang in a most exalted style, and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers", in the climax of which he resorted to a peculiar dramatic effect, in his case most impressive, but which I would not recommend to inexperienced singers. On the final phrase he brought down his foot resoundingly on the platform, and threw out his black beard threateningly, with martial fire in his eyes. The picture he made was magical. Plançon had been a *cuirassier* in the Franco-Prussian war and a giant he must have seemed in uniform. When he first appeared on the concert platform in Paris his soldierly instincts so overcame him that he unconsciously stamped his foot.

The critics were very censorious, for the strict concert conventions of France demand that the artist remain absolutely immobile,— gesture and movement being permitted only on the operatic stage. But the public liked it, and Plançon continued to get a brilliant climax in that way. Once, while the Metropolitan forces were on tour, I heard Plançon sing Mephisto to the Marguerite of a beautiful young singer, Suzanne Adams. She had a very fine voice and a most appealing style, but what became of her afterwards I have not the slightest idea. She was one of the many singers who win fame and distinction for a season or two and then fade from the picture. Another handsome blonde girl with a lovely voice, named Sara Anderson, enjoyed similarly fleeting fame. She was a pupil of Jacques Bouhy of Paris, and was never heard of after a single season's furore.

The fluent and lovely tones of Melba are known to everyone, but a contemporary of hers who had an even finer voice—crystal pure and cool like the water of a mountain stream, was Emma Eames, who, though younger than Melba, retired long before her. The beauty of Emma Eames was majestic but austere. There was none of the warmth and geniality that marked her rival in loveliness, Lillian Nordica. Of all the great group of 1900, the artist who gave most of herself to the public was the French prima donna, Emma Calve. Calve's fame was largely founded on a single role, Bizet's Carmen, although she had been the original of Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" at Rome three years before coming to America, and had started her career at Brussels as a coloratura soprano,—whereas Carmen is a mezzo role. When she first became a concert artist after singing the Gypsy siren season after season, she surprised everyone by choosing the very high and florid aria "Charmant Oiseau" from David's "Pearl of Brazil", quite different from anything she had to sing in "Carmen". Her impersonation of the gypsy was indescribably alluring and

seductive, with a subtle undercurrent of tragic suggestion. Calve was, I believe, a daughter of Provence, a brunette with marvellous flashing eyes and fine features. The mobility of her countenance was remarkable; winsome, wanton, yearning, sullen, and tragically apprehensive by turns. Her voice had a sensuousness of colouring in love-scenes that symbolized sex appeal in its quintessence, whereas in other scenes she was a tigress, graceful, sinister, and cruel. The stage has never known another Carmen like Calve, and she has rather spoiled the opera for later aspirants, because no one can hope to approach her. Graceful and seductive as was the Carmen of Geraldine Farrar, it was colourless and commonplace in comparison with that of Calve.

The Spanish prima donna, Maria Gay, in taking up the role, decided that the only way to circumvent the Calve tradition was to create a new tradition of her own, and present a Carmen accurately studied from the gypsy harridans of Seville as she knew them. The result was very vivid but rather gross. I have seen one or two other good Carmens, who gave moving and satisfying performances, though lacking the diablerie of Calve. One was an Italian singer, Ester Ferrabini, wife of a well-known conductor, Agide Jacchia. Both were associated with the Montreal Opera Company, and Ferrabini, who was a "boosted contralto", was possessed of romantic beauty and dramatic fire. One night in the second act, where a quarrel arises as to whether Don Jose shall go back to the barracks after the bugle blows, I saw Ferrabini's eyes blaze and her face pale with anger in a degree that seemed the height of emotional realism. Nothing more true to life could have been conceived. I learned that this splendid effect had a humorous origin. There was something that the tenor did in this scene which annoyed her, and she had said that if he ever repeated it she would not sing with him again. Unconsciously perhaps, he again committed the offence, (something of little consequence

to the audience) and Ferrabini became blazingly angry just at the proper moment. I have seen Carmens of ten different nationalities, but the best since Calve was that of the Russian genius, Olga Bakhlanova, who played it in the Moscow Art Studios production for which Bizet's work was re-moulded in the form of the Greek drama, and which, taken as a whole, was most sombrely and intensely effective.

Allusion to Ferrabini's "boosted" voice, which shortened her stage career, brings back a remark which impressed me very much, made by my good friend, William J. Guard, one of the veteran newspapermen of America and for many years associated with the Metropolitan Opera House. It was on the occasion of the return of Madame Schumann-Heink to that famous stage in March, 1927—when she was sixty-six years old. It was for a matinee performance of Wagner's most tedious work "Rheingold". Eleven years had elapsed since her previous appearance at the Metropolitan, and the New York newspapers decided to make a news feature of the event. Guard was besieged with reporters, most of whom knew little about music, and one of them asked "How do you account for the preservation of her voice at her time of life?" The veteran annalist of opera at once replied, "Because it was let alone, nobody tried to lift it from a contralto into a soprano. There's another old singer in Europe who never came to America,—Battistini. He's a baritone and a great artist still,—nobody tried to turn him into a tenor."

It struck me as one of the wisest comments on singing I had ever heard, for the effort to "boost" voices is the vice of most singing teachers. Later I mentioned the matter to Mr. Guard and he said, "We know the danger of that sort of thing to our cost. We had to part with two of our finest prima donnas just at the height of their fame and box office prestige. You'll be astonished when

I tell you who they were,—Geraldine Farrar and Olive Fremstad".

Geraldine Farrar, since the task of singing great operatic roles had became too strenuous for her, has achieved distinction as a song interpreter, but the disappearance of Olive Fremstad from the public gaze at a comparatively early age has been one of the tragedies of music. In appearance she was the ideal Wagnerian singer, blonde and of rare heroic beauty, and the dramatic power and richness of her tones will not be forgotten by those who heard them. I knew the man who discovered her, when she was a poor Swedish girl in Minneapolis. He was a vivacious little Italian teacher, Signor Vegara, who in his time taught in many cities and ended his days in Toronto. He had a wonderful instinct for finding good voices, but Olive Fremstad was his greatest discovery. I last heard her sing in 1915, not more than twenty years after Vegara, by chance hearing her sing to one of his children while he was living in Minneapolis, implanted ambition in her and gave her lessons. But her voice was subsequently boosted beyond its range, and her career, splendid while it lasted, was unnecessarily brief. On the sole occasion on which I met her she could not restrain her surprise that a man so large in physique as I happen to be should be a musical critic. "Critics are little men" she said with a quaint Scandinavian emphasis, though why she should have reached such a conclusion in view of the fact that H. E. Krehbiel, one of her warmest admirers, was as large as myself, I know not.

The singing career of the French Canadian prima donna, Madame Albani, who still survives, was far shorter than it should have been in comparison with that of some of her famous sisters in song, but the fact that she sprang into fame in Europe when she was but nineteen, and had even then been singing steadily for six or seven years, extended it in a way that led some people to exaggerate her years by the time she was forty. She

was born in 1852, and in the latter nineties, when she was still in early middle age, her voice showed signs of wearing out. She was just past fifty when I heard her last, and her voice was that of an old woman, in strange contrast with the youthfulness of her platform manner. Albani, in her younger days, was accustomed to assert that provided a child was well taught, she could go on singing all through the period of adolescence without injury to her voice. She had been a cathedral singer at the age of fourteen and was in the habit of rendering the most exacting arias of the florid ecclesiastical compositions without apparent effort. Indeed, by all accounts, her voice progressed to greater and greater beauty until she was thirty. But the early strain told when she reached middle life. Melba, who as an Australian, was a sort of rival in an Imperial or Dominion sense, was not discovered to be a great singer until she was in her twenties, and the beauty of her tones, which had been conserved in her girlhood, lasted twenty years longer than in the case of Albani.

Some of the most interesting of my musical experiences began sixteen or seventeen years ago, when Colonel Frank Meighen of Montreal generously endowed what he intended to be a permanent grand opera organization in his own city, from which he hoped to develop a great enterprise embracing the leading Canadian cities. Colonel Meighen asked me to conduct the publicity and business arrangements at Toronto, where lengthy seasons of repertoire were given. Many fine works, seldom heard outside the great operatic capitals, were presented in an adequate and sometimes in a brilliant manner,—works like Charpentier's "Louise", Massenet's "Herodiade", "Manon", "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame", and "Thais", Mascagni's "L'Amigo Fritz", Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineaux", Puccini's "Manon Lescaut", Messager's "Madame Chrysanthéme", and so on, as well as the popular favourites in the repertoire of all operatic organizations. The quality of the Montreal Opera Company may be realized from

the fact that our stage director, Armando Agnini, and our French conductor, Louis Hasselmans, now hold the same positions in the Metropolitan Opera House. From this experiment many noted artists were developed, who have since won distinction in large centres,—notably the French Canadian conductor, Wilfred Pelletier. Colonel Meighen had effected a working arrangement with Henry Russell, at that time impresario of the now defunct Boston Grand Opera, providing for an exchange of singers, and consequently it was possible to borrow able artists at need. Gatti-Cazzazza also took a kindly interest, and his wife, Frances Alda, sometimes came to sing Massenet's "Manon", and other roles.

The finest production, I think, by the Montreal Opera Company was "Louise", when the Canadian prima donna, Louise Edvina, sang the title role. Madame Edvina, hailing from Victoria, B.C., was a singular example of a woman who had gone on the stage at the age of thirty or thereabout, with no previous professional experience, and leaped into principal roles in Europe within a season or two. She had a score of Charpentier's opera which the composer had inscribed to her, styling her "the only Louise",—but I have since been told that he wrote the same sentiment on Mary Garden's score. At any rate Edvina was ideal as the wayward Parisian working girl, and she was also admirable in a wholly contrasted role, the heroine of Puccini's "La Tosca". Unlike most prima donnas she was lithe as a panther. Another very gifted artist who sang Louise with us was the French artist, Fely DeReyne of the Opéra Comique. She was overweighted when she attempted "Carmen", but understood the role of Louise thoroughly. Her impersonation was flawless as an acting performance, though not so distinguished vocally as that of Edvina. There was one artist, however, who in Charpentier's work outshone either prima donna, and he was the French basso Huberty. His performance of the role of the father of

Louise was superb from every conceivable standpoint, beautiful in utterance and amazing in tragic simplicity. The final episode in which the father is seen on the hill of Montmartre shaking his fist at the panorama of Paris and declaiming against "amour libre", which had robbed him of his only child, was indescribably impressive. Colonel Meighen found Huberty singing with a very excellent repertory company in New Orleans, and it is regrettable that other cities on this continent were denied knowledge of his superb artistry. In one of his appearances while at Montreal he chanced to offend Madame Alda, who vowed that he should never get into the Metropolitan Opera House, and he never did.

I had an amusing experience in connection with Huberty. The once renowned French tenor, Leon Lafitte, had been rented from Boston for two appearances at Toronto,—as Faust and as Herod in Massenet's "Herodiade". His début was to be in the latter work, and on the afternoon of that day I had inserted advertisements for "Faust" on the next night. Knowing the great popularity of the basso I had incautiously inserted the line "Huberty as Mephisto" without mentioning LaFitte. When I got to the theatre on the night of "Herodiade" I learned that the director, Albert Clerk-Jeannotte, had been clamouring for me. Back stage I found him tearing his hair. LaFitte had chanced to see the advertisement just as he had finishing dressing for Herod, and at once announced that he would not appear and was going back to Boston. He said that tenors got three times as much money as bassos and were three times as important. Bassos were nothing, and yet Huberty had been mentioned in the advertisements and he had not. Jeannotte moaned to me, "Do something! Get a reporter! Have him interviewed! Make him think he is a great man! He can't read English! Get one of the boys to come, and pretend to take down what he says! He need only write pot hooks. The jackass won't understand." There was one city

editor that I knew would insert a picture of Lafitte next morning if I asked him, so I said to Jeannotte "I'll square Lafitte! Lead me to him!"

I found Lafitte clad in the robes of the King of Judea and seemingly much in the mood of that famous monarch when he ordered the slaughter of the innocents. I listened to a tirade about the inferiority of bassos and the slight that had been put upon him. Then with the help of the Director I explained that one of the newspapers wished to publish his picture, but in view of the fact that he was a very famous man did not like to do so without his permission. He was at once all smiles. "Certainement!" he ejaculated. "But," I said "if you do not sing to-night I am afraid they will not want to publish it." "Of course I am going to sing to-night", he said, and at once began to try his voice. The curtain went up and that was that; but I looked at the newspaper with fear and trembling next morning to see if the picture had appeared. It was there and the production of "Faust" was saved.

Of all the artists who appeared with the Montreal Opera Company, the greatest was the French tenor Edmond Clement, who so far as I know never gave any trouble. He was very distinguished as the Chevalier Des Grieux in Massenet's "Manon", and his singing of the "Dream" song has never been equalled save by the negro Roland Hayes, who has a style much like that of Clement. But his masterpiece was Don Jose in "Carmen", so wonderful in its study of the gradual downfall of a clean, nice boy that it made one forget all about the gypsy siren. I have never seen a more touching portrayal of human misery than Clement's unshaven, desperate appearance in the last act, when Jose pleads with Carmen, just before he kills her. His singing of the flower song in the second act was also appealing in a degree that no other singer of the role has ever attained.

Censorship has always been at once amusing and irritating to me, and I had one or two exhilarating experiences with it during my operatic connection. A good many grand opera plots would suffer if a censor with the requisite ignorance of life seriously got to work at them. But you cannot alter a musical text as you can that of the spoken drama; and rendering in a foreign tongue is the chief protection of many librettos. Once, during the first year that an official police censorship was established in Toronto, the new functionary dropped in on a performance of "Rigoletto". Admittedly the story of the opera founded on Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse" is as sordid as Verdi's score is melodious—but then nobody goes to hear it, but to listen to the airs. The censor had been told that "Rigoletto" was immoral, and had come to find out for himself, but as it was being sung in Italian he was in the dark, and demanded that I outline the plot. "Well!" I said, "that crippled old gentleman, who has just sung, is a good man who fears that his daughter Gilda has fallen under evil influences,—too fond of dress, and admirers, you know. So he has come to point out to her the dangers she is incurring. Later, when she is attending a big party, he comes and takes her away. She is in love with the tenor but when she finds out that he is in reality a *roué* she repulses him and goes into a decline." I asked him to wait and see for himself, but he had had enough.

I honestly do not think anyone living is more tolerant in religious matters than myself, but once I had to appeal to religious prejudice with a tongue in my cheek. The Montreal Opera Company had been booked to play a week in Quebec City just prior to coming to Toronto. On the eve of the opening there, a pronouncement was issued by the late Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, condemning the whole organization, and ordering the faithful to boycott its productions. It was a bolt from

the blue because many of the artists were devout Catholics and in Montreal had enjoyed the good-will of Archbishop Bruchesi. The secret of the Cardinal's antipathy was this: he had read the preliminary announcements and discovered two offensive items in the week's repertoire, "Thaïs", music by Massenet, founded on a tale by Anatole France, and "Le Chemineau", music by Xavier Leroux, founded on a tale by Jean Richepin. The Cardinal knew nothing of the works themselves but he did know that the works of Anatole France and Jean Richepin were on the Papal Index, so he decided to put the ban on the whole enterprise and did not spare language in so doing. At Quebec the effect on business was disastrous, though the two offending bills were changed.

Now in Toronto, in addition to a police censorship, there has existed for a good many years a private, "sneak" censorship which works in the dark and constantly worries the police authorities to suppress this play or that. It is wholly irresponsible and scattered, and includes private busybodies, committees of various organizations, and even a Social Service Council which meets to condemn everything in general without disclosing its activities. Whenever all or several of these groups hear that somebody somewhere has taken exception to a dramatic or musical entertainment, they make a demand that the said entertainment be suppressed if it shows its face in Toronto. Consequently I expected trouble in Toronto so soon as the news of Cardinal Begin's condemnation was published. My anticipation was correct. Letters poured in on the police authorities pointing out that if the Montreal Opera Company was too terrible for a Catholic community, it certainly should be suppressed in a really Christian and God-fearing city like Toronto. This may seem like exaggeration but it is solemn fact. There was not at that time an official censor, but it was customary to send experienced police officers to

witness the play that had been objected to and ascertain whether anyone should be arrested. Personally I consider this method of regulation the best possible system if we must have censorship at all. An experienced police officer is almost invariably a sensible and kindly man trained in the school of experience, and, through his contacts with the actual tragedies of life, not likely to be carried away by fantastic concepts of what is moral or immoral. He has to be a decent, clean man or he cannot hold his job, and is not obsessed with the idea that he has a "mission".

Our opening bill was "Madame Butterfly", and in the first act, during the pretty scene of Mimosa San's wedding party, I saw two very serious-minded police sergeants, native to the North of Ireland, gazing earnestly at the stage and trying to discover whether anyone should be arrested.

Presently one of them called me over to him and said, "I don't know what in hell they're singing about but it don't sound immoral to me. Just a pretty little show, very like 'The Mikado' I should say."

"You're right," said I. "It is like 'The Mikado' in a way."

"Well, what's this old fella down in Quebec beefin' about then? We've had forty letters saying this show ought to be suppressed. They say that if it's too rotten for Quebec they ought to go to jail for daring to come to a Christian city like this."

I happened to know that both my friends were Orangemen, so I used the wiles of the serpent and said, "Come to-morrow night and hear 'La Tosca'! You'll see the chief of the Pope's police force running a poor fellow down in a church in Rome and then torturing him".

Their eyes opened wide. "Oho!" said one,"a little touch near home, eh? Well, good night, I guess we'll not be bothering you this week."

The Montreal Opera Company was but one operatic organization with which I had business connections. Perhaps the most impressive was the Boston Grand Opera, when Max Rabinoff,—an intimate of Trotzky by the way,—was impresario, and which toured in conjunction with Anna Pavlowa and her Ballet Russe. The "incomparable" dancer was I believe the most amiable of the whole group. One of the publicity staff told me that to get among the principals was like being in a menagerie tent with the doors of the cages left open, but I had early learned the lesson that the best way for a publicity man in an operatic organization to avoid trouble is to avoid all intercourse with the artists. The personnel included the once noted tenor Giovanni Zenatello, his wife, Maria Gay, a famous Carmen, Riccardo Martin a really charming man, Mardones the Spanish basso, Tom Chalmers, a fine baritone, good companion, and now a successful actor, Tamaki Miura the Japanese prima donna, and last but not least, Felice Lyne, a lovely little coloratura soprano whose public career was all too brief. Especial interest centred around Tamaki Miura, for the instance of a real Japanese girl singing Butterfly was unique. Women journalists all wanted to interview her about women's suffrage in Japan and many matters unrelated to opera. Zenatello was particularly indignant at the neglect of himself and satirically suggested that if Rabinoff could get a "neegur from Africa" to sing tenor roles it would be a good idea. When he got too obstreperous, however, his wife, Maria Gay, could always tame him.

One night, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Zenatello was singing Canio in "Pagliacci" to the Nedda of Felice Lyne, who was really exquisite as the faithless little wife of the clown, and to do Zenatello justice, his acting in the death scene was magnificent. There was recall after recall and Armando Agnini, who was directing the stage, sent Felice Lyne on with Zenatello after the first

outburst or two. When the curtain was finally lowered the tall tenor flew at the little soprano and demanded in a flood of Italian to know why she dared to come out and share the applause. "Pagliacci", he shouted, was his opera and his alone. The stage carpenter of the theatre, a little Irishman named Charlie Gallagher, stepped over to him and said, "Say, you big wop, what are you ragging this kid for ?" Zenatello made a gesture, which Charlie misunderstood. "You'll pull a knife, eh ? Well, you try it, and I'll bean you with this monkey wrench." The tenor was so angry that he went into his dressing-room and broke all the panes of glass in the window. Maria Gay, who was not acting that night, suddenly appeared on the scene and in a few brief passages of intensive epithet reduced him to humility.

CHAPTER XXI

A GLORIOUS FEMININE GALAXY

IN my earlier volume of *Chronicles* I put a period on my theatrical reminiscences at the close of the last century, and the concluding chapter recorded an interview with Sir Henry Irving in September, 1895, a date which almost marked the turning point of his career. As those familiar with the numerous biographical accounts of the great actor are aware, the latter years of his life were marked by cumulative misfortunes. A very serious illness in the later nineties wrecked his health, and though he rallied sufficiently to create certain characters he had always desired to act, like Robespierre and Dante, the tide steadily turned against him, until in the end he found himself shut out of the Lyceum Theatre which he had made world-famous, and most of his beautiful productions were destroyed by fire while in storage at a time when insurance on them had lapsed. One of his sons also told me that for several years prior to his death in 1905 he had but one serviceable lung. One wish of his was gratified,—he was permitted by fate to die in harness. In his declining years one of his closest pals was an old actor named Charles Dodsworth, whom I met later as a member of the company of Lewis Waller, and whose conversation abounded with anecdotes of Irving's sardonic humour and ingrained benevolence. More than ten years after Irving's death I was at a theatrical supper party and was seated beside Grace Hampton, a very handsome and accomplished actress whose performance of Lady Capulet in Jane Cowl's revival of "Romeo and Juliet" was an admirable example of sound traditional acting. In the course of the evening I retailed several of Dodsworth's anecdotes, and noticed that she was listening rather

intently but making no comment. Finally as the party broke up she said, "I was waiting for you to make a slip. I happen to be Charley Dodsworth's wife, and I acted with Irving during the last years of his life." It was the beginning of a lasting friendship. She was, of course, many years younger than her husband, who was about the same age as Irving. Subsequently I learned from her the circumstances of the great actor's death on a night when he was playing "Becket" at Bradford, in the North of England, where he had begun his career in 1856. He had come to such a condition of ill health that food was repugnant to him, and he had to sustain himself, during the presentation of the strenuous roles he played on brandy, which had no intoxicating effect on him. He had a faithful man-servant named Walter, (who used to slip bovril into his liquor to keep him nourished), and knowing that some night he would pass away in harness Irving had directed Walter to distribute certain personal effects he always carried with him to the members of the company who might be acting with him when the end came. When he was at last stricken with heart failure, Grace Hampton, a young, vigorous, and kindly woman, drove with him from the theatre to his hotel, and he practically died in her arms on the way thither. Among the personal effects given her was an onyx cross the great actor carried as Louis the Eleventh, and sometimes used in Becket, and which she generously bestowed on my wife.

The last important novelty which Irving brought to America was Sardou's "Robespierre" early in 1900, though he was subsequently seen in Canada just a year before his death in revivals of earlier successes. In the last decade of his life critical detraction of Irving was rife in London, not because of his acting but because he had failed to take an interest in the renaissance of English comedy which was in full tide at that time. When he turned away from England and commissioned Sardou, the *bête noir* of English theatrical criticism at that time, to

write dramas for him centering round Robespierre and Dante—it was the last straw. Even the urbane A. B. Walkley, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, said, "Robespierre is about as artistic as a bull fight". This was a very extreme judgment, for in recollection the play retains elements of picturesque interest. Sardou had a divided duty, he wished to do justice to the "Incorruptible", and to serve Irving as well. The first consideration was that the actor should have a grand opportunity, so Sardou set to work to "scoop out" Irving and adjust the role to his personality and special characteristics as he had done with Sarah Bernhardt in writing "La Tosca". A quarter of a century or more earlier Irving had created a sensation by his dream scene in "The Bells", and the dramatist provided him with one almost as effective. Irving had also won much popularity by his gentle characterization of Dr. Primrose in a stage version of "The Vicar of Wakefield", known as "Olivia". Sardou undertook, therefore, to present a kindly aspect of the sanguinary dictator. Taking Robespierre's love of flowers as justification for the belief that there was a tender side to his nature he bestowed on him a forgotten sweetheart and an illegitimate son, and deftly arranged matters so that they might be condemned to death under Robespierre's regime, thus evolving episodes of tremendous emotional stress. The final act in the Convention, when Robespierre suicided, was lifted almost entirely from the scene as described in "The French Revolution" of Thomas Carlyle, a wise decision, because Carlyle in his greater moments had the true dramatic touch. The stage picture of the Convention, with deputies hurling imprecations at each other, was one of the most wonderful examples of technical skill in handling ensembles that I have seen upon the stage. Another great stage picture was a representation of the Feast of the Supreme Being with Robespierre as the centre of interest,—a scene glowing with light and colour. Irving's own performance, despite the fact that

he was still suffering from the effects of the illness from which he never fully recovered, was splendid in a melodramatic sense, and supremely distinguished and intellectual also.

It was Irving's last popular success in a new role, and it was with undisguised delight that the London critics chronicled the failure of Sardou's "Dante" a year or two later. The production also marked the last appearance of Ellen Terry in a new role of importance as a member of the Irving forces. She played the old sweetheart Clarisse, though when I saw the production she was ill and her place was taken by the once noted beauty, Maud Milton.

Subsequent to Irving's death Ellen Terry made a tour of America from January to May, 1907, in two roles quite different from any in which she had appeared with Irving,—one was "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" written for her by George Bernard Shaw, in which she played the gay, sensible Englishwoman who voices the Shavian philosophy, most charmingly when she could remember her lines. I saw her on two occasions in this role, and on one of them was irritated because she ignored her audience and seemed to be chaffing with the company, and especially the leading man, James Carew,—a grave and unwarrantable offence. But I learned that it had been revealed to her associates just before the performance that she had quietly married that handsome actor, many years her junior, so all was forgiven. Finer and more impressive was her performance of an old Dutch woman bereft by the sea of her sons in Heijermans' tragic drama "The Good Hope", a propagandist play aimed at Rotterdam shipping men who were in the habit of sending rotten ships to sea and letting them perish for the sake of the insurance. In its general plan of centralizing interest on a mother who has been robbed of all that is dear to her by drowning it furnished the inspiration to John Millington Synge for his shorter play, "Riders to the Sea". Ellen

Terry's portrayal of the old woman crushed by misfortune was one of the most poignant imaginable, and her lovely sensitive face was like a drawing by Rembrandt. A few years later, when she came to America to give readings from Shakespeare and sell her autographs for the suffragist cause, she was less interesting, for her voice by that time had lost its timbre and brightness.

Alleged differences between Ellen Terry and Irving caused a good deal of gossip during the last decade of Irving's life. She was not acting with him when he died, her place having been filled by Edith Wynne Matheson, and as early as 1895 the beautiful and gifted Canadian actress, Julia Arthur, had been engaged for her role of Rosamund in "Becket", as well as for minor parts like Elaine in "King Arthur". Julia Arthur subsequently told me that when, to her surprise, Bram Stoker, in behalf of Irving, offered her Miss Terry's role of Rosamund she made private enquiries, and learned that Irving's motive was "to make Ellen act". It appeared that she had been losing interest and letting down her parts, and he thought that the spur of a younger actress being allotted one of her most popular roles would be helpful. It was not a comfortable position for Miss Arthur, and she soon discovered that the great man took very little interest in her career except as a means of stimulating his "dear companion", as he used to call her in his curtain speeches. Julia Arthur, by the way, with her grace, eloquence and remarkably preserved beauty has within recent years provided a most effective vindication of the older school of acting. When I saw the New York production of Bernard Shaw's finest drama "Saint Joan", the interpretation of the title role by a young actress following the nonchalant methods of the present day school was so colourless that I thought Shaw had failed. The epilogue was especially tedious. But when Julia Arthur was persuaded to come out of long retirement and play the Maid on tour, the play became a new thing, noble, moving, and

at every moment appealing. It was my old friend Fred Whitney who had the discernment to see that the role demanded an actress capable of beautiful rhetorical expression, and ease of gesture and movement. It was Fred Whitney also who about twenty years ago induced Ellen Terry's sister Marion to pay her only visit to America. The vehicle was a very thoughtful problem play, "Divorce" by Paul Bourget, in which she played a mother who endures acute emotional suffering through that institution. Her impersonation was unique in refinement and in quality of conviction, but the play, an argument for the Catholic attitude on this question, was too didactic for audiences on this continent. Whitney lost heavily by it, but recouped himself from enormous profits on "The Chocolate Soldier" which he brought out at the same time.

The revival of interest in Joan of Arc awakened by Shaw inevitably recalls the similar revival which was created by Sarah Bernhardt long previously. Bernhardt in her time played two different tragedies founded on the career of the Maid of Orleans, the second of which I saw about sixteen or seventeen years ago. It dealt only with the culminating event of her life and was entitled "Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc". The French dramatist approached his subject from an entirely different angle than does Shaw in the trial scene of "Saint Joan", endeavouring to present accurate historical detail so far as possible, his one lapse into poetic license being the assumption that one of the English generals, the Duke of Bedford (who is not mentioned by Shaw) was in love with Joan. Bernhardt was at that time supported by a very young and brilliant actor, Lou Tellegen, who has failed to fulfil his early promise. But he made a magnificent picture as Bedford and his acting as he fell headlong in armour, overcome by grief when the flames curled up around his beloved, will not be forgotten by those who saw it. Bernhardt was then approaching her seventieth

year, and obliged to avoid movements which would betray her age. In fact her performances in her later days were more or less static, but she was still most amazingly touching and expressive in face, voice and gesture. The careful yet eloquent use all eminent French actresses make of their hands has always fascinated me. As my friend Clayton Hamilton has said, Bernhardt had two voices, one a golden, cooing voice, *la voix d'or* as it was known, and a lower voice, something like a caw, which was amazingly effective in tragic scenes. As Jeanne D'Arc, she used both with amazing effect, when her pleadings, beginning in tones of beauty, became raucous with anger and excitement as she proceeded. At this time I saw her play her celebrated role of Marguerite Gautier in "La Dame Aux Camelias" in which Lou Tellegen was magnificent as Armand Duval. She went through almost every scene of the play seated so as to disguise the stiffness of her limbs, but her eloquence was most persuasive. Still, it was pathetic to recall my first vision of her as La Tosca, when she was about forty-seven years old, but looked twenty years younger, and moved about the stage with incredible grace. I have seen many beautiful women as La Tosca, especially since Puccini's opera eclipsed Sardou's original drama, but none who was so supremely impressive in the scene where the girl slays her tormentor, Scapia. Bernhardt's lethal swiftness in striking the blow and her infinite grace as she placed the candles beside the prostrate man, and slipped from the room like a shadow, can never be forgotten. Of the many roles in which I saw her, the most amazing technical achievement I think was her acting in Rostand's "L'Aiglon". To see a woman over sixty playing a fragile boy of twenty with almost faultless illusion was an experience not soon to be forgotten. Because of her many personal vagaries it is customary to speak of Bernhardt as though there were something superficial and insincere in her acting, but a

woman so perfectly equipped technically that she could leave an indelible impression on one's memory of the detail of every character she played was obviously a great artist. Bernhardt the artist must remain the real Bernhardt, especially for those of us who have seen so many talented women of our own race fall into obscurity through lack of fidelity to their craft.

Personally I found even greater pleasure in the acting of the great French comedienne and emotional, actress Gabrielle Rejane, who was thirteen years Bernhardt's junior and died in 1920 at the age of sixty-three. She is famous in the annals of the French stage as the original of Madame Sans-Gêne and Zaza. She never achieved the world success and vast earnings of Bernhardt, but her art was impeccably fine and fascinating. Her face was round and piquant, and the upward turn of the corners of her mouth, as well as her gay dark eyes, naturally gave her the mask of a comedienne. Yet she was profoundly impressive in scenes of emotion. Her impersonation of the tragic victim of drugs in "Madame X", a role she created in Paris and which was afterwards adopted by Bernhardt, is said to have been a triumph of tragic suggestion. I saw her in but three plays "Zaza", Daudet's "Sapho", and a light comedy "L'Hirondelle". She was about fifty at this time, but the softness of her dimpled countenance, and the girlish sweetness of her voice, made her youthful, despite increasing embonpoint. In the last-named play she acted a frivolous matron of forty still inclined to fall in love but shepherded into the straight and narrow path by a cold and watchful daughter. The delicacy of her comedy in this situation and the underlying pensive note at the thought that in the eyes of youth she was getting to be an old woman were inimitable. Her Sapho was a remarkably touching and memorable creation. The suggestion of the passionate yet motherly relation between the artist's model and the youth of whom she has become enamoured, had a tenderness and delicacy and candour

beyond the scope of most English-speaking actresses. In the face of its sheer humanity the most censorious of puritans would be defeated, especially by her heart-rending sobs in the scene of parting, not violent, but indescribable moving. More wonderful was her Zaza. I had seen this role crudely played by two or three American actresses who accentuated the commonness of the girl, and Rejane's performance was a revelation. It will be recalled that Zaza is a *café chanteuse* who had risen from the dregs. A young man of wealth becomes enamoured of her, and she imagines that she is his only love. It is revealed to her that he is married, and after the manner of her class she goes to his house intent on making a disturbance and having it out with the wife who is her rival. But the wife is not at home, and she is received by a polite little girl, the daughter of her lover. There comes over her a memory of her own unhappy and sordid childhood, and a sense of what she could have been had she been guarded like this little girl. She feels that she cannot do anything that will wreck the home of this child, and so departs. The event has been her purgation, for in the end we see her a distinguished artist, who has cut away from all loose associations and achieved fame by the refinement of her art. In Rejane's hands Zaza was a most subtle study, and it is almost with tears that I recall her acting in the scene with the child, when the youngster, anxious to entertain the visitor, strummed out "The Maiden's Prayer" on the pianoforte. The picture of the brazen girl softened, and crying gently with self-pity, was amazingly touching. Moreover in the earlier scenes of abandoned love, Rejane was not coarse like the American interpreters of the role, but gently seductive.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was thought in London that the English-speaking stage had found the equal of both Bernhardt and Rejane, and in a measure a combination of both, in Mrs. Patrick Campbell. At her best she was almost Rejane's equal, and if she had

taken her art as seriously as did these women, who were her elders, her prestige might have been as continuous. But like many women of the English-speaking stage she relied too much on personality and too little on technical perfection and serious creation. The year 1865 witnessed the birth of three of the most profoundly gifted women of the modern theatre, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Julia Marlowe Sothern. The art of the two latter actresses had been familiar to me for several years before Mrs. Patrick Campbell first came to America in the season of 1901-2 at the height of her fame. In that first season her repertoire included four of her most notable productions, Sudermann's "Magda", Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power". In subsequent seasons she was also seen in another very fine play of Sudermann's, "The Joy of Living", in Sardou's "The Sorceress", and in Shaw's "Pygmalion". But for her habit of quarrelling with managers and actors she would probably have become one of the wealthiest and most popular stars in theatredom. When I first saw her as Magda in February of 1902, I felt and wrote that she was the most graceful and moving actress that had come to America since the fabled Adelaide Neilson. It is still impossible to forget the vividness, the plastic beauty, the feminine charm, and the dominating personality revealed in her impersonation of Magda, the outcast from a placid German home, who returns a world-famous prima donna to face with an unbreakable will the equally unbreakable will of the old Prussian officer who is her father. This tale of the impact of a creature born for the great world with the narrow conventions of a parish is one of the greatest domestic tragedies ever written. At that time, with her large and pensive eyes, and the long pre-Raphaelite lines of her form, she was a being as beautiful and poetically effective as Rosetti's "Blessed Damozel". The tones of her voice

were lovely and the variety of her style delicious. Temperamentally no role could have suited her better, for she had by her own exertions risen out of obscurity. Nine years previously, as a poor young actress endeavouring to support two young children, she had availed herself of a sudden opportunity when that inspired judge of acting, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, had rejected several celebrities and given her the title role of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray". It was not until after his death that I learned that the man who later backed her sufficiently to enable her to become a star was the late Lord Grey, afterwards Governor General of Canada. Lord Grey, for whom I acted as judge on several occasions in connection with the musical and dramatic competitions he inaugurated while in this country, was a keen lover of the theatre and a first-rate judge of acting. He told me once that he had acquired his knowledge of technique, when he was still Alfred Grey, M.P., through an early friendship with Joseph Jefferson, and he showed his theatrical acumen when he gave Mrs. Campbell the opportunity to play the roles she wished to play, like Magda, following her early successes in Pinero roles.

By the time Mrs. Campbell played Paula Tanqueray in America the play was ten years old but it at once acquired fresh interest, and one understood why it had taken London by storm. She enlightened playgoers as to the higher possibilities of the role of a woman who, despite her sordid experience of life, is still at heart wayward and often a very naughty child. She made it clear why a conservative country gentleman like Aubrey Tanqueray could fall in love with Paula and seek to take her away from her surroundings. Her delineation of Paula's quick jealousies, regrets, and myriad moods was emphasized by a multitude of fleeting expressions of countenance and little gestures that revealed the heart of the poor girl who was trying to be the good little wife of a country gentleman and didn't know how.

Again, when Mrs. Campbell presented "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith", she was reviving a play which had failed some years previously in America when acted by Sir John Hare with Julia Neilson, a handsome English actress and the mother of Phyllis Neilson Terry, who closely resembles her. It is not one of the most popular of Pinero's dramas and may never be revived again, but the character of Agnes Ebbsmith is a most intimate study of a really fine and intellectual woman living under anomalous circumstances with a distinguished man. The play is undoubtedly "dated". Nobody objects to "mad Agneses" to-day. In certain intellectual circles they are regarded as free spirits, a notch above their married sisters in distinction and intelligence,—but in the nineties it was different. The play contained one scene very suggestive of "hokum", when Agnes, to typify her defiance of convention, threw the Bible in the fire, and then with a scream of remorse recovered it at the expense of a burnt hand. There was a line equally banal when Agnes said; "When I learn to pray again, I shall mention you every night". But Mrs. Campbell, by dint of her acting, managed to carry conviction in these scenes, and Pinero maintained that his Agnes was real,—that she was typical of many women who professed to belong to the advanced intellectual cults of the time (Agnes was one of the theoretical anarchists of the nineties), but nevertheless retained the ideas they had learned at their mother's knee. Mrs. Ebbsmith served the purpose of demonstrating Mrs. Campbell's ability subtly to differentiate various phases of the feminine temperament in rebellion.

Entirely different was her impersonation of the sick woman in Bjornson's "Beyond Human Power". Lying in one position in bed, throughout an entire lengthy act, she impersonated a woman dying of an obscure nervous malady, in a most wonderfully touching way,—and the hope in her face that her husband, a clergyman who is trying faith healing as a last resort, might succeed in

his appeals to the Almighty, showed the inspiration which lay behind her art at its best. Her company in that, her first season, came near to being what is now known as an all-star cast. Bjornson's play is sharply divided in interest between the picture of the dying woman and a long discussion among seven clergymen of the established church of Norway on the subject of faith healing. The characterizations of those seven clergymen made what would have otherwise been a most tedious episode intensely interesting. The husband, whose head is in the clouds, and who imagines himself in communion with God, was played with unique spiritual exaltation by George S. Titheredge, who had been a star in Australia. In contrast were a very starchy type of parson played by Herbert Waring, and a sweet, worldly-wise old realist, inimitably acted by George Arliss, who in the same season made his first successes in America as Cayley Drummle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the Duke of St. Olpherts in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith". He did not have a role in "Magda", but in that play Titheredge as the Prussian father and military martinet almost divided honours with Mrs. Campbell.

A very amusing incident occurred during the only performance of "Beyond Human Power" given in Toronto. Mrs. Campbell liked to select her own programmes for entr'acte music and was passionately fond of the melodies of Grieg. As Mrs. Tanqueray in the scene where Paula plays the piano, she would invariably choose some one of the "Album-Leaves", which she played exquisitely. To give Norwegian atmosphere to Bjornson's play she had arranged that the orchestra play an entire programme of numbers by Grieg. After the performance she sent for her manager and in a furious scene asked why the orchestra leader had not played the music she had arranged. The leader was sent for and humbly said, "We did". He had done his best,—a man can do no more, —but the star had not recognized it.

One of Mrs. Campbell's finest performances was seen in 1903 in Sudermann's drama of German high life under the Hohenzollerns, "The Joy of Living". It was in reality the story of Tristan, Isolde, and King Mark transferred to modern times. She played the role of Beata, Countess von Kellinghausen, wife of a junker high in the confidence of the Kaiser, and unknown to every one Beata had for years been in love with another public man younger and of more romantic bearing. The various motives of pre-war politics were deftly woven into the story, but the underlying quality of romance which was evoked by the actress brought back to mind the lines of Matthew Arnold in describing the Iseult or Isolde of legend.

"Yes, now the longing is overpast,
Which, dogged by fear and fought by shade,
Shook her weak bosom day and night,
Consumed her beauty like a flame,
And dimmed it like a desert blast.

And though the curtains hide her face,
Yet were it lifted to the light,
The sweet expression of her brow
Would charm the gazer, till his thought
Erased the ravages of time,
Filled up the hollow cheek, and brought
A freshness back as of her prime."

The poetry of Mrs. Campbell's performance was alas! disturbed by the fact that she found it impossible to find an actor who could realize her ideal of the Tristan role. She quarreled with one after another, and got a worse candidate on each new occasion. I saw the fourth impersonator of the role and he assuredly was enough to put any temperamental actress's teeth on edge. But a compensating factor was the magnificent impersonation of the junker husband by the famous English actor,

Frederick Kerr. A season or so later Mrs. Campbell played the role of "The Sorceress", a Spanish tragedy of the Inquisition period written by Sardou for Bernhardt, but she seemed to have lost her old emotional appeal, and her greatest subsequent success was as the transformed cockney flower girl in Shaw's "Pygmalion". It revealed her rare gifts as a comedienne, but the main hit of the performance, was her ejaculation of the line "Not bloody likely", far different from the poetic suggestion of her earlier triumphs.

The contrast between the career of Mrs. Fiske and that of Mrs. Campbell, despite the fact that both are the same age, lies chiefly in the fact that Mrs. Fiske was almost cradled in a theatre and won recognition while a mere child, whereas Mrs. Campbell was approaching thirty before she scored her triumph as Paula Tanqueray. In the earlier *Chronicles* I spoke of Mrs. Fiske's rise to the position of chief exponent of the intellectual drama in America. A woman over sixty who plays Shakespeare for the first time in over fifty years and gives a most joyous and impish performance of the mischievous Mistress Ford in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is assuredly a marvel; but I think Mrs. Fiske's greatest achievements have been in the dramas of Ibsen, not only as actress but stage directress. The sun-clear intellectuality of her performances, and the way she lifts the actors around her render her unique. Ibsen is a tricky dramatist to present effectively. He must be rendered with a certain quality of mordant irony,—and irony is not only one of the most difficult elements to put over on the stage but one which few actors understand. In all I have seen Mrs. Fiske in "The Pillars of Society", "A Doll's House", "Hedda Gabler", "Rosmersholm", and "Ghosts". Her Hedda had a suggestion of smouldering fire, expressed in nervous irritation, which was quite unapproachable. In "Rosmersholm" her recitation of Rebecca West's confession had an amazing quality of

intensity and quietude that made the lines burn themselves into the consciousness of every listener. She was never able to find the ideal representative of Rosmer, and once told me that the only actor she knew of who could really give Rosmer his full lineaments was Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and that she had made unsuccessful efforts to induce him to play the role with her. But in this particular production there were two actors who were perfect. One was the brilliant Albert Bruning (acknowledged to have been the greatest Polonius on the modern stage) who played the blackmailing editor; and George Arliss who impersonated the scholarly drunkard and dreamer, Ulric Brendel. Mr. Arliss has revealed the fact that he studied his role from a shabby scholar who frequented the British Museum in his boyhood in Bloomsbury. For poignant effectiveness, reflecting disillusion and desperation culminating in grief crushing and almost mute, her Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts" was one of the greatest creations of the modern theatre. Mrs. Fiske is the type of artist who, with very notable mannerisms of speech and movement, always gives a complete and deeply-etched characterization,—so that you wonder how beings could be so physically akin and yet so utterly different as her Mrs. Alving and her Mistress Ford.

Of the early triumphs of the other actress of the trinity born in 1865, Julia Marlowe Sothern, I also wrote in my previous volume. It was not until she retired in 1924 owing to persistent ill health, that critics on this continent realized how much of the glory of the American stage vanished with her. The co-partnership with Edward Hugh Sothern begun in 1904, which culminated in their marriage, and was marked by a series of presentations of Shakespearian and other romantic plays spread over a period of twenty years, was one of the most fruitful in an artistic sense that has marked the modern theatre. The desire of Sothern, one of the most finished and adroit of light comedians and romantic actors, to play Shakespeare

was not known, until in 1900, having been for thirteen years a star, he suddenly announced a forthcoming presentation of "Hamlet". Owing to its charm and princeliness his Hamlet was a success with the public, but at the time it struck me as over-sentimental. The love for Ophelia seemed over-stressed, because this attachment is rather a minor matter for Hamlet. In fact the whole relation between the pair is well summarized in Byron's lines : "Love of man's life is a thing apart. It's a woman's whole existence".

Ten years later when I saw Sothern's Hamlet again and the splendid partnership had been in progress for several seasons, it had grown into a broad, virile creation that carried conviction at every point. I ventured to compliment him on that fact, and he modestly said, "Well, you may thank my partner for that; she taught me how to play it." I think that this was one of the finest compliments I ever heard from the lips of an actor, for the main drawback to theatrical marriages is that when both are of distinguished talent they are apt to be jealous of each other's prestige. It perhaps did less than ustice to himself, for Sothern has long been a very close student of Shakespeare and on a "Hamlet" night always read the play over again beforehand. Much of the merit of his impersonation for those of us who are Shakespeare lovers lay in the fact that while stage versions by no means give us a complete picture of Hamlet as Shakespeare conceived him,—he was by no means in all his phases the "sweet prince" of the Booth tradition,—Sothern, through his knowledge of the character as a whole, gave a very complete and many-sided creation that suggested the omitted scenes as well as those portrayed. Julia Marlowe made , a wonderful transformation in the traditional sickly Ophelia of stage tradition. In taking up the role as a new study, she realized several points that had been obscured by stage tradition,—one was that Ophelia was no timid weakling. Her sharp retort when Laertes tries

to give her counsel, suggesting that he look to his own courses, shows that. Ophelia also was a person of such eminence that she had been selected as the future Queen of Denmark. So Julia Marlowe played her regally, a method which made the crushing blow which befalls Ophelia the more tragic. In fact, in all the Sothern and Marlowe productions, the hand of a woman to whom the study of Shakespeare had been a daily occupation from girlhood was apparent. The beauty of her diction has never been equalled by man or woman in our time. In March, 1927, after her retirement, I heard her recite several of Shakespeare's sonnets before an immense throng at Columbia University, New York, and for sheer richness of speech, and signficance of emphasis I have never heard anything to surpass her reading of poetry. During the war her rendering of Helen Grey Cone's noble "Hymn of Love for England" was also unique in splendour of utterance.

CHAPTER XXII

A GROUP OF ACTOR MANAGERS

THE last Shakespearian production of Mr. and Mrs. Sothern in 1924, their revival of "Cymbeline", was a most costly enterprise, and illustrated the mistake that is sometimes made by the most experienced actors of coming before a New York audience untried in a new role. New York criticism or New York "wise-cracking" is important only for one reason. It is often less well-informed than the criticism of many smaller cities, but its warrant runs all over America. That is to say, an actor may give an inferior performance on an opening night in Buffalo or Montreal, and while it may affect local business, little is heard about it elsewhere. But in New York the verdict on a first performance is heralded everywhere, and if adverse it is hard to overtake it however much the performance may improve. Thus on her first night as Imogen in "Cymbeline" Miss Marlowe, exhausted by the tedium of preparation, was not in good form, although she had loved the role in her youth, and knew its every shading. A night or two later she was giving an exquisitely lovely interpretation, but the critics were too busy to go and see her again. The same mistake was made in connection with George Arliss's first appearance as Shylock in Winthrop Ames'noble revival in Renaissance style of "The Merchant of Venice" during the season of 1927-8. Mr. Arliss' Shylock is to-day much the best performance of the Jew that Shakespeare drew, since that of Irving, but on the opening night he had not quite mastered the transference from the modern to the Shakespearian style, and he is by nature always apprehensive on first nights. Consequently his performance was tame and colourless, and honours went to the very fine,

vital, and expressive interpretation of Portia by Peggy Wood. If he had had a month on tour in other cities to get used to the part, he would have scored a well-advertised success in New York.

It will surprise many readers to know that Shylock, though one of the shortest of the stellar roles in Shakespeare, is one of the most exhausting. Walter Hampden has expressed the view that Hamlet is much less exacting in a physical sense. The reason is that Shylock must, after the opening scene, be played in a vein of constantly rising emotional intensity for which there is no "preparation", as actors phrase it, in the way of preliminary dialogue. Astonishing as it may seem, the aggregate of Shylock's lines in the trial scene is less than that of some of the other characters,—very much shorter than that of Portia, yet he must constantly "act", must keep the attention rivetted on himself,—an exhausting process as actors well know. I have seen more impersonations of Shylock than of any other Shakespearian role, but very seldom a first-rate one. Sothern and Mansfield, for instance, placed undue emphasis on Jewish accentuation. Forbes-Robertson's seemed altogether too benevolent, and Walter Hampden's a shade too villainous. But I am one of those who admire Hampden's Othello, a role in which nearly every English-speaking actor has failed, or come near to failure. Hampden's Moor had a princeliness essential to the character if Othello's high prestige in Venice and appointment as Governor of Cyprus are to be understood. He also suggested the undercurrent of weakness and wildness in this strong soldier which alone makes the subsequent developments plausible. The Hamlet of Walter Hampden, which established his fame, was also unique in many respects, and in the conception I believe that he carried out certain inspirations of that profound student, the late H. B. Irving, whom he understudied in this role a quarter of a century ago. In his later Shakespearian performances Hampden has inclined to be too cloistral in

style, but there were berserk qualities in his Hamlet that were admirable. One point he brought out which seemed to me bizarre until I studied the original text, namely that Hamlet is suffering from physical weakness of the heart. You do not find it in most Hamlets, but it is clearly indicated by Shakespeare in the last act after Osric delivers the challenge from Laertes, and Hamlet says to Horatio:

"But thou would'st not think how ill all's here about the heart; but it is no matter.

Horatio: Nay, my good lord—

Hamlet: It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of misgiving as would perhaps trouble a woman."

Hampden suggested this physical weakness by his collapse in the first interview with the Ghost, an innovation that amazed my old colleague, the late E. R. Parkhurst, who in the sixties and seventies, when every actor played the part, had seen many Princes of Denmark now forgotten.

Undoubtedly the most popular Hamlet of our time has been that of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, which created a sensation when he first played it in London in 1895, and which was first seen in America in 1903. Nevertheless it was not in this role but in a dramatization of Kipling's "Light That Failed" that he sought the goodwill of this continent. The personality of Forbes-Robertson had a haunting quality, a curious grave abstraction lighted at times by the most beautiful of smiles, that was unique. He seemed ascetic and saintlike in all his roles. It is said that Gladstone also possessed one of this actor's most singular physical characteristics,—hawklike, double-lidded eyes capable of producing the most awesome effect when widely distended. Above all there was that in Forbes-Robertson's voice and presence which suggested poetry; hence, though he was not a bit like Dick Helder as Kipling described him, he was immensely effective and he gave a tragic quality,

somehow suggestive of Milton's "Samson Agonistes", to the scenes after Dick is overtaken by blindness. His strange and unique personality came as a surprise to me, inasmuch as I had previously seen two of his brothers, both good actors but quite normally British in style. One was Ian Robertson, stage director for Sir Johnston after he became a star, who, while I was still a boy, I had seen play the villain in "As in a Looking Glass" with Mrs. Langtry. The other was Norman Forbes, who had been a member of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and had created the role of Capt. Ardale in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in America. "The Light that Failed" owed much to a superb supporting company which included one subsequent star, C. Aubrey Smith, who played Torpenhow, and a very fine actor, the late Sydney Valentine, who played the Nilghai. Later, in an effective play by an English barrister, Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., "The Butterfly on the Wheel", I saw Valentine give a most graphic reproduction of the forensic methods of Sir Edward Carson as a divorce lawyer.

In the following season Forbes-Robertson decided to bestow on Toronto the honour of a "first-time-on-any-stage" presentation of a new play by H. V. Esmond entitled "Love and the Man". It was really a ghastly affair, despite the fact that the actor-manager had brought two very distinguished actresses from London, Kate Rorke, the emotional lead, and Madge McIntosh, a charming comedienne who confided in me that there was nothing really important in America except Mrs. Fiske.

Kate Rorke played the part of the distressed wife of a rotter whose vices had made him a paralytic, and who still plotted against her happiness from his wheel chair. When the poor girl uttered a soul cry for "a naked baby in my naked arms", looking pointedly at the hero played by Forbes-Robertson, the paralytic glowered. But the star was saved from wrong-doing because he was a great statesman and his country needed him to serve as Prime

Minister. How Forbes-Robertson ever came to accept such tosh, spending a large sum on a handsome production and on bringing a high-salaried company across the Atlantic, I cannot surmise. Though everyone tried to be kind about it, it was quite obvious before the evening was half over that the play was doomed and irreclaimable. It dragged out a dying existence for a few weeks in other cities while Forbes-Robertson was trying to make up his mind what to do. At last he decided that his only resource as a stop gap was "Hamlet". This presented serious problems, for the company he had brought with him to play "Love and the Man" were for the most part untrained in Shakespeare; his own aesthetic production was in storage at home, and his brother Ian would have to go back to assemble it. It was at this point that Edward H. Sothern came to the rescue. He had produced "Hamlet" three or four years previously and was not using his production that season,—so it was loaned, and as many of the actors in the Sothern "Hamlet" as were available were engaged to supplement the forces brought from England. Ian Robertson was himself a capital King and Gertrude Elliott a competent Ophelia, and as it turned out the make-shift enterprise proved a great success.

The late Shad Frost, an organist turned theatrical manager, who was for years associated with Forbes-Robertson, told me an amusing story of the dress rehearsal with Ian Robertson in his firm but nonchalant manner directing in the "players' scene", in which the whole ensemble of the Court of Denmark appears. The director addressed the actors as follows: "To-morrow night, so soon as the King rushes off, the stage must be cleared as quickly and quietly as possible. You see, every feller in the audience will be interested in hearing what Hamlet has to say about this damn business. Yes, remember that every feller up in the top gallery even will want to hear what Hamlet has to say. So there must

be no noise from the other actors as they're making themselves scarce. Now you all understand, I suppose."

The assemblage nodded and then Ian Robertson went on blandly "Yes, you all understand! But I know precisely what you're going to do! You're going to trip over a goddam brace and brake your goddam necks".

For the benefit of the uninitiated I may say that a brace is the narrow iron strip which holds the lower part of a stage doorway together, and is a booby trap for the unwary actor.

I have been told that Forbes-Robertson had command of a vocabulary that could become quite sulphureous, and was so high-strung that it was frequently invoked. No actor looked more saintly on the stage, especially when lying dead as Hamlet while Horatio recited the lines

> Good night, sweet prince,
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

But on one occasion when Horatio accidently knelt on his hand the imprecations he whispered while apparently still and marmoreal would have appealed to any connoisseur who knows good swearing when he hears it. In the matter of expression Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet was a beautiful performance, perhaps as beautiful as any stage has known. He emphasized the pensive side of the character, and seemed to be a noble and sensitive young scholar who had wandered among a crew of villains and ruffians. It lacked virility but it was enthralling. The same lack of virility was apparent in his Shylock, who seemed a kindly rabbi who had by chance got himself mixed up in a rather shady business transaction. But his Julius Caesar in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" was supremely noble and distinguished, full of gracious banter and urbane dignity. In this satire Ian Robertson was also capital as Brittanus,—Shaw's most amusing satire on the British point of view.

Since I began this volume Sir John Martin-Harvey was taken ill while touring Canada and lay for weeks in Wellesley Hospital, Toronto. During his convalescence I went to see him, and though he did not say so I could discern that his thoughts were hovering around the question of whether ill-health might compel his retirement; and the greater problem of what he should do with himself should this unfortunate contingency arise. He asked me about certain friends who had retired from the stage, and how they endured idleness. "An actor should have a hobby" he said, "and so few of us have hobbies apart from our calling. But there's Forbes-Robertson, he had a hobby and he gets along very well. As a lad he was a student of painting with Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He knows all the older painters in London; and the young painters are of course very glad to see him because of his fame and his knowledge of painting. So he has a very happy time going about the studios and the picture shows. But retirement is harder on those who have only one string to their bow." I could not help being touched by the picture of Forbes-Robertson's happy old age; so different from the tragic dissolution of Irving.

Martin-Harvey, like Forbes-Robertson, is a survival of the greater era of the nineteenth century when poetic expression was taught to actors as an essential of their art, and few actors have equalled him in spiritual quality. Moreover few actors are so naturally picturesque or know how to wear clothes so well,—attributes which have stood him in good stead in French romantic dramas like "The Lyons Mail" and "The Corsican Brothers". I know of no other profession in which men of high ability are subjected to so much harrassment from their wives as in that of acting. An eminent newspaper publisher who insisted that his wife and no one else should write the leaders; a brilliant surgeon who bargained that his wife should assist him in all operations; a great barrister who would tolerate no one else as associate in an important litigation,

would not last very long: yet I could name half a dozen actors of first-rate talent who have hazarded their reputations and exasperated their followers by this very thing. When Martin-Harvey first came to America in 1903 his tour was under the direction of the most powerful theatrical syndicate which has ever been known anywhere, that of Klaw and Erlanger. The contract with him had been made by two minor members of the firm of admirable judgment, who confidently expected to make him one of the greatest and most remunerative box office attractions that America had ever known. They were Joseph Brooks, who twenty-five years previously had discovered Mary Anderson and managed all her tours; and Marcus R. Mayer, who had been associated with many European celebrities, including Patti and Bernhardt. To have won the confidence of two such super "showmen" as these, backed by the most powerful theatrical organization in the world, was in itself good fortune. The selection of his company had been left to Martin-Harvey, and included two of the ablest of his old associates in the Irving forces, Fuller Mellish and William Haviland. In the company also there was a very thin but intelligent young woman with a very prominent nose, who was styled "Miss N. de Sylva" but who was in reality Mrs. Harvey. She showed ability as a character actress in the role of the little seamstress in "The Only Way", founded on Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities", but Brooks and Mayer were aghast when they learned that she was to play the leading roles in several other romantic plays which called for interpreters of rare personal beauty and grace. Marcus Mayer, an old diplomat, who kept models of his own peculiar type of flat-brimmed silk hat in several great cities on both sides of the Atlantic, was deputed to make the approach. He did it in this wise: "Mr. Harvey, our firm regards you as the finest of living romantic actors. We feel that with a little careful nursing we can

soon make you the best drawing-card in the United States. You have every quality that the American playgoer adores. So great is our confidence in your success that we want you to have the very best company that money can obtain. We will stint nothing. Think of anyone you would desire as leading lady, for instance. You have *carte blanche* to cable to London and obtain the finest actress in England on her own terms",—

Mayer got no farther for Harvey interposed, "I have been wondering just what you were leading up to. If you are alluding to my wife, let me assure you that in her I have already as my associate the greatest actress in the world." The famous diplomat of the theatrical business was hopelessly defeated. The contract under which Harvey had been brought from London for one season had a renewal clause covering five years but Klaw and Erlanger did not avail themselves of it. When, twenty-two years later, Harvey tried to regain the attention of the United States with "Oedipus the King" and other beautiful productions in which his wife did not appear, it was at his own risk and loss, and it was also too late. Undoubtedly, had he allowed himself to be guided in 1903 by men who knew more about theatrical conditions in America than he, great wealth would have been his, and his tours of Canada, which has stood loyal to him, would have been much more remunerative. Even after Lady Harvey ceased to be very thin but stout and matronly, the public was not moved to like her any better in the roles of beautiful girls of seventeen to twenty, though with her technical skill I fancy she would have made a capital Mrs. Hardcastle or Mrs. Malaprop.

The finest achievement of Martin-Harvey has been the altruistic old Belgian in Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde". It is akin to Dickens' Sidney Carton in that both characters, by some inner spiritual force, are moved to give up their lives for others. No actor I have ever seen has been more exquisitely persuasive in the

expression of such idealistic sentiment. Moreover it is a role precisely suited to Harvey's years, though he is remarkably plausible in younger characters. He told me once that it was Granville Barker who insisted on his playing the Burgomaster. Harvey resisted the suggestion because he had never played old gentlemen in modern clothes throughout his career. But Barker discerned that Harvey, with his gentleness of expression and haunting eyes, was the very man for Maeterlinck and carried his point. Nevertheless, on the afternoon when the play was to have its first trial at Nottingham, the actor became so frightened that he ran away,—walked miles into the country and the matinee had to be cancelled. But once he had got courage enough for the attempt he scored a triumph and enjoyed doing it more than any other drama in his large repertoire. One of the finest attributes of Harvey has been his ability to create illusion by his apparent absorption in the part, but this in reality is because he is so instinctively an actor that he cannot help creating illusion, and is entirely free from self-consciousness. A young relative of mine went on as a super in "The Only Way", and in the trial scene before the French Revolutionary tribunal, while Harvey as Carton was pacing up and down the court room leaving on the audience an impression of the lawyer's deep anxiety as to the outcome, he was really giving kindly direction to supers to stand up straight and so on. Once, when the Prosecutor was making a long speech, he slipped past him and whispered "The gallery can't hear you"!

The solemn intensity and absolute sincerity of effect which Harvey attained in Carton's speech on the scaffold from the outset helped to make his reputation as a star.

It runs: "It is a far, far better thing I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to, than I have ever known."

In the play it is the sole speech in the brief concluding episode for which the curtain rises swiftly after the

theatre has been in darkness for two or three minutes and the nerves of the audience have been stimulated by noise and revolutionary drums. One afternoon when Harvey was playing Carton, he had a headache and the drums were particularly vehement. As he took his place on the scaffold for the final tableau he kept saying "Damn those drums! Curse those drums!" over and over again. Suddenly the curtain rose and in the same breath he went on with his famous speech and gave it such beauty that women in the audience were moved to tears.

The seasons of 1902 and 1903, in addition to bringing from London the three famous stars, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, J. Forbes-Robertson, and Martin-Harvey, witnessed the advent to this continent of the English actor-manager Ben Greet. Greet, whom I came to know well, was a singular mixture of ambition and penuriousness; and this latter trait lost him many opportunities. He was, as is well known, the first professional manager to engage in the presentation of Shakespeare in the open air, a movement which has had a remarkable influence on college life throughout the English-speaking world, and from which the modern pageant has been developed. His first open-air production was one of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in London as long ago as 1886. He told me that he did not originate the idea. It came from Lady Archibald Campbell, who a few months previously had given an open-air performance of "As You Like It" at Wimbledon. When Ben Greet took up the movement professionally he had a great deal of encouragement and assistance from the nobility of England, who threw open their private parks for his presentations of Shakespeare. He told me that one of his most interesting engagements from the standpoint of historical allusion was at Wilton House, Salisbury, in 1902, for Lord Pembroke, the lineal descendant of Shakespeare's patron, whom many believe to have been the "Mr. W. H." (William Herbert) of the Sonnets. Legend has it that it was at Wilton House

that "As You Like It" had its first performance and that the poet himself played old Adam, and at that time there reposed among its many ancient manuscripts, a letter from the Lord Pembroke of Elizabethan times recording that "the man Shakespeare is with us".

The value of Greet's efforts lay in the fact that by his system, which reduced costs of production to a minimum, it was possible to witness many of the less familiar comedies of Shakespeare, like "The Comedy of Errors", "Love's Labour Lost", "Two Gentlemen of Verona", "The Winter's Tale", and "The Tempest", which are not regarded as sufficiently popular to justify the costly productions now demanded in the commercial theatre. There was, I thought, a good degree of bunkum about Greet's contention that Shakespeare was better without scenery than with it. He seemed to regard it as a sort of duty on the part of critics to praise all his ventures because he dispensed with scenery. Shakespeare can only be given in the open air for a limited part of the year, and in order to keep his company for the full season he used to give productions "in the manner of Shakespeare's time" as he claimed, in halls and theatres. As a matter of fact they were not accurate reproductions of the Elizabethan system. They were inspired less by scholarship than by Mr. Greet's ideas of economy.

Ben Greet's finest stroke was when, with the assistance of the distinguished scholar, William Poel, he restored to public performance the old, Morality play "Everyman", first reviewed at length in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" but quite unknown to the public until this revival. "Everyman" is now one of the most familiar works in the language and this is largely due to the managerial foresight of Ben Greet. Its success was in a considerable measure due to the acting of the title role by Edith Wynne Matheson, at that time one of the most exquisitely poetic of young actresses, with a voice and diction that have been surpassed by but one woman in

our time, Julia Marlowe. It was part of Greet's policy to try to suppress the names of the members of his company, for fear that other managers might seek them out and he might be compelled to raise their salaries. Thus, though he had been the first manager to recognize the abilities of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played Rosalind in his company as early as 1890, he did not have acumen enough to see what an opportunity lay before him in exploiting her beautiful talent and bringing her into prominence. In the first company Greet brought to America, was a very young and anonymous girl, Sybil Thorndike, now the most eminent of English poetic actresses. Greet was almost indignant when he came to America and the insistence of the press forced from him a disclosure of Miss Matheson's (or Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy's) identity.

This very gifted actress has, sadly enough, never received the rewards that should have been hers. One has seen stars like Walter Hampden and other ambitious poetic actors going about the country handicapped for the lack of competent leading women, without which most Shakespearian plays are intolerable to the public, while Miss Matheson was remaining idle. On enquiring the reason of this I learned that she was always waiting to act in some new play of her husband's which was to be a great success, but which turned out to be a failure. It is no boon for a brilliant actress to have a dramatist on the domestic hearth.

Although I never met Miss Matheson, I was in part responsible for an engagement which gave her an opportunity to reveal her great gifts. One day a well-known English manager, then in America, came to see me and said Sir Herbert Tree was planning to revive Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" in America the following season and was in a quandary as to who should play Queen Katherine of Aragon. Phyllis Neilson-Terry a former protegée of his, was anxious to play the part, but he did not

consider her art quite mature enough for the role. Tree, he said, was anxious to know whether Edith Wynne Matheson, who had not appeared in London for years, could still act with distinction. He was afraid that she might have become crude, "succumbed to American standards" as my friend put it. I assured my inquisitor that so far as I could judge Edith Wynne Matheson could never become crude, and she was much the best actress available for this particular role. The manager said "All right, I'll cable Tree", and the engagement followed. As those who saw the production are aware, the dignity, beauty, and tragic quality of her performance outshone the acting of any other member of the cast, although Lyn Harding was a very fine King Henry and William H. Herbert admirable as Buckingham. I was deeply disappointed in Tree's Cardinal Wolsey. He seemed stagey, and his voice was thin and colourless for so rhetorical a role. No doubt the physical weakness which carried him off so suddenly less than a year later was telling on him. The production of the play itself, particularly of Wolsey's banquet to the King, was one of the most picturesque and tasteful conceivable, and Tree's natural love for luxury led him to use real pewters of the Tudor period and many other precious details which no audience could appreciate from across the footlights. A sad fate befell the costumes, properties, and scenery of this production. When Tree sailed for England at the end of the season it was stored in the freight sheds at Montreal pending his return the following autumn, when he planned a Western tour. A few weeks later he died suddenly, and in the business of settling a very involved estate the valuable properties lying at Montreal were forgotten. Ultimately they were sold as unclaimed goods, and priceless pewters were knocked down to junk dealers for paltry sums. Even an old production, provided it has been a fine one, has lasting value, as witness the boon involved in the gift by Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern of rich

and costly properties for eight or more plays to the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

I have spoken of how the weakness of Tree's voice disappointed those who had previously not heard him, and a signal instance of the same kind was that of Lewis Waller, as handsome an actor as ever trod the stage. About a year before his death Waller brought to New York a handsome production of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fifth", in which he had won great success in days gone by, but his voice was inadequate for the heroic speeches. Then he took on tour a light costume comedy by the elder Dumas, "A Marriage of Convenience". This did not make very serious vocal demands and the grace of his movements and his skill at fencing were attractive, but the voice was colourless. This was hard to understand because he had the reputation of being a fine rhetorician. It was only when he died that it was revealed that his lungs must have been growing weaker for a considerable period.

Of recent years Canada has offered a much warmer support to eminent London stars than the United States. They grow fewer and fewer but it is regrettable that we infrequently see them at their physical best. Tree and Waller were suffering vocal decline when they reached us; Martin-Harvey and Matheson Lang have had notorious ill luck in the illnesses they have suffered in this country. But I think that the most disabled man on his first appearance in Toronto in 1913, was Sir Frank Benson, who had come to this country with his excellent Stratford-upon-Avon Company. Benson used to be a great man for physical exercise and made his company practise athletic sports as part of their training. The advantage of this was revealed when he gave such productions as "Richard the Second" (his own finest performance), and in such a scene as that of the Lists at Coventry his company came on wearing suits of steel armour as easily as though they were tennis flannels. Just before his opening at Toronto,

Benson had been playing at London, Ont., and with two or three members of his company took a long walk in the country. The district is noted for its surface pools and streams, especially after the autumn rains. In a lonely place Benson saw a nice wide stream of brown water and stripping off his clothes, cried "Here goes", and dived in head first. The stream was in reality about two feet deep and his head struck a stone. If two or three friends had not been with him he would undoubtedly have been drowned. I have never seen a man's head and face so black and blue as his when he arrived at Toronto two days later: yet his physical grit was amazing for he not only made a long speech to the Canadian Club at noon but put considerable verve into a performance of Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing" at night. Benson was one of those men who, while not a very good actor, was immensely interesting from a critical standpoint, because of the intellectual insight with which he often illuminated a neglected phase of a noted role. He was a superb trainer of actors, as evidenced by the fact that half the abler leading men in New York and London are old Bensonians. He himself was peerless in two strangely contrasted roles,—Richard the Second, which seemed to suit his voice and temperament, and Sir Hugh Evans in "The Merry Wives of Windsor", in which he divided honours with the finest of modern Falstaffs, William Calvert, long a member of his company.

Sir Frank Benson told me that he was coming back to America in 1915 with the very finest company that had ever been brought out of England, all pupils of his own,—but 1915, as he conceived it, never came. A cataclysm which was to change the world for everyone was by that time in progress.

Ben Greet and Sir Frank Benson had respectively the honour of being chosen to train the two sons of Sir Henry Irving,—Henry Brodribb Irving and Laurence Sidney Irving, when they defied their father's wishes by insisting

on adopting the stage as a profession. All the while H. B. Irving was at Oxford and the Inner Temple, he was "walking on" whenever he could get an opportunity. In 1894, after he had been called to the Bar, at which he would have won a distinguished success, his father, perceiving that against all persuasion he was determined to abandon the law for the stage, handed him over to Ben Greet to tour the provinces with instructions to knock the rudiments of the business into the lad. This Greet accomplished effectively, and the romantic *flair* of the younger Henry Irving speedily became apparent. His acting lacked the baleful fire of his father's genius, but in a role like Charles the First in H. G. Wills' tragedy he was supremely intellectual and distinguished, and his ability to suggest psychological contrasts was abundantly revealed in "The Lyons Mail". When he came to America, his lovely wife, Dorothea Baird, the original impersonator of Trilby in London, accompanied him. In literary ability he was the most gifted of all English actors, but I was told several years before his death in 1919, at the early age of forty-nine, that he had become a victim of neurosis and was liable to succumb to fits of hysteria during a performance.

Sir Henry had destined Laurence for the diplomatic profession and when the latter was still under twenty-one procured for him a minor post at the British Embassy in St. Petersburg. The only result was that Laurence, who had a gift for languages, picked up an acquaintance with the Russian tongue and a knowledge of Russian literature, which in the earlier nineties was rather exceptional. When the father found that he was determined to follow in the parental footsteps it was Frank Benson who was asked to undertake the task of training him. But his progress as an actor was slow for he was by nature self-conscious, and his engagements were chiefly in the company of his father, with whom he seemed to be the favourite. I saw him play Antonio to Sir Henry's Shylock in 1904, after he

had been on the stage for over twelve years, and thought it about as wooden a performance as I had ever seen in an organization of the higher rank. The Portia was Mabel Hackney whom he had recently married (although for a time he had been engaged to Ethel Barrymore) and who, while piquant and charming, lacked authority for such a role.

Nine years later I was chatting with the business manager of the Stratford-upon-Avon Players, and asked him who, in the opinion of Benson and himself, was the most promising actor on the London stage He astonished me by saying "Laurence Irving". I was skeptical and said, "You mean H. B., don't you ?" "No, I do not," he said, "I mean Laurence. It's taken him a long time to arrive but he's there. His impersonation of the Japanese johnny in 'The Typhoon' is the finest bit of acting that has been seen on the London stage for many a long day." Laurence Irving was thus an example of an actor who lived to the age of forty before really justifying his choice of a career. Very shortly afterward he came to Canada with "The Typhoon" and "The Unwritten Law", which he had himself freely adapted from Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment.* That season saw the beginning of the system whereby English stars come to this country without going to the United States, unless they feel like it; and though it was interrupted by the Great War, it has been continued since with considerable success. In "The Typhoon" Irving's study of the highly cultured and cosmopolitan Oriental who has become infatuated with a heartless Parisian cocotte was magically graphic and touching. Even finer to my way of thinking was his embodiment of the sullen, embittered, and homicidal student in the Dostoevsky drama. The student, Raskolinkoff, was not the callous brute in the play that he is in the novel, the degree of his crime having been considerably lightened in the adaptation, but the brooding face and furtive eyes of Laurence Irving in this role burned

themselves into my memory. It was his intention to pay biennial visits to Canada, and he was interested in the new towns he saw. For "The Typhoon" he carried two real Japanese actors. At Sudbury, where because of its proximity to the greatest nickel mines in the world, there is a mixed population of many nationalities, a party of drunken mine-workers molested these actors while they were having a glass of beer after the performance. Finally their attentions became so unendurable that the two Japs started in and by dexterous use of Jiu-Jitsu cleaned out the whole bar-room in five minutes. Next day they were followed about the streets by admiring crowds.

My wife and myself were both much charmed with Mabel Hackney personally. She seemed to be the business man of the matrimonial team and was also a most domesticated little wife. We met them on their way to the West, and it was then their intention to stay in Toronto for a day or two on their return East to discuss the possibilities of later tours in Canada with certain business men. Mabel Hackney expressed a wish to borrow our home for an afternoon in order that she might cook a dinner, and fabricate some special dish of which her husband was very fond. But a few days before their expected arrival, we received a message from Winnipeg that they had changed their steamship bookings in order to get to London sooner and discuss the production of a new play on the subject of Napoleon which Laurence Irving had completed during his Canadian tour. The steamship they embarked on was the ill-fated *Empress of Ireland*, sunk by a collision with a Norwegian tramp in the St. Lawrence River within sight of land. Among the thousand or more victims who lost their lives were this brilliant actor and his gentle wife. Sadly enough the researches of the divers revealed the fact that they would both have been saved had not Mabel Hackney lost her head. This was surprising, because she had been noted for common sense and poise, whereas her husband had

always been more or less morbid and neurotic. When their cabin was entered it was shown that she had been clinging to the berth determined not to be moved; while he was trying to lift her and carry her on deck when the waters engulfed them. When the collision happened he had partially dressed and gone to make enquiries. On learning what was wrong he had gone back to bring his wife and place her in one of the lifeboats, but it was obvious that in her hysteria she had refused to move. Nothing has since been heard of the Napoleonic play of which he spoke to me and which was responsible for their presence on the fated ship. I assume that it was lost at the same time.

* * *

As I bring to a close this chronicle of the recent past I realize how discursive I have been, into how many scenes my wandering muse has taken me; what a varied coterie of people marches through these pages; actors of the real world and of the mimic world, friends obscure and famous; all sorts and conditions. If I have made them live again in these pages for a moment or two I am glad.

"Into the night go one and all."

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